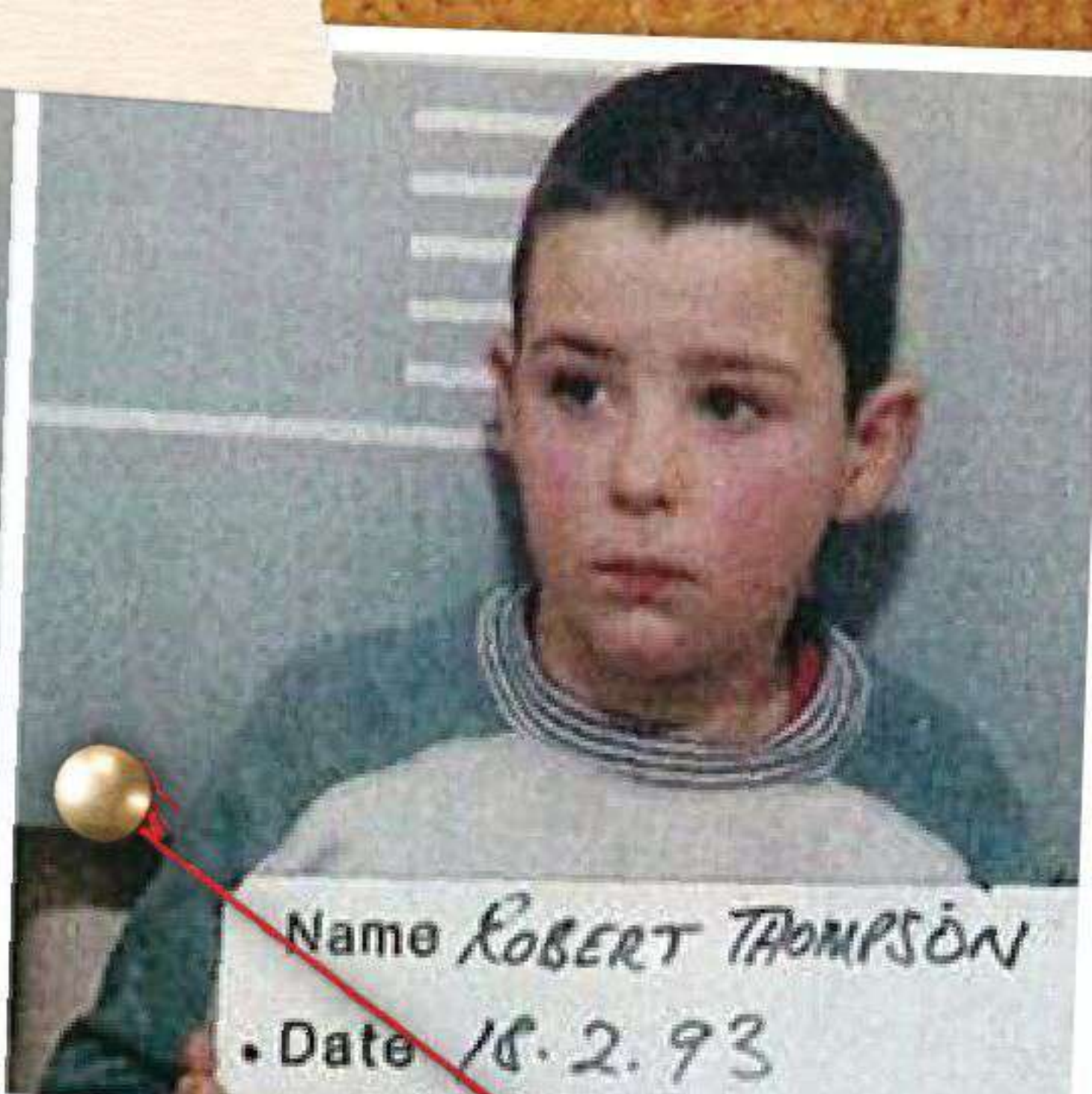
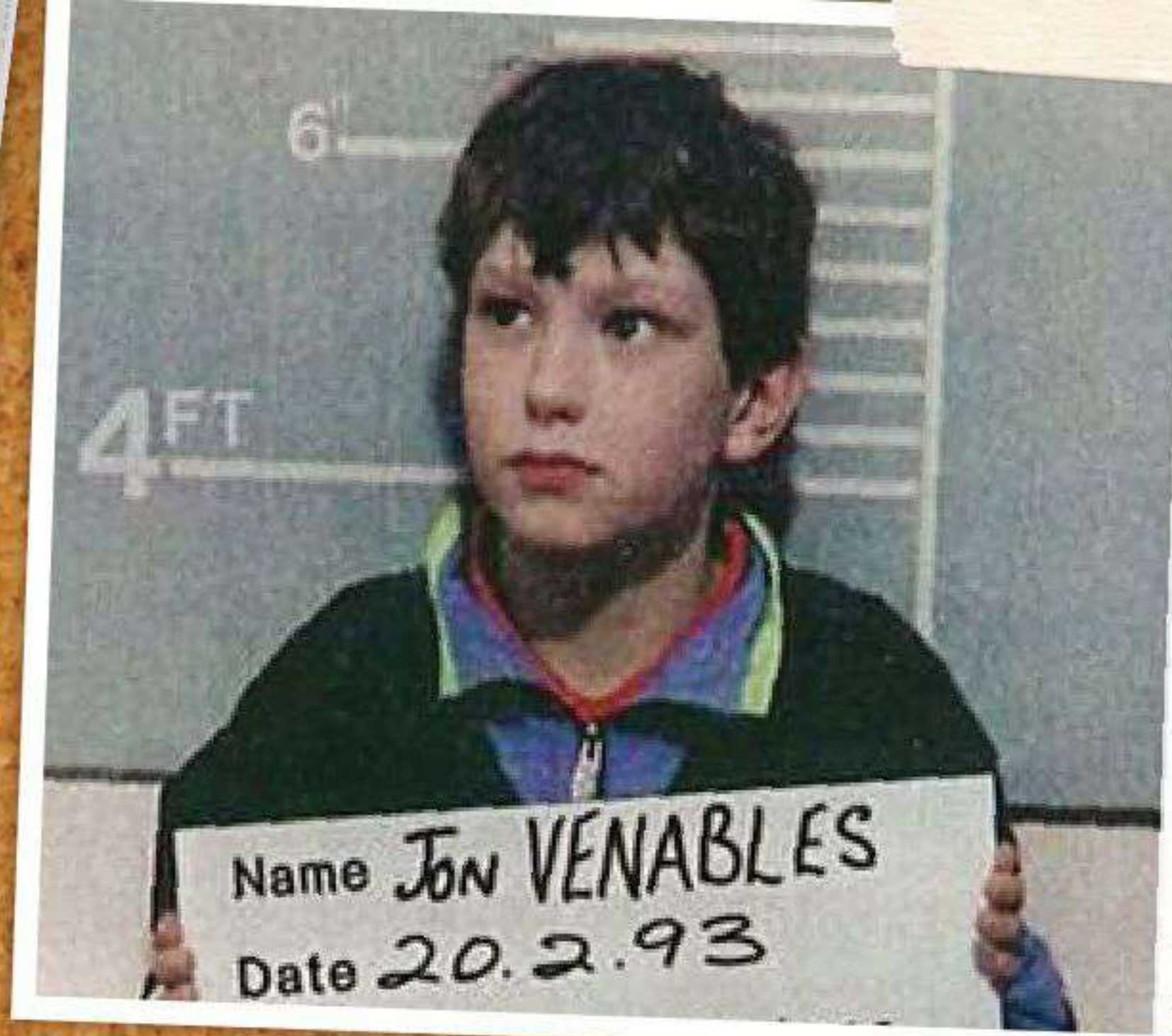
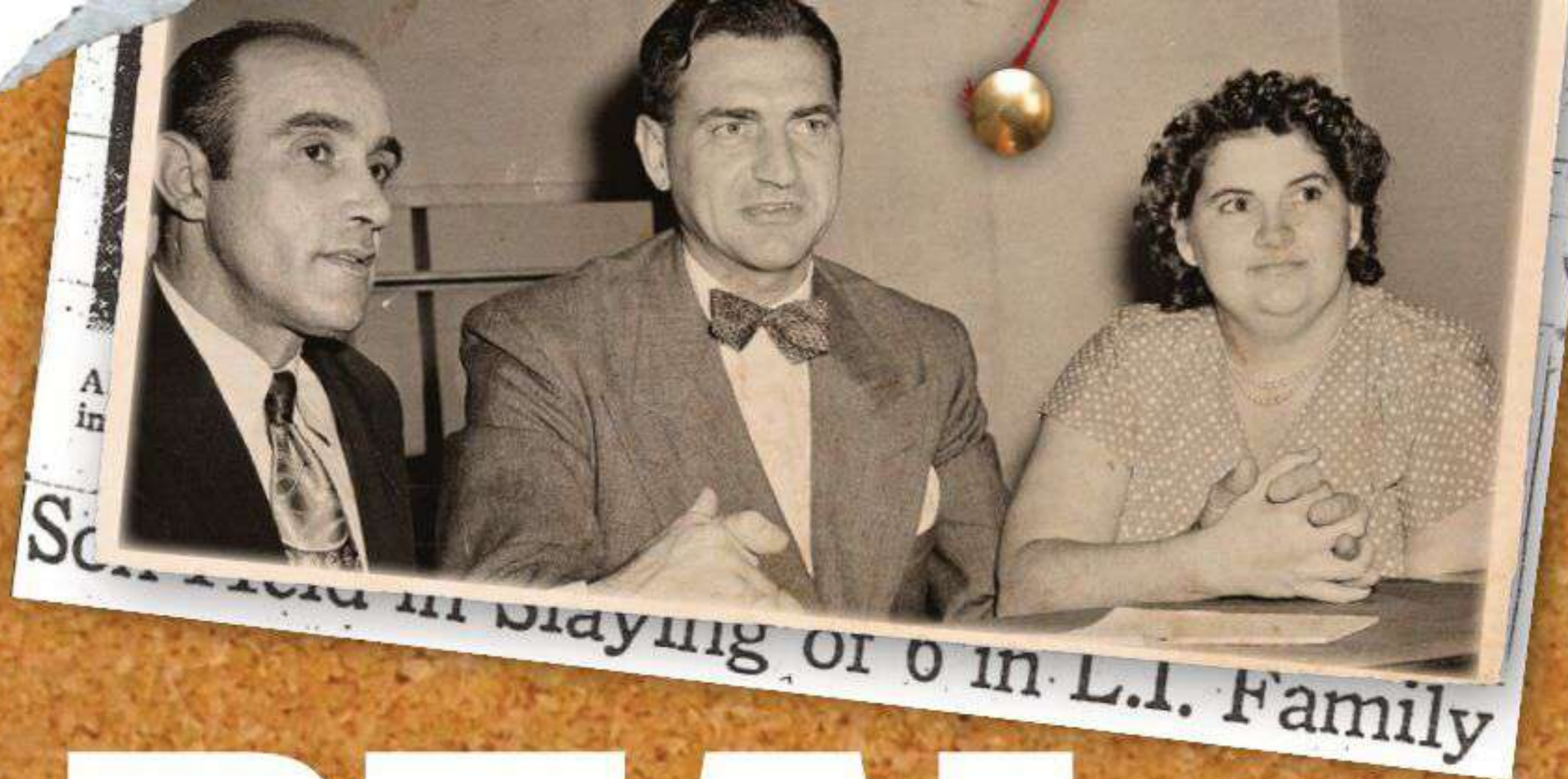
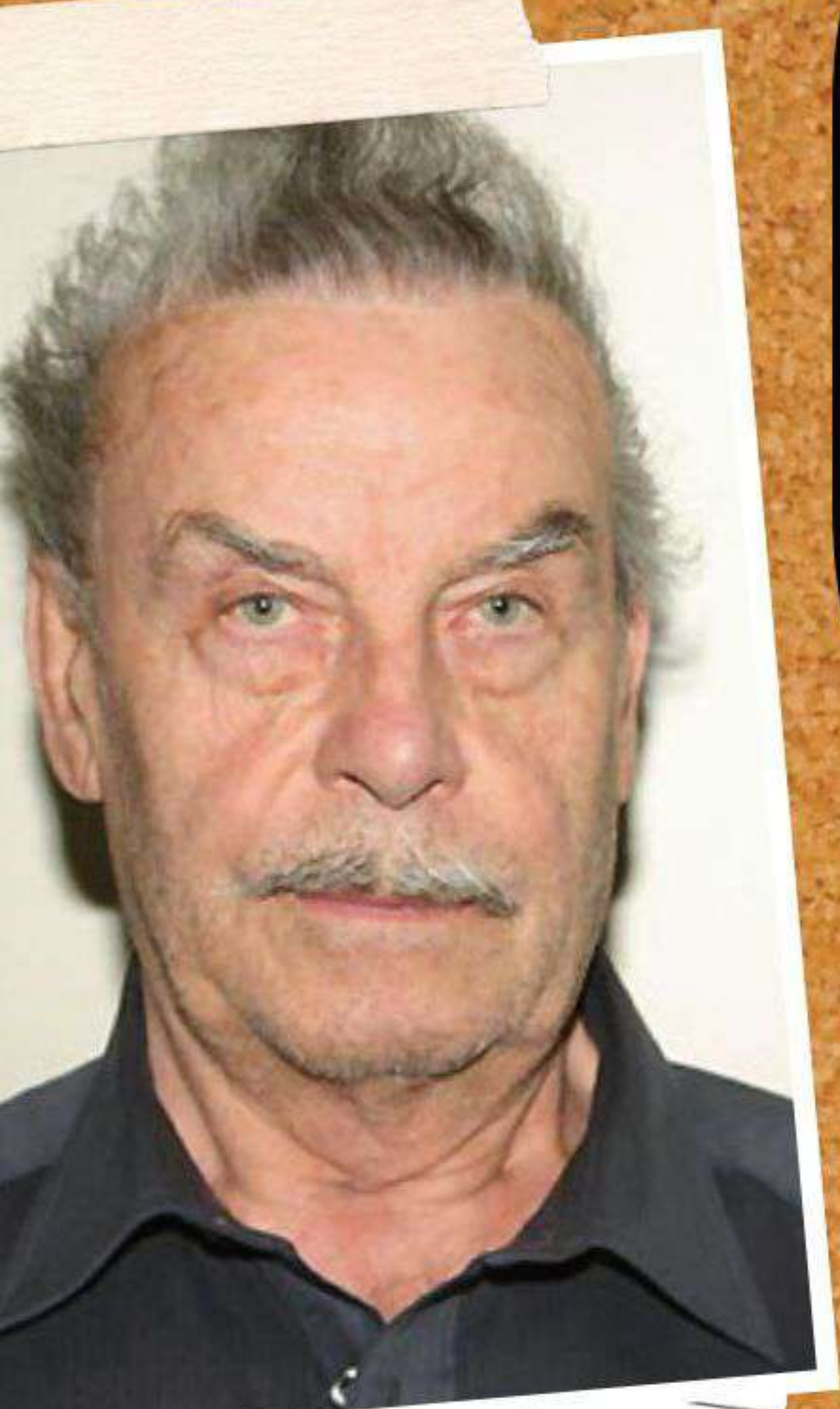
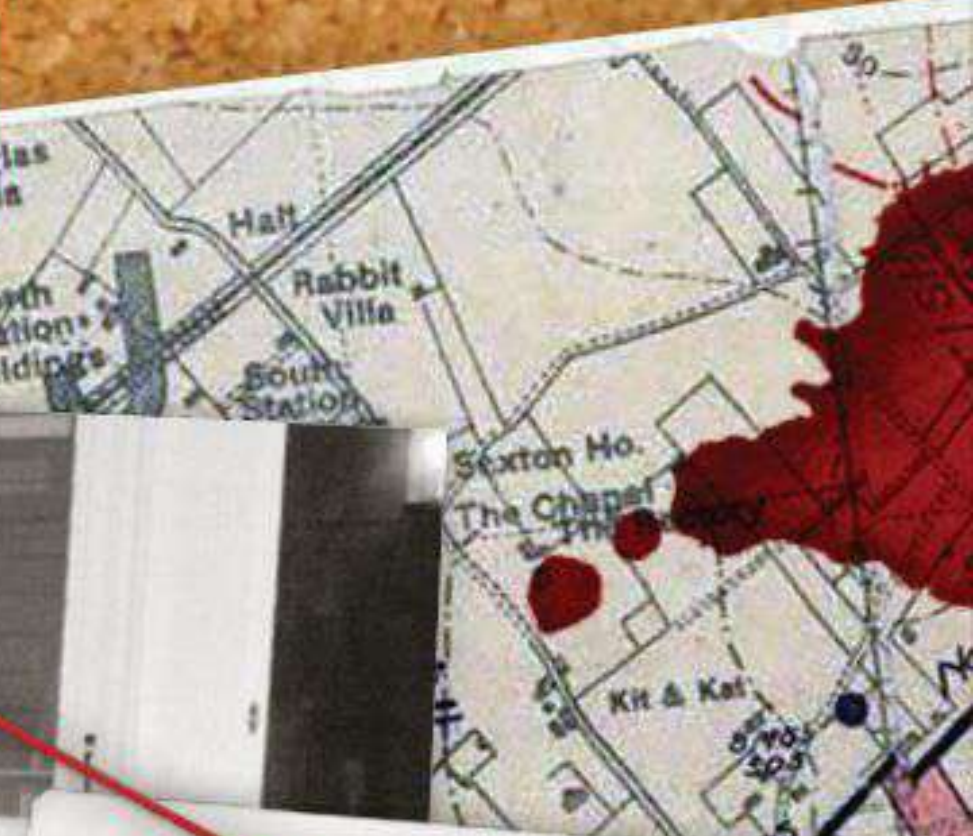
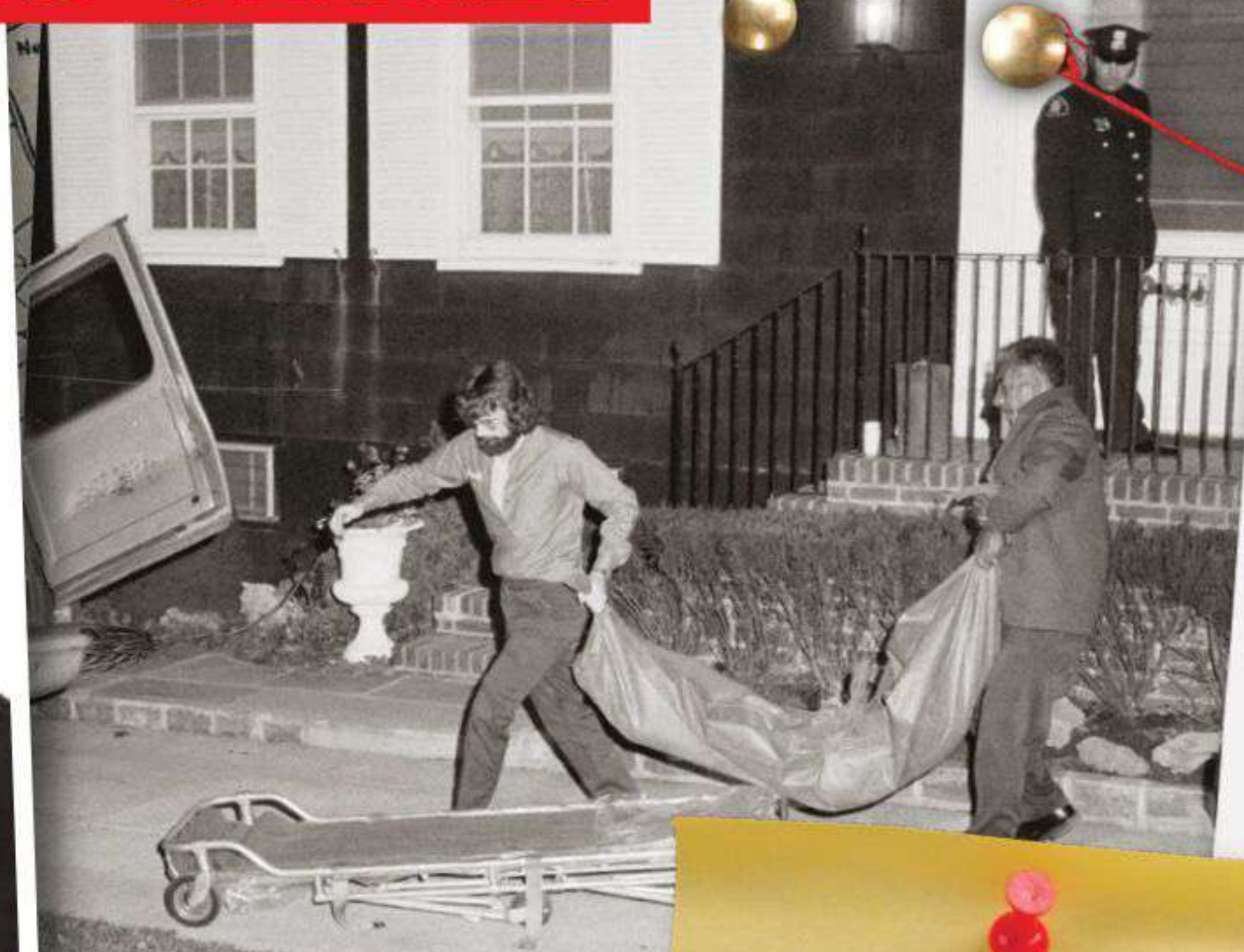
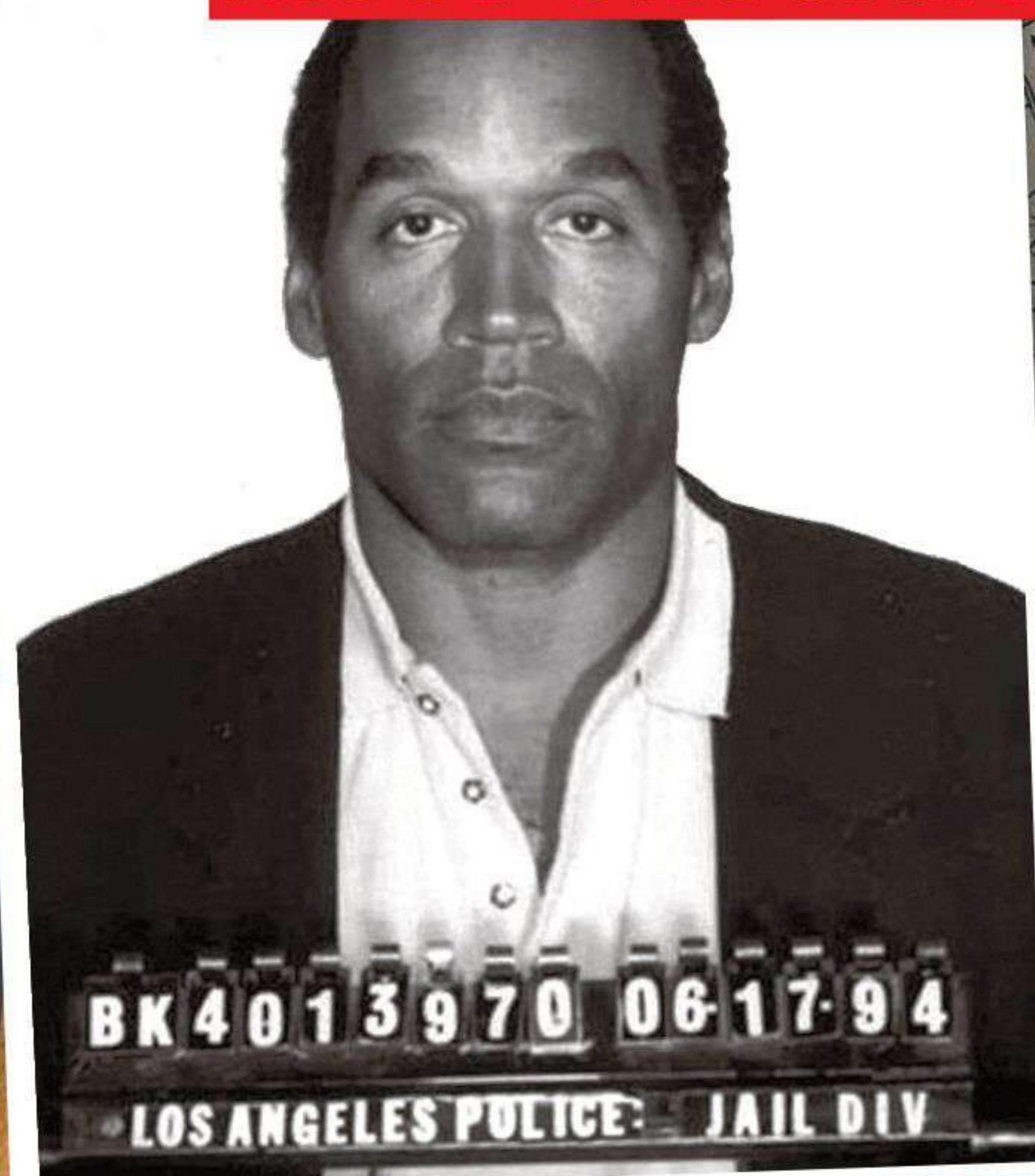
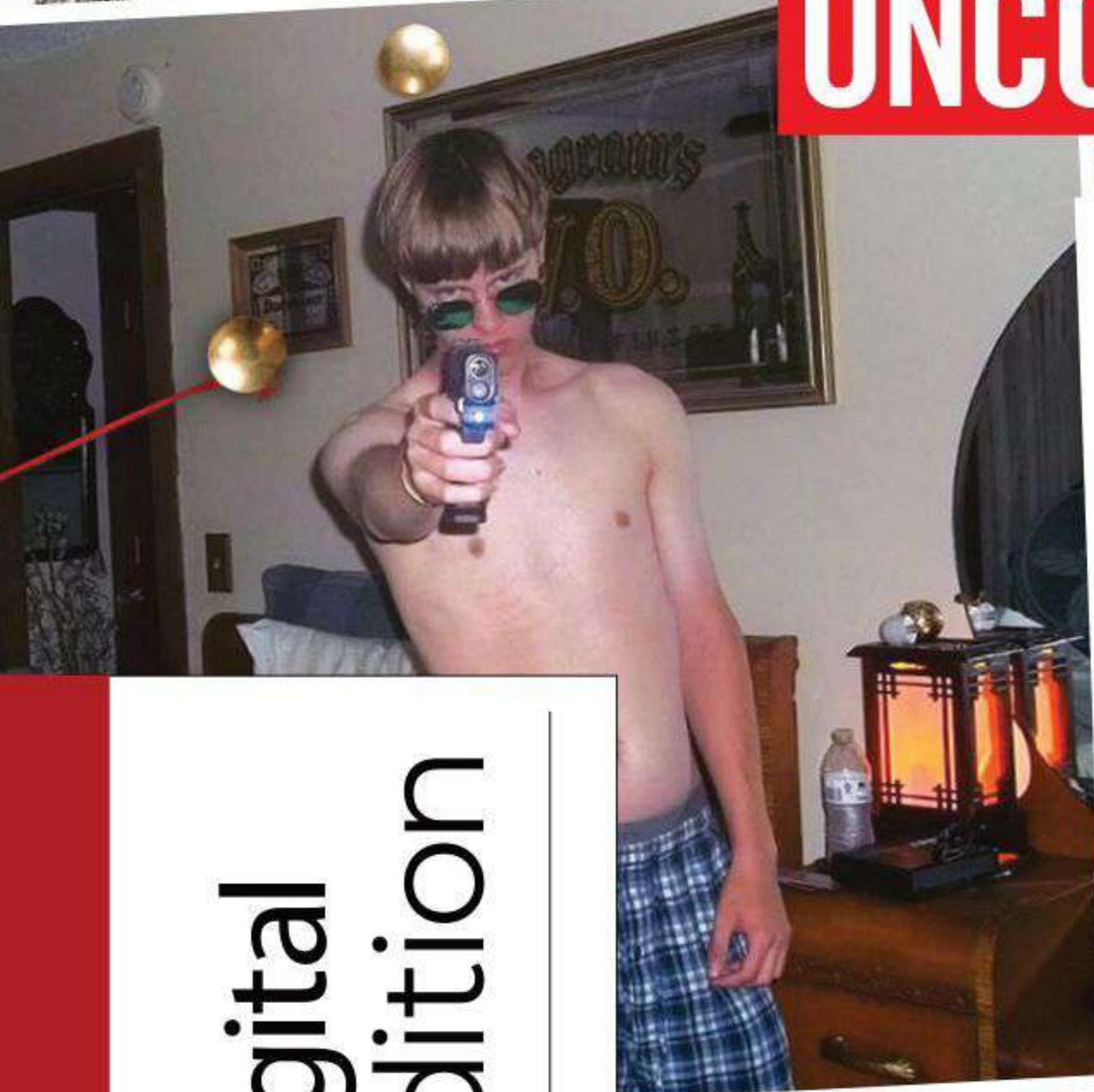


NEW



# REAL CRIME CASE FILES

UNCOVER THE TRUTH BEHIND THE WORLD'S  
MOST SHOCKING CRIMES



INSIDE Expert  
analysis and  
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Digital  
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# CASE FILES

There's something strangely fascinating about the world's most shocking and sadistic crimes – from the monsters behind them and their twisted methods to the unfortunate victims and the often complex investigations. In **Real Crime: Case Files** we'll explore some of the most horrifying crimes committed in recent times, giving you access to tons of expert analysis, crime scene photos, diagrams, maps and all the disturbing details. We'll uncover the truth behind high-profile cases such as Richard Speck's crime of the century and the Amityville murders, investigate the unsolved disappearance of Maddie McCann and explore Ariel Castro's house of horrors and what really went on behind closed doors. We also try to get into the minds of Anders Breivik, Dylann Roof, Josef Fritzl and many others to find out what drove these monsters to commit the sadistic crimes they did. So, if you're ready, take a deep breath, open up the case files and let's explore some of history's most horrifying crimes...





「 FUTURE 」



# CASE FILES

**Future PLC** Quay House, The Ambury, Bath, BA1 1UA

**Real Crime Case Files Editorial**

Editor **Dan Peel**

Designer **Briony Duguid**

Compiled by **Drew Sleep & Laurie Newman**

Senior Art Editor **Andy Downes**

Head of Art & Design **Greg Whitaker**

Editorial Director **Jon White**

**Real Crime Editorial**

Editor **Ben Biggs**

Art Editor **Kym Winters**

Brand Director **Evan Kypreos**

Senior Art Editor **Duncan Crook**

**Cover images**

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**Advertising**

Media packs are available on request

Commercial Director **Clare Dove**

**International**

Head of Print Licensing **Rachel Shaw**

licensing@futurenet.com

www.futurecontenthub.com

**Circulation**

Head of Newstrade **Tim Mathers**

**Production**

Head of Production **Mark Constance**

Production Project Manager **Matthew Eglinton**

Advertising Production Manager **Joanne Crosby**

Digital Editions Controller **Jason Hudson**

Production Managers **Keely Miller, Nola Cokely,**

**Vivienne Calvert, Fran Twentyman**

**Printed by** William Gibbons, 26 Planetary Road,

Willenhall, West Midlands, WV13 3XT

**Distributed by** Marketforce, 5 Churchill Place, Canary Wharf, London, E14 5HU  
www.marketforce.co.uk Tel: 0203 787 9001

**Real Crime Case Files Fourth Edition (RCB3096)**

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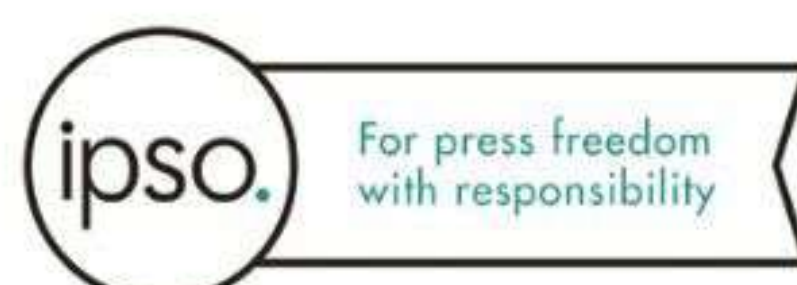
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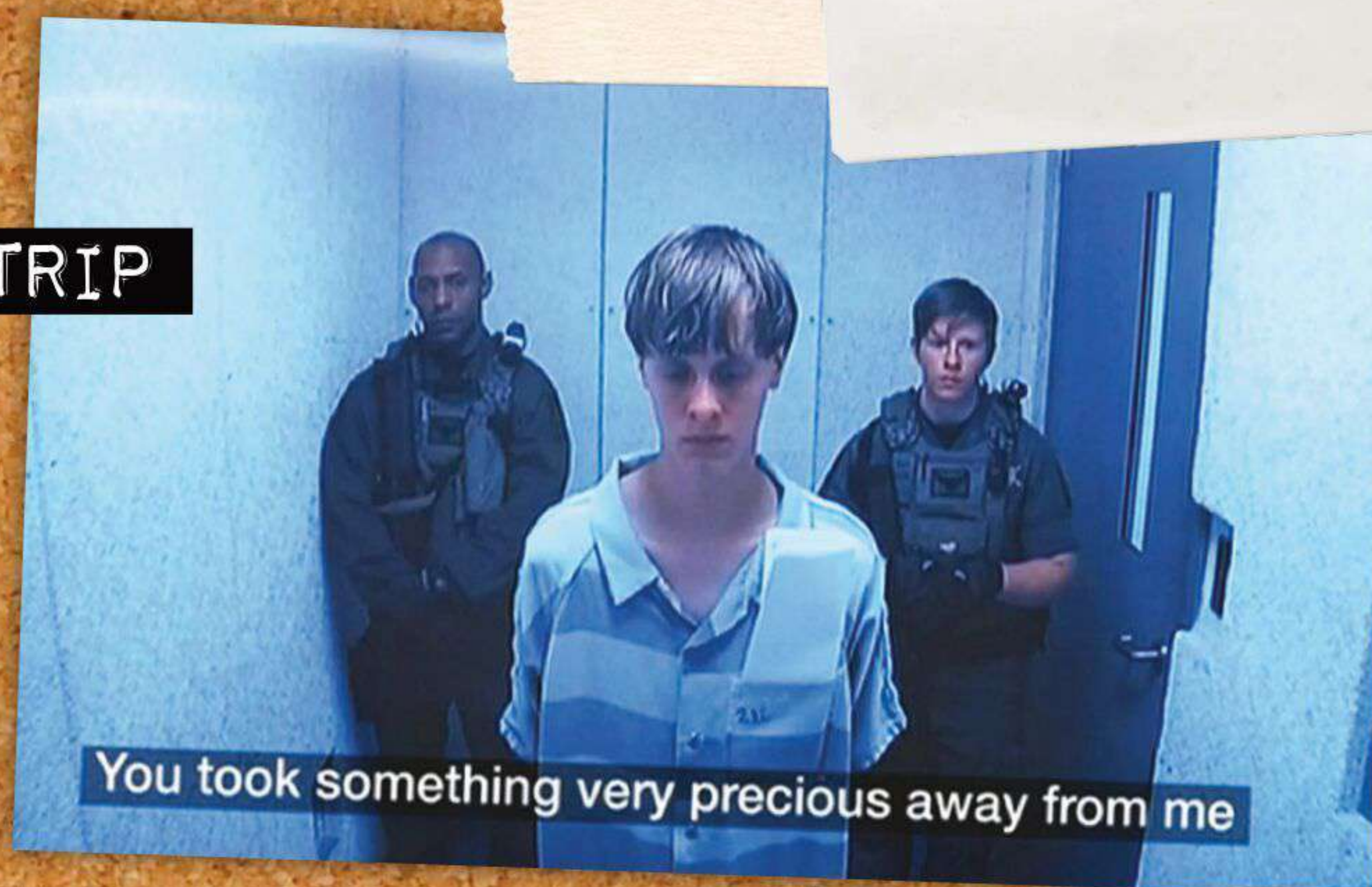
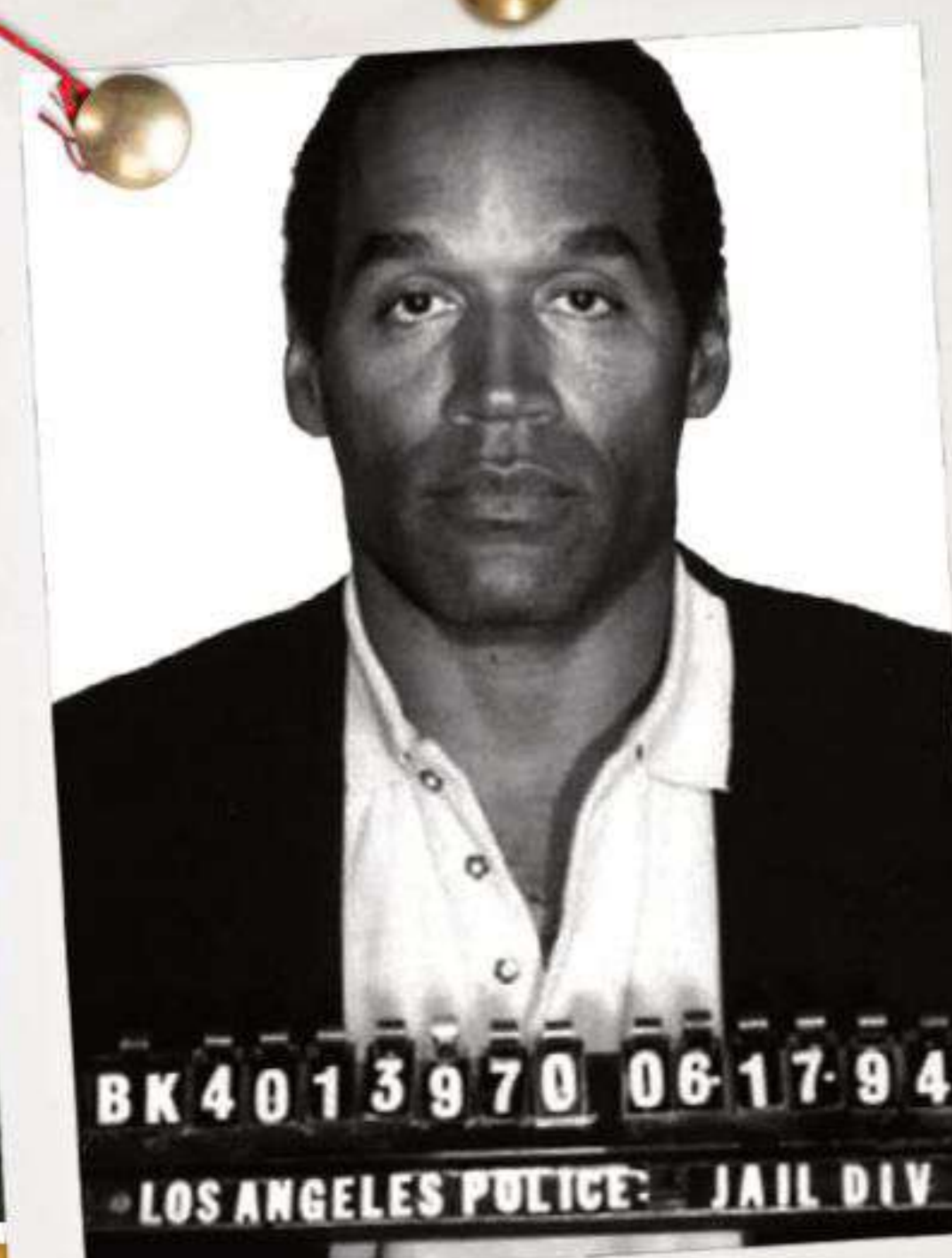
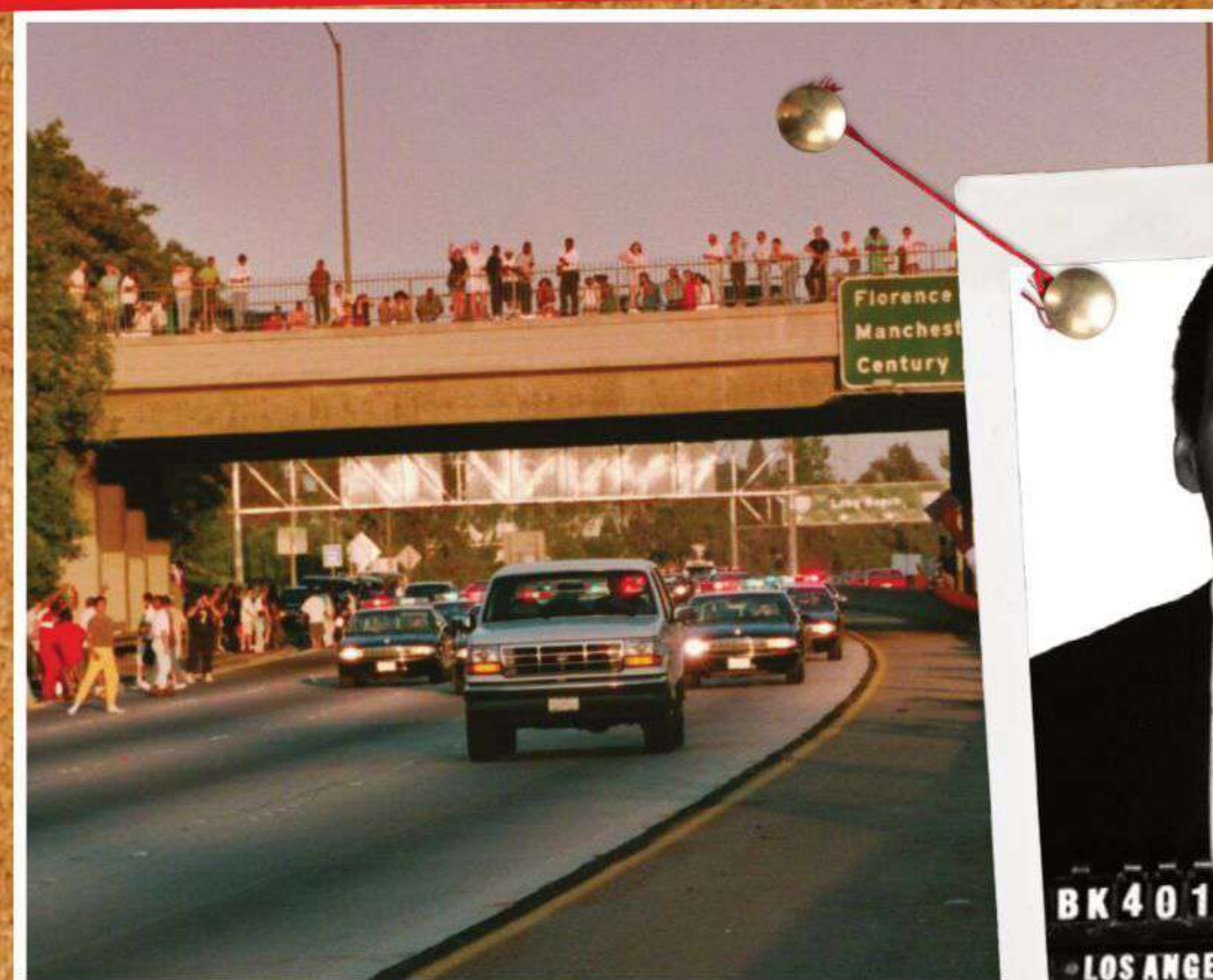
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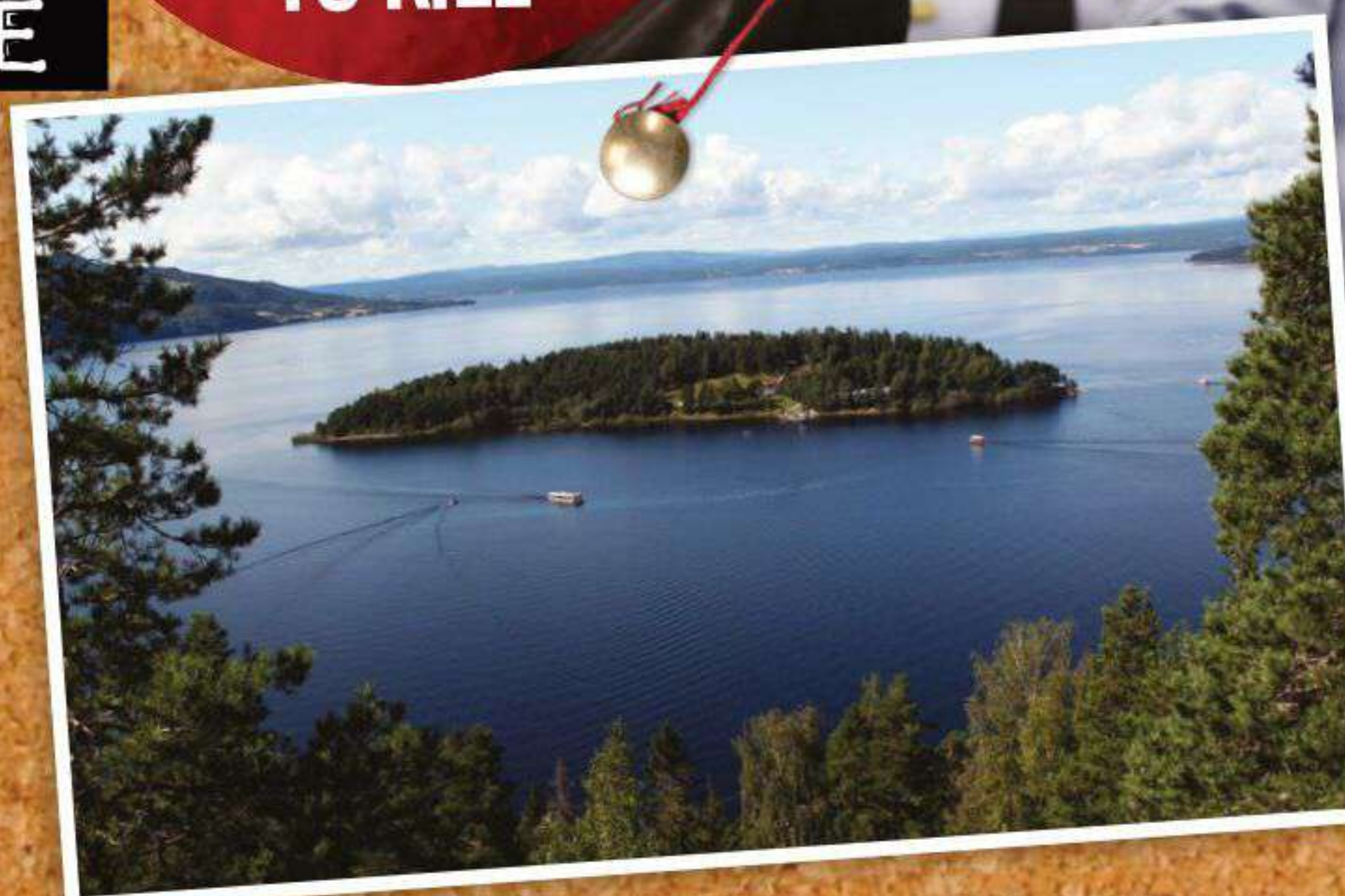
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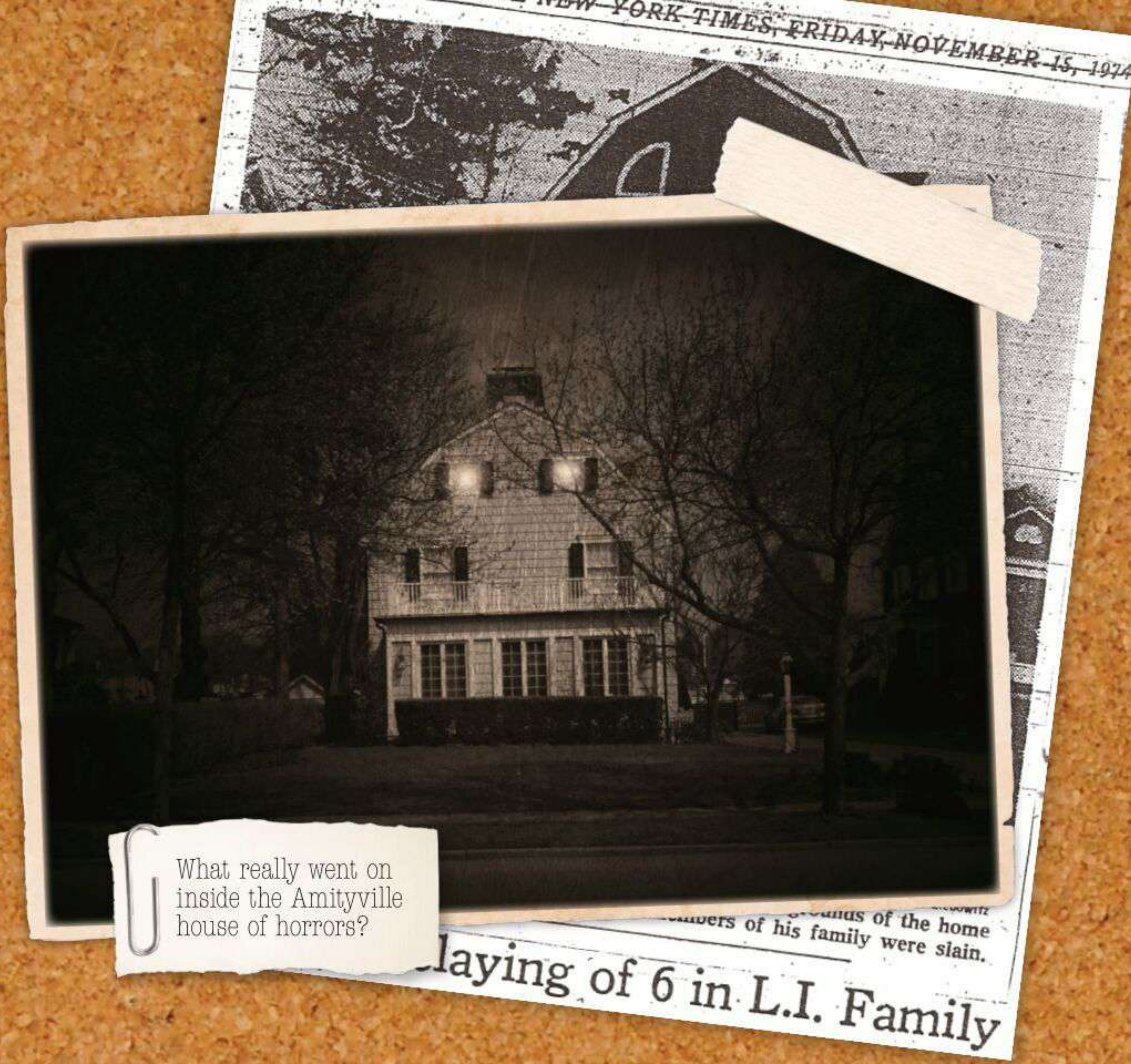
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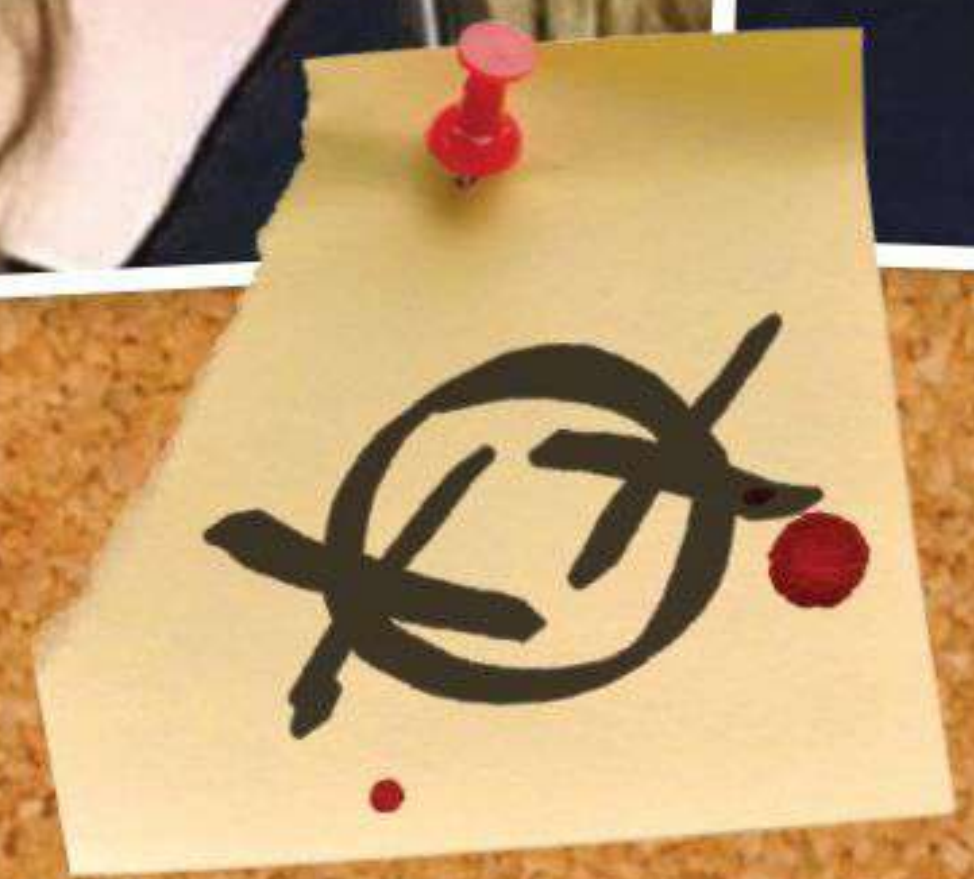
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How the Norwegian Nazi carried out his 2011 massacre










# NURSE KILLER

**HE NEARLY GOT AWAY WITH IT**

THE NIGHT RICHARD SPECK SNUCK INTO A CHICAGO TOWNHOUSE AND MURDERED EIGHT NURSES WAS ONE THE CITY AND HIS ONLY SURVIVING VICTIM WOULD NEVER FORGET — BUT SPECK CAME VERY CLOSE TO GETTING AWAY WITH HIS HEINOUS CRIMES ALTOGETHER





HE WAS ALSO SUSPECTED  
OF COMMITTING A  
BURGLARY AND RAPE OF  
AN ELDERLY WOMAN AS  
WELL AS THE MURDER OF  
A BARMAID

**A**ccording to the tattoo on Richard Speck's right arm, he was "Born To Raise Hell". A dangerous drifter with a criminal history, he was already wanted for rape and murder by the time he arrived in Chicago in the spring of 1966. Within days of arriving, he unleashed chaos on its residents in a single, unforgettable night. When police were called to a townhouse located in a South Side middle-class neighbourhood in the early hours of a July morning, so fierce was Speck's bloodlust that he changed the landscape of crime forever. Inside lay the slain bodies of eight student nurses. Chicago recoiled at how so many innocent women could be killed in their beds in the dead of night, without so much as a peep from this slaughterhouse.

But what rocked them more was the only surviving victim's recollection of the truly terrible events that had unfolded: a pockmarked stranger with a southern Texas drawl, distinct tattoo and "soft, gentle eyes" had forced his way into their home, picked the young women off one at a time from the rest of his gagged and bound victims, and killed them. It took police an adrenaline-fuelled 72 hours to capture Speck thanks to the surviving victim's ability to identify her assailant. But speaking to *Real Crime*, Florida author and journalist Dennis Breo, co-author of *The Crime of the Century*, recounted for us over 50 years later how easily Speck could have got away with what's been described by law experts as 'Chicago's first motiveless mass-murder'.

## BLOWN AWAY

In Chicago, USA, the summer sun raises temperatures to an average of 23 degrees Celsius. However, the week that Speck,

**ABOVE** Before Speck wreaked havoc on the Jeffery Manor neighbourhood, nurses residing there enjoyed a happier time, where they worked hard and socialised together at home

**FAR-RIGHT** Breo discovered during his research that the notorious nurse slayer had an IQ of less than 90 and the mentality of a pre-teen

a violent, 24-year-old convict from Kirkwood came to town in July 1966, the balmy days in the 'Windy City' had risen to above average temperatures, enveloping the town in a two-week heatwave. Breo recalled how during 1966, "the average salary was about \$8,000, the car of the hour was the Pontiac GTO and sold for about \$3,000, and Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* sold for about five dollars and 95 cents in hardcover. The neighbourhood of Jeffery Manor, where the murders took place, was a very conservative and family-oriented place." Breo described the South Deering community where Speck struck as an area where "a big event with the police might be if a cat had run up a tree and they had to call the fire department to get it down."

"Simultaneously there were racial riots in Chicago when Martin Luther King had brought his crusade for fair housing to the north. There were protests, and the Chicago police were overworked with trying to cope with the racial riots." Only the month before, in June, a white gunman shot civil rights activist James Meredith, a former US Air Force veteran, author and the first black student at the University of Mississippi, during his 350-kilometre 'March Against Fear' demonstration. Oblivious to dangerous drifters such as Speck, Breo said that some residents didn't even lock their doors. In such a quiet and trusting neighbourhood, Speck, much like a rabid fox in a pen of sitting hens, was able to slip into the quiet and unsuspecting townhouse, then kill and rape all but one of its residents. "Speck hit Chicago like a thunderstorm," said Breo, "and when he left he truly had changed the landscape of crime."

Born on 6 December 1941, Speck was brought into the world during a scary time. The day after his mother, Mary



## ORGANIC BRAIN SYNDROME

EXAMINING PSYCHIATRIST MARVIN ZIPORYN WAS CONVINCED THAT SPECK SHOULD HAVE BEEN FOUND INSANE THANKS TO INCIDENTS IN HIS CHILDHOOD

According to Dr Katherine Ramsland's book *The Mind Of A Murderer: Privileged Access To The Demons That Drive Extreme Violence*, Ziporyn built a rapport with Speck while he awaited trial. During their conversations, Ziporyn was told of an incident when Speck suffered a severe head injury from a hammer at the age of five. Speck also claimed that, when he was six, he fell out of a tree and fell unconscious. He also told Ziporyn of an incident when he had hit his head on an awning, resulting in repeat headaches, and also a fourth accidental head injury.

Ziporyn diagnosed Speck with 'organic brain syndrome' and that, due to the mix of brain damage, alcohol and drugs, Speck might have blacked out and therefore couldn't determine right from wrong, one of the pivotal aspects of an insanity plea. "Ziporyn was willing to go to trial and testify that Speck had what he called organic brain syndrome, which roughly means if you fall out of a tree or bump your head then maybe that explains your crime," said Breo. "Bill [Martin] adamantly believed 10,000 per cent the opposite, that it had nothing to do with it."



Two days after the murders, a drifter and another man, who had been drinking with the wanted suspect on the fire escape of the Starr Hotel on West Madison Street's Skid Row, identified Speck

Margaret Carabaugh, gave birth to Richard Benjamin Speck, her seventh child and final son, America's era of isolationism in World War II, which had started two years earlier, came to an end when the Japanese bombed their fleet in Hawaiian naval base Pearl Harbor. The following day the country was preparing to ally itself with Britain and fight on the battlefield. Whether this came down to nature, nurture or both, Speck at some stage began internally preparing to emulate the chaos he had been born into.

At the age of six, Speck suffered a great loss when his father Benjamin, who he was close to, died of a heart attack. In the 1950s, Speck's mother, a deeply religious woman, relocated her family to Texas where she remarried, to Carl Lindberg, who Breo described as an "alcoholic lunatic". With most of Speck's brothers and sisters much older than him, and it was Speck and his younger sister Carolyn who were subjected to their stepfather's violent temper, particularly





# 7 MISSED CHANCES

AS THE AWFUL HOURS OF THE NIGHT PASSED, MANY OPPORTUNITIES TO END SPECK'S MASSACRE CAME AND WENT

**1** Nina, who was in the adjoining front bedroom, had awoken to commotion from the rooms next door. Breo said that, had she been "super alert" and picked up on what was going on or heard Speck's voice, she would have had a chance to escape the townhouse and call 911.

**2** Suzanne, who was over at the neighbouring townhouse, came home and phoned the housemother to let her know she had returned before their midnight curfew. She then left the house again to go back to her friends in the adjoining townhouse. "Had she detected a man's voice upstairs she could have sounded the alarm," said Breo.

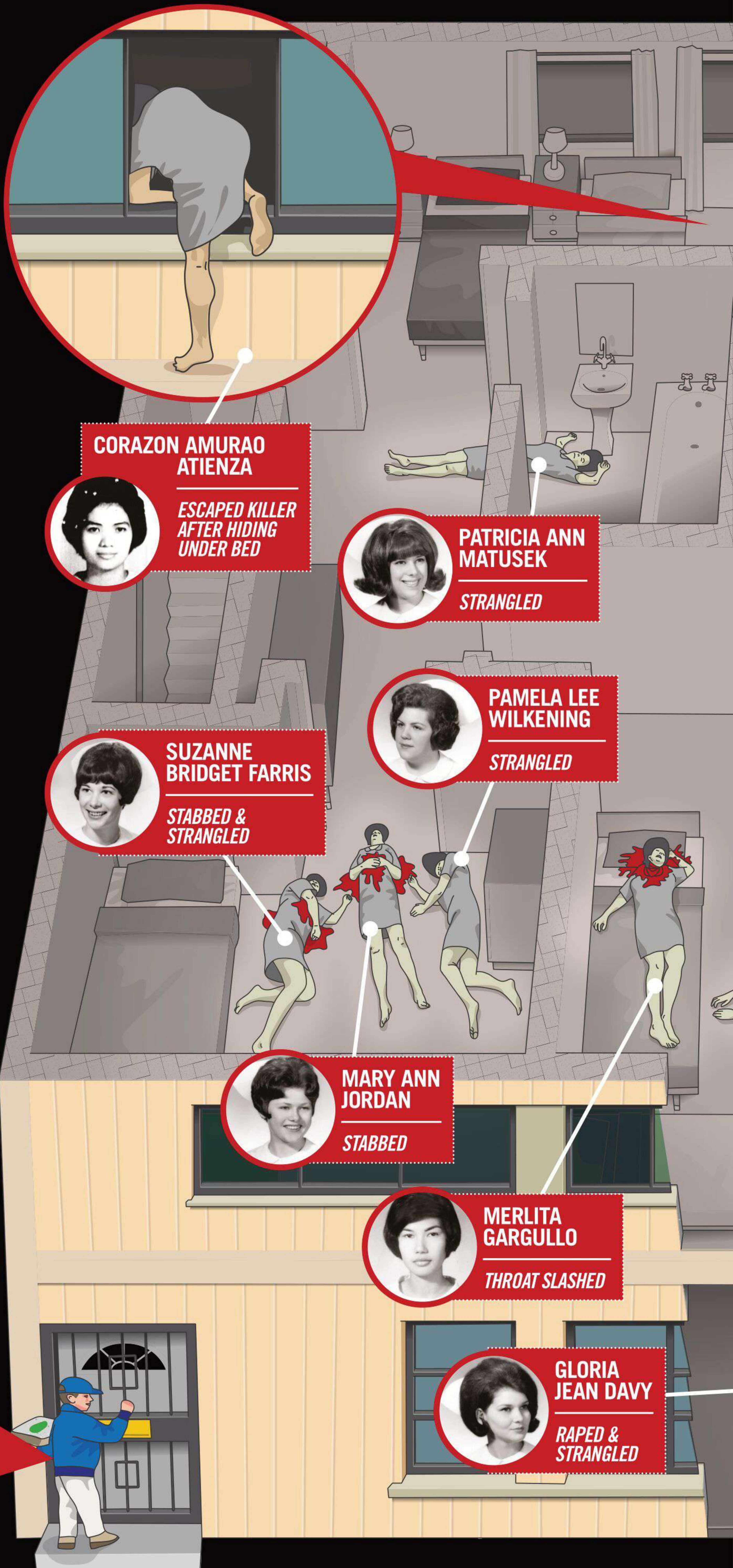
**3** Newly engaged Gloria returned home that evening after going for dinner with her fiancé. Inside the townhouse she had called the housemother to say she was back. Undoubtedly Speck was keeping the girls quiet, but a more alert Gloria might have saved both herself and the day.

**4** In need of some bread for a sandwich, Tammy Suioukoff went next door to 2319 East 100th Street at around 11.30pm but there was no answer. "She waited for a bit but then decided to go to another townhouse," explained Breo.

**5** That evening, fellow nurse Kathy Emmins came over to return an item. Breo told us that "her boyfriend was a gun enthusiast who practised and went to the range. He had taught Kathy to shoot a gun and persuaded her to carry one as protection, which is kind of unusual for that time – she had a loaded pistol in her purse. Had she decided to return the typewriter to Nina Schmale and ring the doorbell... who knows, maybe she might have killed Speck and ended the whole thing. But she couldn't hear any noise and thought everyone was asleep, and decided [not to ring the doorbell]."

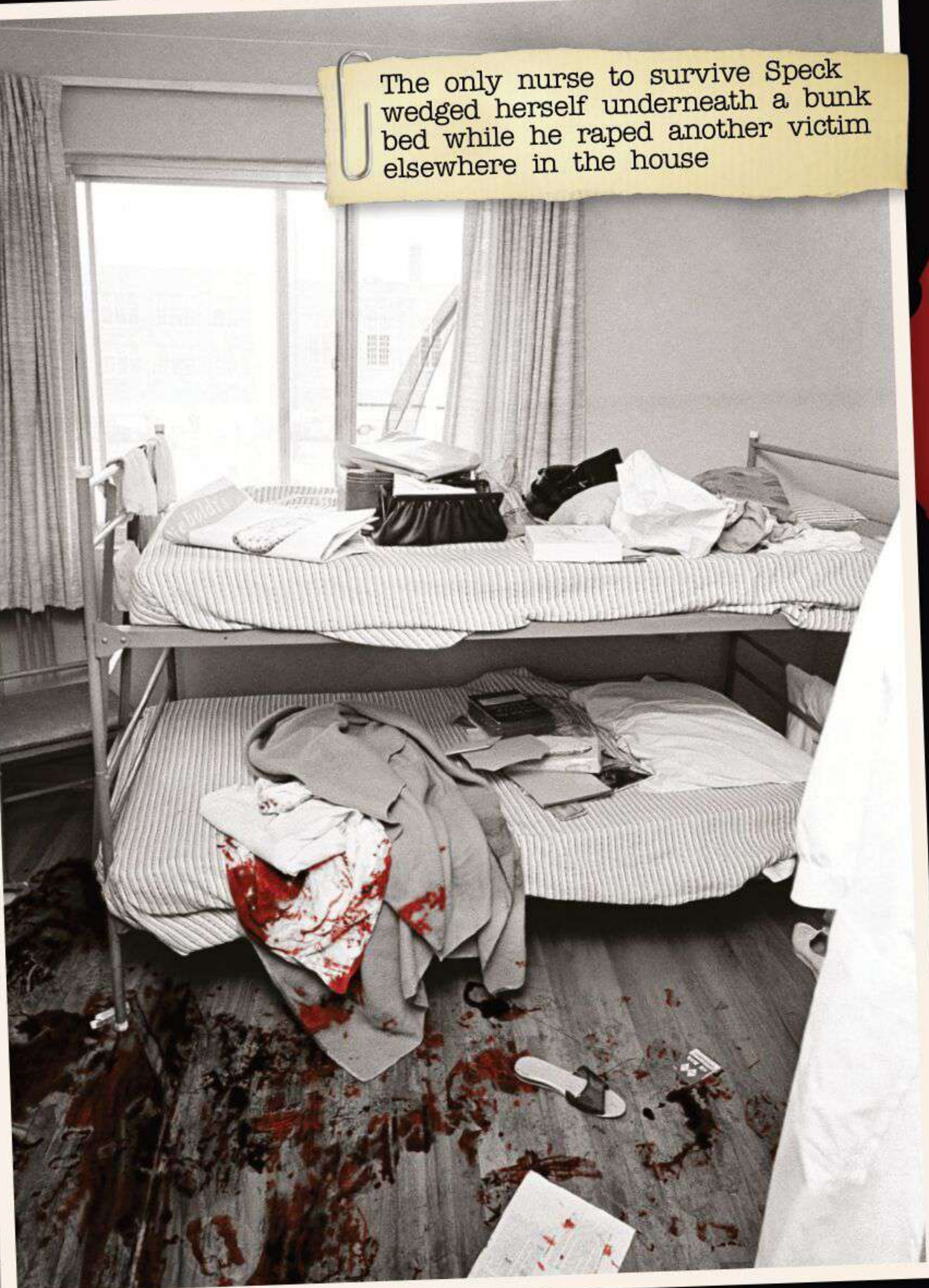
**6** Tammy from the townhouse next door was with a group of nurses who were up studying for an exam the next day. "She heard these incredible screams that she thought sounded animalistic and she thought, 'What is that?'" Breo told us. Walking to the back of the townhouse to investigate, she stood and listened intently, but all she could hear was the air conditioning unit from Nina's bedroom. "At the time Speck was in that bedroom standing over Nina."

**7** The nurses next door grew hungry and decided to order a pizza, which arrived at the murder house by mistake in the middle of Speck's killing frenzy. Hovering around the front door indecisively, the delivery boy eventually realised he was at the wrong townhouse and left.





The only nurse to survive Speck wedged herself underneath a bunk bed while he raped another victim elsewhere in the house



BY 12:15AM ALL SEVEN OF THE NURSES WERE TIGHTLY BOUND AND HELPLESS, WAITING TO SEE WHAT THE INTRUDER WOULD DO NEXT

one block (45 metres) from what would, in a matter of days, become the scene of his biggest and most notorious crime: 2319 East 100th Street, where American postgraduate nurses Gloria Davy, Patricia Matusek, Nina Schmale and Pamela Wilkening, along with Filipino exchange nursing students Valentina Pasion, Suzanne Farris, Merlita Gargullo and Corazon Amurao lived.

Speck's eighth victim, Mary Ann Jordan, usually lived at home with her parents but frequently visited the townhouse. Working at the now-defunct South Chicago Community Hospital, the hospital's students, all in their 20s, had been placed in one of three townhouses in the South Deering area (except for Mary Ann) as part of the hospital's answer to dealing with a shortage of dorms for their students. 13 July had been another warm and sunny day for the nurses, who spent the majority of their time working and studying for their exams, which were a few short weeks away.

### "THE MURDER OF INNOCENCE"

Over the next few days, Speck missed opportunity after opportunity to board a ship out of the city. After drinking in a bar a kilometre from the townhouse on the evening of 13 July, Speck unexpectedly left. It was around 11pm when Speck, donned in black, broke into the two-storey townhouse across from the hiring hall, which he had been observing during his

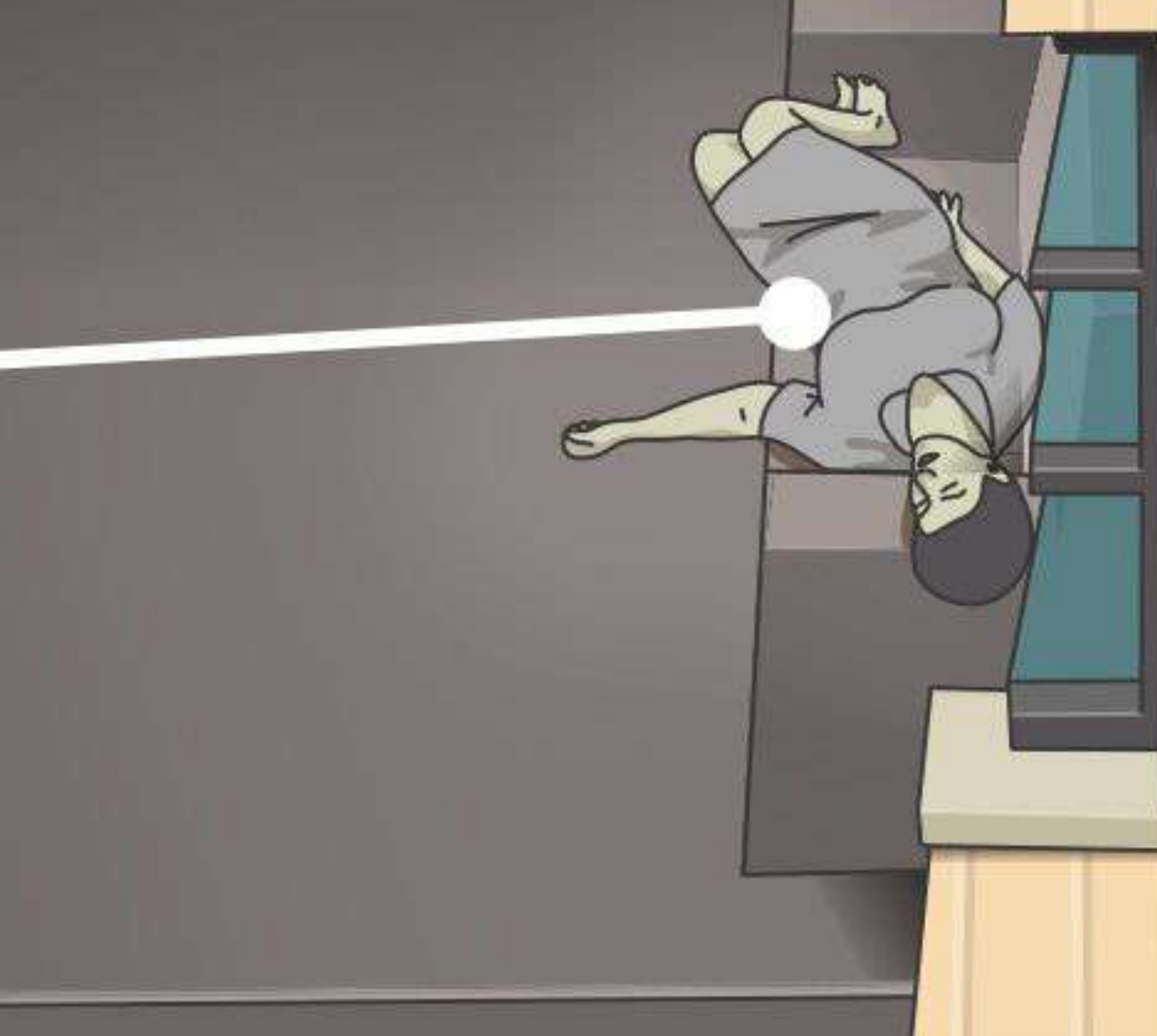
#### VALENTINA PASION

STABBED & STRANGLED



#### NINA JO SCHMALE

STABBED & STRANGLED



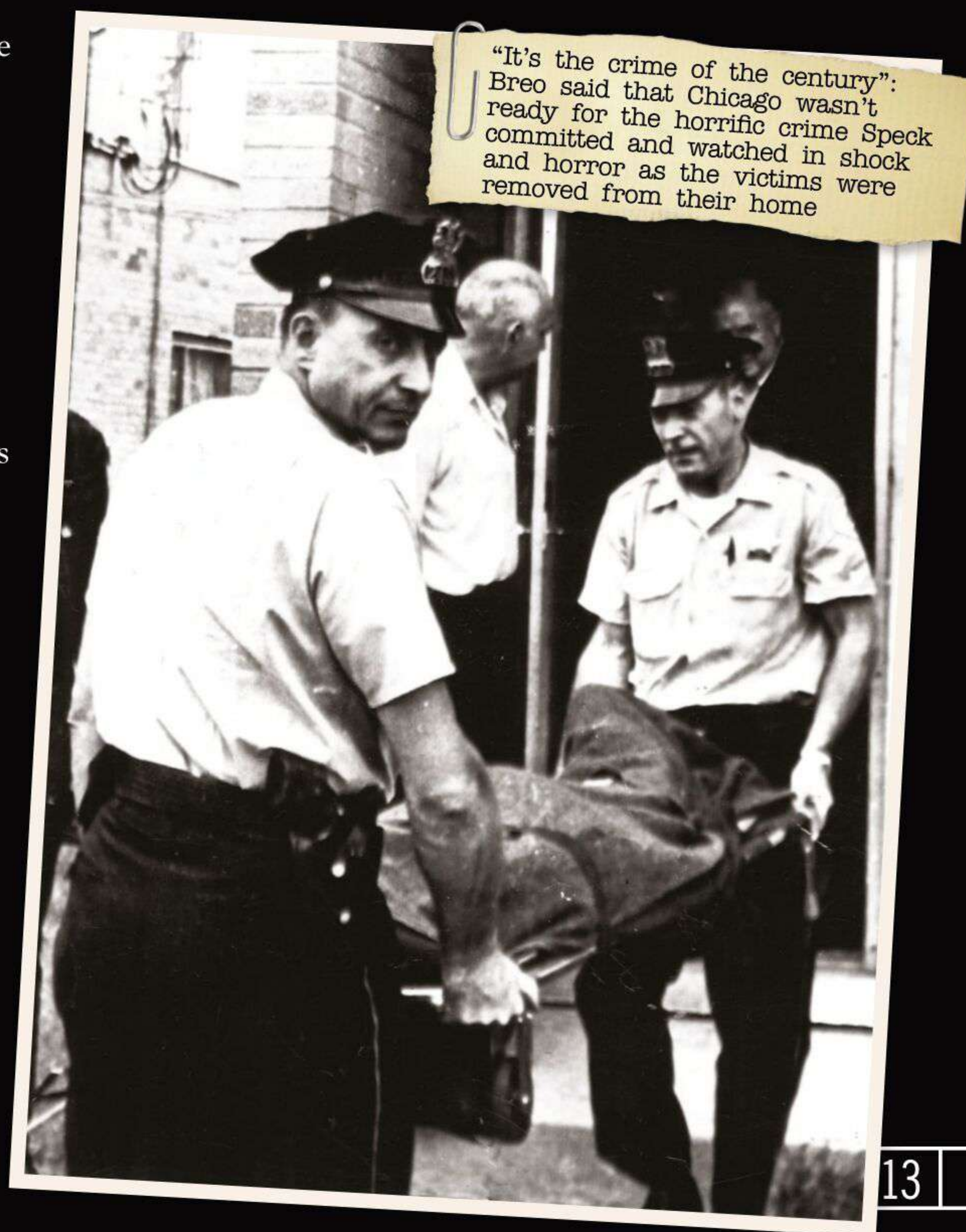
Speck: his stepfather refused to adopt him and he was permanently on the receiving end of the man's anger. "Speck would grow up to mimic his stepfather's alcoholism," Breo told us, before adding that the unruly child became part of an older, rougher crowd who picked up a lot of tattoos and ran around with loose women.

Before washing up in Chicago, Speck had been arrested 41 times for numerous violent offences against men and women, dating back to the age of just 13 when he was arrested for starting a fire in a used-car lot. At the age of 19, Speck married a 15-year-old girl named Shirley Malone, who he met at a county fair. They had a daughter, but Speck was serving a 22-day jail sentence during her birth. Shortly after, Speck was sentenced to three years of prison time at the state penitentiary in Huntsville, Texas, for forgery and burglary. Paroled in 1965, Shirley divorced Speck the following year. He returned to his boyhood home of Monmouth in March 1966.

A rebel without a cause, Speck spent his days chugging ale and popping pills, abusing women and getting into barroom fights. As spring descended on Illinois, Speck ventured to Chicago, where he worked sporadically as a seaman, losing job after job because of his drinking habits and anger problems. Back in his former hometown of Dallas, police were searching for him in relation to the burglary of a grocery store. He was also wanted in Monmouth, suspected of committing a burglary and the rape of an elderly woman as well as the murder of a barmaid.

After staying with his sister and brother-in-law in the northwest side of Chicago for a number of months, Speck was dropped at the National Maritime Union hall and urged to sign onto a ship for work and leave town. With no immediate luck finding a job he returned to his sister's home, and once again was dropped off at the hall with his belongings and \$25. Teetotallers with a sterling reputation, the family had grown tired of Speck lazing on their porch, drinking and telling tales of his grand plans, which seldom materialised into anything other than fantasy. When Speck arrived at the NMU hall on 11 July, he was told there was nothing suitable for him. They told him to come back the following day and try again. The hall was approximately

"It's the crime of the century": Breo said that Chicago wasn't ready for the horrific crime Speck committed and watched in shock and horror as the victims were removed from their home





# THE SIX NURSES, STILL IN THE BACK BEDROOM, HEARD THE TAP GUSHING WATER AS SPECK CLEANED THE BLOOD OFF HIS HANDS

stay. Speck was armed with a hunting knife and a .22-calibre pistol, and unlocked the door through a window he prised open. He snuck through the downstairs area of the house, then the veteran burglar made his way upstairs to where the three bedrooms were located. Breo told us that, while Speck "clearly knew the nurses were there and had sexual assault on his mind" he didn't think he had planned on murder.

The first door Speck knocked on belonged to Corazon and her roommate Merlita. As Corazon inched the door open to see who was outside, Speck rammed it open and stood there, gun in hand. With his weapon aimed at them, Speck marched them both to a rear bedroom where three other nurses were sleeping. The three Filipino nurses, Cora, Merlita and Valentina tried to escape and hide themselves inside a large walk-in wardrobe. Holding Pamela at the waist and pointing his weapon at Nina and Pat, Speck coaxed them out of the closet with the help of the American girls. With the lights off, the ex-con sat his six victims around in a semicircle and stared intently into their eyes.

Breaking and entering had been Speck's forte since he was a young child, and the career criminal was never without a knife or screwdriver. But Breo said that Speck's "real secret weapon was his soft Texas drawl and 'gentle eyes'" – which was how the surviving nurse, Corazon, described him. He found it very easy to put his female victims at ease, telling them, "I'm not going to hurt you, I'm not going to rape you, I just needed a bit of money." While the Filipino students were prepared to fight for their lives, the American students overruled them, thinking Speck was a wayward drunk who'd take their money and leave. It was a fatal decision. "I want some money, I'm going to New Orleans," Speck told them.

When Speck's seventh victim, Gloria, returned home, tipsy from a joyous evening with her fiancé, she phoned the housemother to let her know she was home. As she climbed the stairs and opened the door to the back room, she came face to face with Speck and her six crouching housemates. She was told to sit on the floor with the rest of them. "Don't be afraid, I'm not going to kill you," Speck assured the nurses before slicing strips of bedsheets with his knife and tying their ankles together and their hands behind their backs. By 12.15am all seven of the nurses were tightly bound and helpless, waiting to see what the intruder would do next.

Selecting Pamela first, Speck untied her ankles and forced her into a northeast bedroom with his gun lodged in the small of her back. Laying her spread-eagled on the bedroom floor with rape in mind, Speck was again interrupted when Suzanne and Mary Anne burst into the room having returned from an adjoining townhouse. As they dashed to try and raise the alarm, Speck was quick and corralled them back into the bedroom where Pamela lay. Their resistance angered Speck, who lashed out in a stabbing frenzy, killing all three of them within a matter of minutes. "After that he was just eliminating witnesses," said Breo.

The six nurses still in the back bedroom heard the tap gushing water as Speck cleaned the blood off his hands. One by one Speck plucked each nurse from the terrified group and took them to another room to continue his almost ritualistic killings, beginning with Nina. While Speck was occupied elsewhere, three of the remaining four nurses flopped about desperately, trying to hide under the beds. Gloria had fallen asleep on one of the bunk beds, intoxicated from the champagne she had swigged earlier that evening.



LEFT Residents of the US woke up to the news that an unknown killer murdered eight nurses in their beds. Many were horrified that something so gruesome could have happened in such a family-friendly neighbourhood

## SEARCH FOR MASS SLAYER

### Six Policemen Shot on West Side

118 SEIZED  
IN OUTBREAK  
OF VIOLENCE

Many Others  
Are Wounded

Six policemen, including a captain, were shot along with an uncounted number of civilians last night and early today as the city police fought trouble makers on the west side.

At least 118 persons had been arrested by midnight as policemen began carrying machine guns, shotguns, rifles, and tear gas in addition to pistols and night sticks to combat roving gangs of vandals, looters, and snipers.

Bus Service Cut  
Bus and elevated lines were shut down by the CTA and police blocked off most main thoroughfares as vandalism, looting, and sniping continued.

#### Victims of Dormitory Attacker



#### HUNT FOR CLEWS IN KILLING OF EIGHT NURSES ON S. E. SIDE

MURDERED  
Patricia Matuscki, 21

MURDERED  
Marianne Jorden, 22

MURDERED  
Nina Schmale, 21

MURDERED  
Pamela Wilkening, 22

MURDERED  
Gloria Davy, 21

## EIGHT NURSES KILLED BY A MIDNIGHT CALLER

From RALPH CHAMPION  
New York, Thursday  
EIGHT young nurses were tortured and murdered one after the other at their Chicago hostel early today.

## THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY



#### BIG HUNT FOR SEX MANIAC IN BLACK JACKET

Multiple stab wounds in the chest and neck; Patricia Matuscki, 21, strangled with a sheet; Marianne Jorden, 22, stabbed in the chest and neck; Valentina Passon, 23, bound and strangled with a sheet; and Nina Schmale, 21, strangled with a sheet and stabbed. "This is the crime of the century," Toman said. "I've been a coroner for six years, and I've never seen anything like this."



After Speck left the townhouse, Corazon waited beneath the bed until she could bring herself to climb out of the window onto a ledge and call for help



After about 20 minutes, Speck returned for Valentina, Merlita, Pat, and finally Gloria, pulling each girl from her hiding place and carrying her out of the room, except for Gloria, who Speck raped on the bed as Corazon hid only three metres away. Only when he was finished did Speck remove the incapacitated Gloria from the bunk bed and leave the room.

Speck would not return for another 50 minutes, but in the meantime Corazon decided to change her hiding place from underneath the centre bunk in the room to the far wall where Merlita and Valentina had once been hiding. A hanging blanket obscured Speck's view of the victim hiding beneath the bunk. When he returned he switched the light on and scoured the room for any signs of life. Satisfied he had eliminated every possible witness, Corazon heard the jangle of coins as Speck raided the purse of one of the dead nurses and tossed it under the bed where Corazon lay. "Speck very easily might have gotten away with it" Breo told us, "if he'd learned how to count and not left a victim, and if he'd used gloves. It's virtually positive he would have spent the rest of his life confessing to the crime and nobody would have believed him." Smug that he had eliminated eight lives in just one night, Speck tossed his switchblade into the Calumet River, taking his gun with him back to the Shipyard Inn where he was staying

Hours later Corazon was found trembling like a leaf on a window ledge of the townhouse wailing into the soft winds that had descended on Chicago: "They are all dead! My friends are all dead! Oh, God, I'm the only one alive!" Residents nearby had gathered outside the townhouse along with the press. "We referred to it in many ways as the murder of innocence" said Breo, "It really changed the way people viewed crimes."

## THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY

The title of Breo's book (originally published in 1993), co-authored by Speck prosecutor Bill Martin, was not born out of any "grandiosity", Breo told us, but from the words of the coroner after the house was examined in the early hours of 14 July. "When the bodies were being carried out of the small cramped townhouse at about six in the morning, and a crowd had gathered and, of course, the media had shown up in force, the coroner went to the microphones and said, 'It's unbelievable what we found in the townhouse and it is the crime of the century.'"

Undoubtedly traumatised from what she had witnessed, Corazon still proved to be the police's best chance to get a detailed description of the man responsible. An off-duty police officer named Eddie Wielosinski, known as 'Willow' to his fellow officers, came to the scene of the crime before he clocked into work that morning. At the police headquarters Detective Wielosinski heard the description Corazon had given of Speck, including details of the "Born To Raise Hell" tattoo on his arm, and began to investigate.

What struck the officer as unusual was Corazon's description of Speck's accent and his goal to ship out to New Orleans. "While canvassing the neighbourhood joints where the young punks hung out, Willow interviewed two gas station attendants, who recalled a young man with a funny accent who wanted to leave his two bags overnight. One allowed Speck to drop off his bags and told Willow that when

**TOP** Thanks to the surviving nurse's ability to recall details about the intruder, police were able to produce a fitting sketch of the man they were hunting

**ABOVE** At Speck's trial, star witness Corazon had "total recall" when prosecutor and co-author of *The Crime Of The Century* Bill Martin quizzed her on the events of that fateful night



the man claimed them the next morning he spoke 'with a cranky accent' and was upset about missing a damn ship or an ammunition ship and now wanted to go to New Orleans to find a ship." Armed with this information, the officer went to the seamen's hall and asked the port agent if he recalled such a sailor.

The agent produced Speck's assignment slip and handed it to the officer. "Now, trying to solve the murders, Willow went to Coast Guard headquarters, where all sailors are required to register, and obtained a photo of Speck," said Breo. "When this photo was shown to Corazon the next morning, she stiffened in fear and said, 'This is the man.'"

Despite Corazon's positive identification, police were still unable to trace Speck, who seemed to have disappeared into thin air. However, a break in the hunt came on 15 July when he was discovered in a bloody heap at a 'flop house' in Chicago's Skid Row by hotel staff. The killer had slashed his wrists in a suicide attempt and was rushed to hospital. When doctors washed blood from his wrists they were alarmed to see the distinctive tattoo matching the description provided by Corazon, which had been broadcast across the news since the murders happened. Recalling his reaction when he first saw that Speck had been arrested for the killings, Breo said, "It's the old quote 'evil is so banal'. This guy just seemed like your everyday jerk."

### COURTROOM SPECK-TACULAR

Much like Marcia Clark and Juan Martinez, who respectively found themselves in the limelight during the 1995 OJ Simpson and 2013 Jodi Arias murder trials, co-author of *The Crime Of The Century* Bill Martin, who passed away in July 2017, was thrust to the forefront of American criminal history when he was tasked with prosecuting Speck during his April 1967 trial. Inside the Peoria County Courthouse, the mass killer's defence attorney Gerald F. Getty, one of Chicago's most experienced public defenders, was eager to obtain a not guilty verdict by reason of insanity. It was a tall order, but Breo said that Martin, a prosecutor who "left nothing to chance" was on the case, aware of the numerous things that could mean Speck walked free.

A pathological liar, Speck would not admit to the murders and instead forged a story that he had been drinking and injecting drugs the night of 13 July 1966 and could not remember what he did. He denied having ever seen Corazon or the other victims before. But according to Breo, Martin was anxious about Speck's jailhouse psychiatrist Marvin Ziporyn, who struck up a friendship with the killer before the trial. Their friendship began to test the ethics of Ziporyn's position, when it came to Martin's attention that the psychiatrist was interested in collaborating with Speck on a book. Much to Martin's relief, the public defender eventually decided not to use Ziporyn as an expert witness at the trial.



Now in her 70s and living in Las Vegas, Breo said Corazon is the "ultimate survivor" for braving the aftermath of the murders

However, there was still the question put forward by Speck's defence team: was he insane? "Bill [Martin] also agreed during the pre-trial, with a lot of trepidation, to having a psychiatric panel of eight of the most prominent psychiatrists in the country at the time evaluate Speck as to whether or not he was competent to stand trial, and whether or not he was sane," said Breo. "The public defender was pushing this, assuming that Speck would be found insane and that he could go for a not guilty by reason of insanity verdict." Breo said that Martin agreed to the panel on the assumption that it would not be binding for either party. "After all of the eight people had given Speck neuropsychiatric tests and interrogated him psychiatrically at great lengths, they concluded unanimously: one, he was competent to stand trial; and two, that he was not insane. That knocked the insanity defence out of the window."

With the question of insanity answered, the surviving victim stole the show with her eyewitness identification of the man who had slaughtered her friends and former workmates. While Martin had done everything he could in recent months to keep Corazon feeling safe and secure enough to testify at trial, his worries were dispelled when she took the stand. Described by one criminal reporter as "the best trial witness she had ever seen," Breo said that Corazon was a "blend of steel and lace" who had total recall of the night in question. Using a model of the townhouse constructed by the FBI, she described exactly what had happened, and throughout everything made eye contact with the judge and jury. But her most courageous move was still to come. "At trial, when Bill Martin asked her, 'Is the killer in the courtroom today?' Expecting her to just say, 'Yes he

**BREO SAID THAT CORAZON WAS A "BLEND OF STEEL AND LACE" WHO HAD TOTAL RECALL OF THE NIGHT IN QUESTION**



## “IT JUST WASN’T THEIR NIGHT”

IN A JAILHOUSE HOME MOVIE SPECK REVEALED HIS TRUE FEELINGS ABOUT THE MURDERS AND HIS LIFE BEHIND BARS

In 1996 investigative journalist Bill Kurtis was handed a tape, which had been made at Stateville prison back in 1988. The tape, approximately two hours long, showed a weathered Speck sitting in the jailhouse sporting breasts he had grown thanks to smuggled hormone tablets, and parading around in silk underwear.

Behind the camera an inmate asked him why he killed the eight nurses, to which Speck shot back with a cold and callous response: “It just wasn’t their night.” When asked how he felt about the killings, Speck seemed to take his time answering: “Like I always felt... had no feeling. If you’re asking me if I felt sorry, no.”

Speck also talked about the act of strangling the nurses, explaining how “It’s not like TV... it takes over three minutes and you have to have a lot of strength.” Revelling in his new quasi-female form, when asked by the out-of-shot inmate, “Do you like being fucked by men?” Speck replied, “Absolutely”. Speck is seen snorting cocaine and performing oral sex on an inmate. He bragged, “If they only knew how much fun I was having, they’d turn me loose.”



is’ and point at him, she stepped down from the witness stand, walked over to confront Speck, pointed her finger at his pockmarked face and said, ‘This is the man.’ It was just pandemonium,” Breo said.

### GOOD TRIUMPHS OVER EVIL

The jury deliberated for less than an hour before convicting Speck of murder, before the judge sentenced him to death. Speck faced the ultimate penalty for his crime but, despite the Illinois Supreme Court upholding Speck’s sentence on appeal, the United States Supreme Court struck it down in 1971, after it was revealed that more than 250 potential jurors had unconstitutionally been excluded from the jury pool because of their disagreement with capital punishment. The following year the US Supreme Court deemed the death penalty unconstitutional, and instead Speck was given eight consecutive terms of 50 to 150 years.

In 1991, the day before his 50th birthday, Speck died of a heart attack, the same thing that had killed his father 43 years before. Speck never publically admitted to killing the nurses but outraged the public when a jailhouse video surfaced of him after his death discussing his involvement in the crime.

Breo, who caught up with Corazon for the 50th anniversary of the crime and the republishing of the book in 2016, said that, “We tracked her down to Las Vegas, where she has a vacation home and she still plays Penny Ante poker, which she had learned with her police bodyguards... [in the time leading up to the trial] Bill Martin had to, in effect, kidnap her and put her in the witness protection programme to keep her feeling safe and secure. Her police bodyguards

**ABOVE** Speck’s defence team attempted to obtain a not guilty verdict by reason of insanity but medical examiners deemed Speck sane and competent to stand trial

would play Penny Ante poker at night with Corazon and her mother – to this day she will still go into a Las Vegas casino and play low stakes poker.

“All in all it was a triumph of good over evil. She has lived a very successful life, but today, even after Speck had died in prison, she still has flashbacks. It was an unimaginably horrific ordeal she lived through. She is the ultimate survivor.”





Kidnapper, rapist and murderer of unborn children: no act of contrition shown by Castro would mitigate the court's sentence







# 11 YEARS IN HELL

OUTSIDE 2207 SEYMOUR AVENUE, THE AMERICAN FLAG FLAPS, LACKLUSTRE IN AN ASTHMATIC WIND. INSIDE THIS SECRET HOUSE OF HORRORS, A TERRIFIED AMANDA, GINA AND MICHELLE FACE DOWN THEIR KIDNAPPER

The Cleveland, Ohio, community was close knit, but didn't know that three of its young women – Amanda Berry, Georgina DeJesus and Michelle Knight – had been held prisoner for more than ten long years by Ariel Castro. He had kidnapped, raped, beaten and mentally tortured them until their eventual escape in 2013 showed thousands of others that hope is possible. Castro was sentenced to life plus 1,000 years in prison for his crimes.

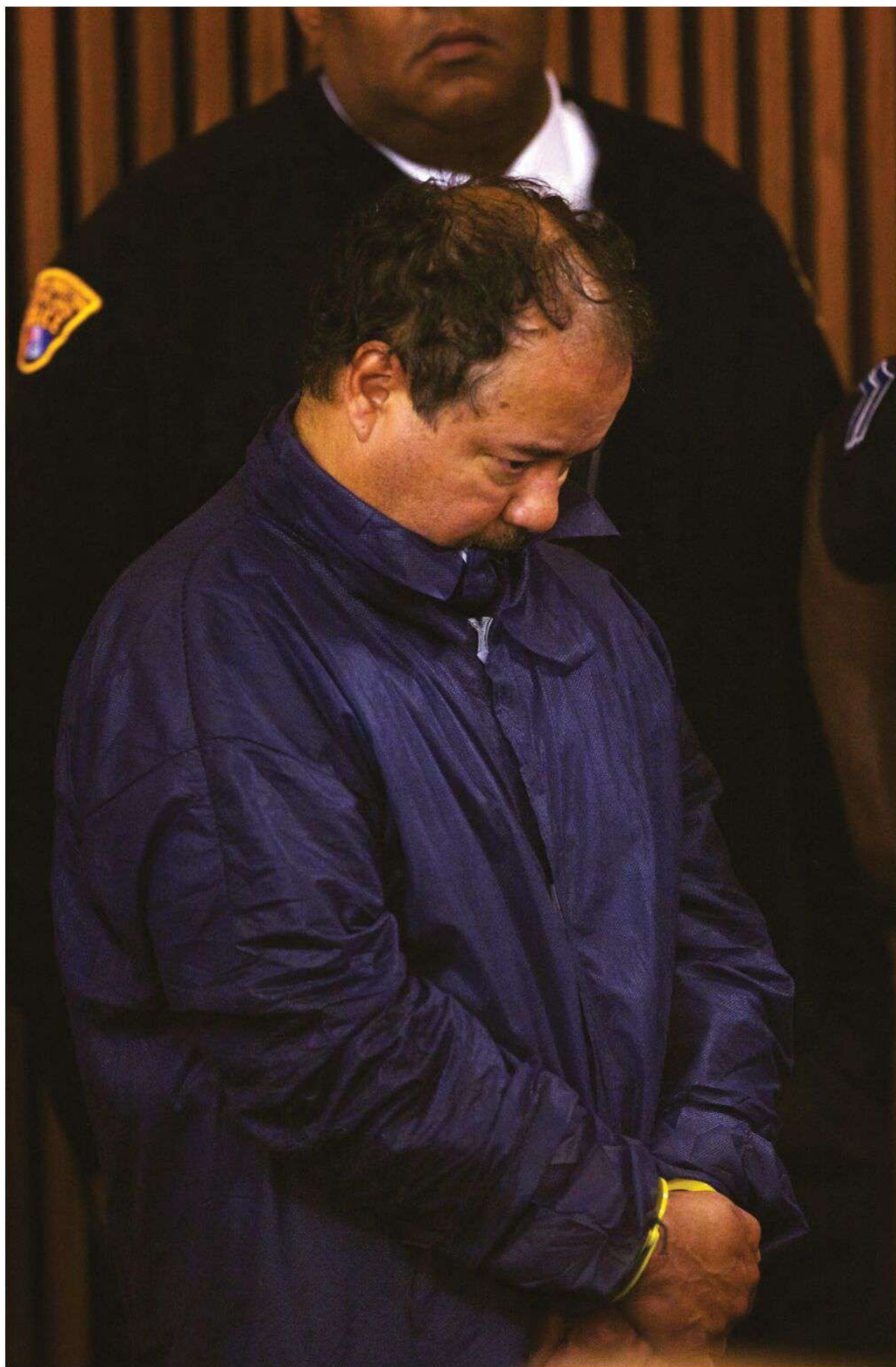
## OHIO GOTHIC

We often think of the criminal, the monster, as an almost supernatural force, a hulking, super strong, super intelligent

shadow in a foreboding Gothic lair. Cleveland is where Castro kept the girls, and it is about as far from Gothic as you can get. It is a normal, working-class neighbourhood. Chain-link, chicken-wire fences compartmentalise the land against the wooden housing units, a sturdy suburban prison mesh that guards neighbours against those we think we know. Several photographs from the time of the crimes show a sheriff's car sitting by the curb, its painted gold star and bright yellow lettering looking toy-like against the dull-toned houses of the dusty street. This is an area where people get on with their day-to-day living and try to make ends meet.

To the outside world, Castro seemed so far from a horror behemoth as to be ludicrous. The nightmarish, kidnapping





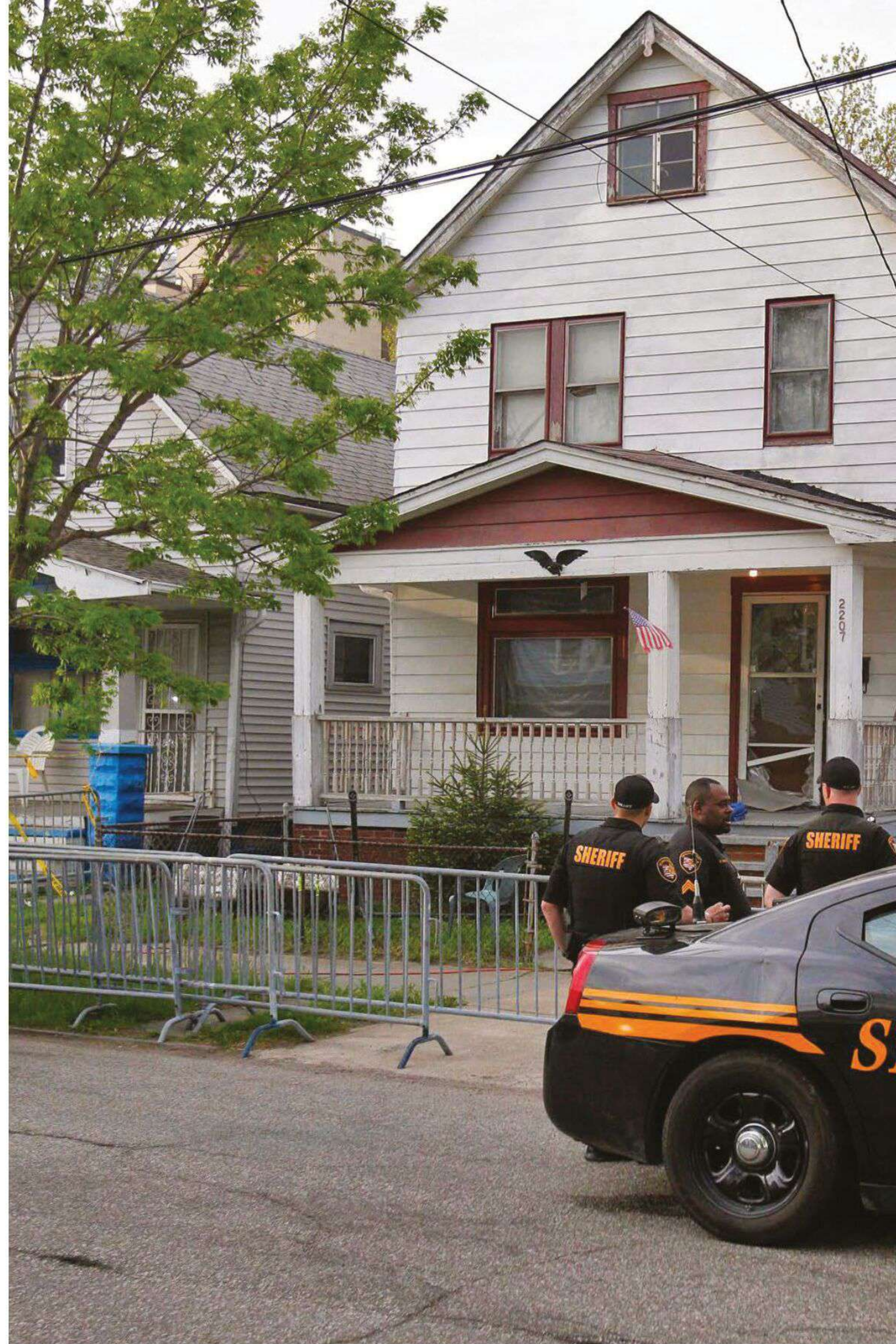
**ABOVE** Castro pleaded guilty to 937 charges, including rape, kidnap and assault

Nosferatu was in fact a school bus driver. He would drive the same route each day, have cookout ‘ribs’ barbecues with his neighbours and even played in a local band. Friends would sit in their porch chairs listening to him and perhaps even humming along a little as they raised their drinks to toast the rusty evening sky.

But behind the summer evening porch songs and the glad-handing, Castro was a failure. A relationship with his former partner had soured but, rather than resolving his differences with her, he could communicate only with his fists and found himself alone when she took the initiative and walked away, warning the police about him in the process. This left a very irritated Castro licking his wounds and hankering for another woman he could use as he wished.

### STEALING BEAUTY

One day, Castro was driving in his car when he saw what looked like a small girl in the distance. Thinking himself a gallant neighbourhood knight, he pulled over and asked how he could be of service to the maiden. The girl had a lovely, ready grin, and she told him she was searching for someone, and that she was also late for a very important appointment. Happy to oblige, he told the girl to hop into his ‘carriage’ and that he would help her – after first visiting his own home along the way.



To bide the time, he and the girl, whose name was Michelle, talked about puppies, Michelle saying she might like one of his for her own.

The man and girl got to his house. She noticed that the man locked the gate behind her, but as it was a neighbourhood blighted by crime, she followed him without question. She was, however, confused that she could not hear the excited barking of his promised canine companions.

It would be fine – the man’s house was in the middle of a main street, but Michelle recalled that she, “...started to feel a little nervous, then a little more nervous as we were going up the stairs,” and into the monster’s lair as he motioned to her to move forward, please...

“...please let me go I need to speak to my son!” Michelle, actually 21 years old but appearing far younger, begged Castro as she looked up at him from the floor, weeping. Castro wrapped extension cable around her legs and flattened duct tape over her mouth. The meeting she was meant to be at while she lay frozen in shock in front of her kidnapper was about the welfare of her son, and she had hoped that mentioning her boy would bring the fiend to his senses. Standing over her tiny figure, Castro watched her. He beat her. He raped her. “If I were to kill you today, nobody will look for you tomorrow,” he told her.

16-year-old Amanda was taken on her way home from work; Gina, just 14 years old, on her way home from school.



## GONE GIRLS

AFTER BEING KIDNAPPED, THE GIRLS WERE THE FOCUS OF SEVERAL MEDIA SEARCH CAMPAIGNS

### MISSING



**MICHELLE KNIGHT**  
21 YEARS OLD – 1.4 METRES

Michelle may have seemed younger than her age in part due to her appearance. She is short and stocky with strong facial features, dark hair and an animated, ready smile. It was considered possible that she may have left town voluntarily as her son had been taken into foster care.

**LAST SEEN** 23 AUGUST 2002 AT A FAMILY DOLLAR SHOP

### MISSING



**AMANDA MARIE BERRY**  
16 YEARS OLD – 1.5 METRES

Amanda has long, straight, sandy blonde hair that sometimes looks darker, and she has fine eyebrows. She has a heart-shaped face. Her deep brown eyes are accentuated by a ring piercing in her left brow. Her ears are also pierced.

**LAST SEEN** 21 APRIL 2003, LEAVING WORK AT BURGER KING

### MISSING



**GEORGINA LYNN DEJESUS**  
14 YEARS OLD – 1.5 METRES

A Hispanic girl with wavy dark hair and a cheeky grin, Gina had pierced ears, with a second piercing higher up in the cartilage of her right ear. She has two birthmarks and sometimes goes by the name 'Gina'.

**LAST SEEN** 2 APRIL 2004, WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL.

With its distinctive nose and practically exact replica of his facial hair, many wondered why this sketch didn't lead police to Castro earlier

**ABOVE** Sheriff officers guard 2207 Seymour Avenue, the house where Castro kept Gina, Michelle and Amanda captive

They both shared Michelle's fate, imprisoned within Castro's Cleveland horror house.

### MIND-FORGED MANACLES

The girls were surrounded by the sirens, shouting and the general commotion of street life, but they were also a world away. While they were all petite in stature, they were gutsy, and Castro seemed to feel that neither the flimsy front door nor the internal-bolted doors, and not even their restraints were enough keep them from the safety of the outside. He had to try to imprison them within the one thing stronger than him – their own minds.

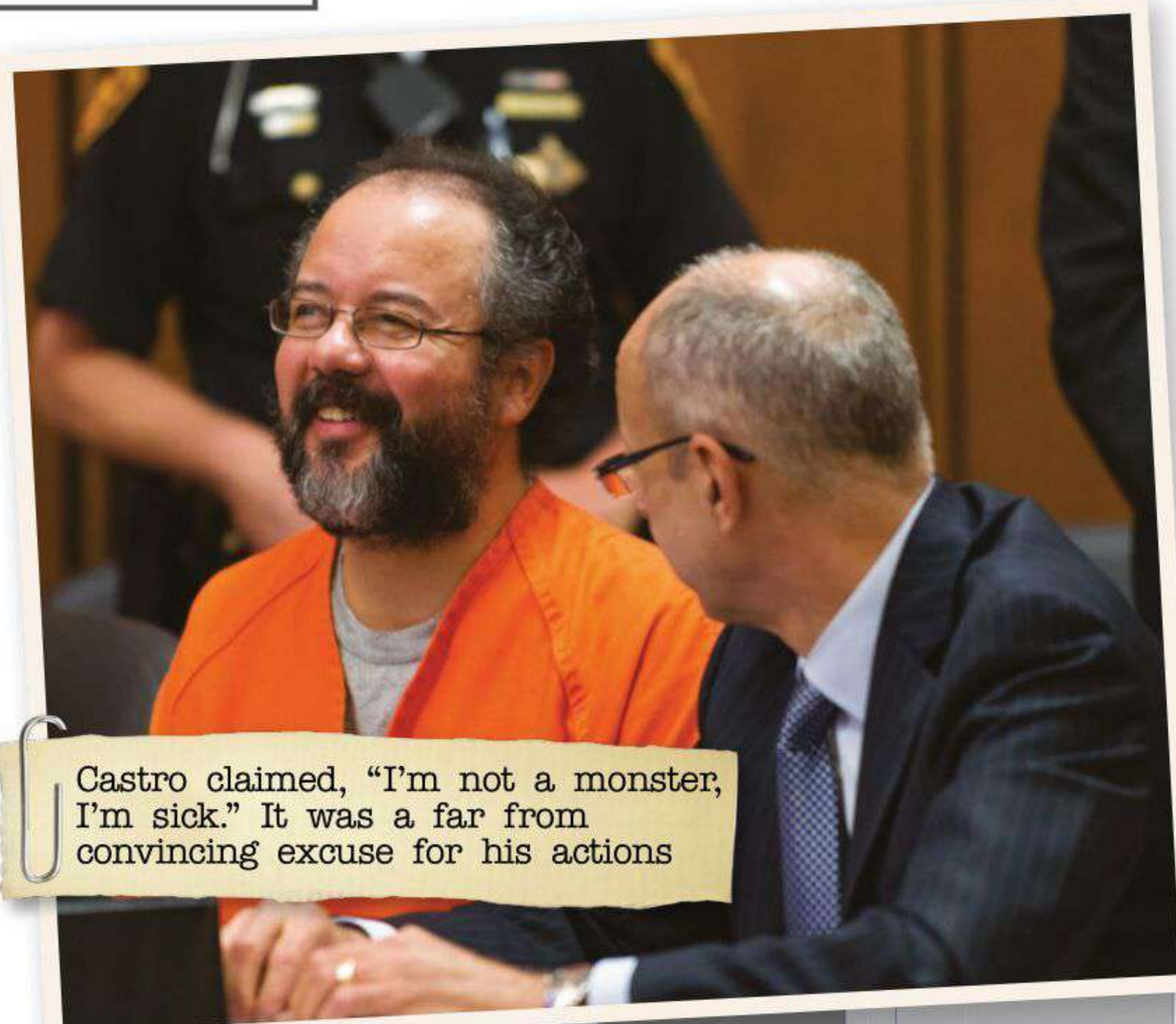
He began a gradual process of mentally conditioning Michelle, Gina and Amanda. Initially, they were chained up and left in the basement. Later, he would leave them in a room in the house and if they tried to escape or 'misbehaved', he would beat them. They were raped repeatedly. As time went on, he moved them to a temperature-controlled attic, freezing or boiling depending on how he wanted to torture

**“ CASTRO CONTROLLED THEM TO THE EXTENT THAT HE WAS EVEN ABLE TO TAKE THEM OUTSIDE INTO THE YARD ”**



# PROPERTY CHAINS

CASTRO HAD MODIFIED HIS CLEVELAND HOUSE TO IMPRISON THE GIRLS WHILE MAKING SURE THEY SURVIVED



Castro claimed, "I'm not a monster, I'm sick." It was a far from convincing excuse for his actions

## PRETTY TERROR

Despite the soft colour and the furnishings, Gina and Michelle went through hell when this small room became their prison.

## UNCHAINED MEMORIES

Amanda, Michelle and Gina were all petite, but Castro still used heavy chains to restrain them. He would sometimes pad the chains so that they would do less damage to the girls' skin.

## CLEVELAND LOCKDOWN

Despite being a friendly neighbour, even Castro's friends noticed that all his doors had bolts on them. The bolts on many were sheared off, windows were covered and a bespoke alarm was on the door.

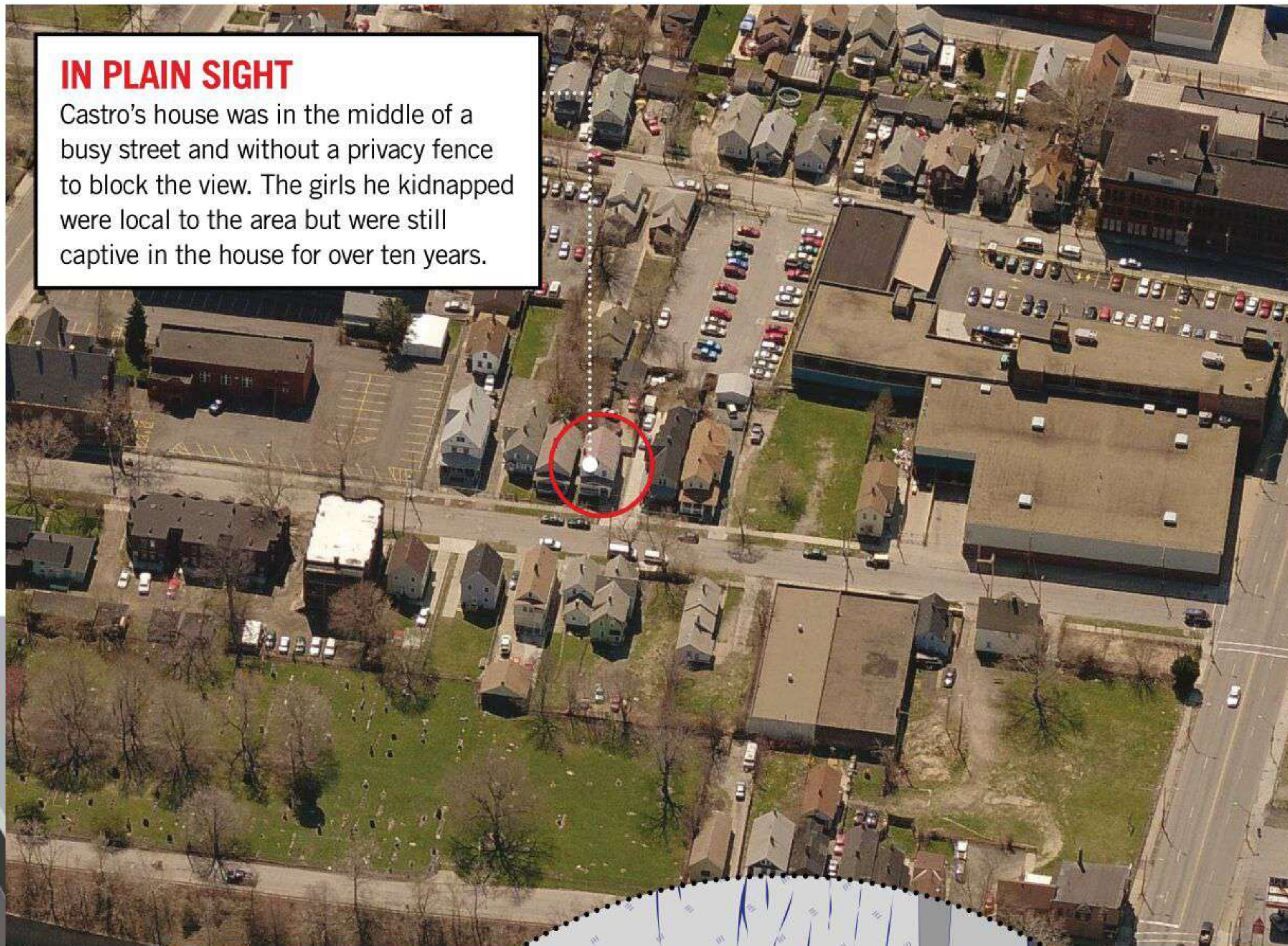
## BASEMENT BEGINNINGS

After their initial capture, Amanda, Gina and Michelle were chained and padlocked to a pole. The room was filled with boxes, had a cold, concrete floor and smelled dirty.



**IN PLAIN SIGHT**

Castro's house was in the middle of a busy street and without a privacy fence to block the view. The girls he kidnapped were local to the area but were still captive in the house for over ten years.



them, their toilet nothing but a reeking plastic potty and a tin tub that was rarely emptied.

Michelle, his first taken, was treated especially harshly. She was at one stage given a puppy, which Castro subsequently killed, and mustard, to which an allergic reaction made her face swell to the point of preventing her breathing and leaving her on the brink of death.

Cruelty is best laced with confusion, however, and Castro would also 'reward' the girls if they behaved as he wished. They were allowed to watch TV, a treat as well as a taunt as their captor could show them what they both had and were missing. The girls watched television drama *The Vampire Diaries* and documentaries where experts such as David Wilson commented that kidnapped people go into survival mode when stuck in such extreme scenarios. They would try to be seen to please their captor to keep themselves alive. Castro controlled them to the extent that he was even able to take them outside into the yard disguised in wigs and sunglasses, knowing they would be too terrified to break their invisible bonds.

**MICHELLE'S MISCARRIAGE AND AMANDA'S BABY**

Their resolve remained in place even when they became pregnant. When the man-boy was threatened by the impending births, presumably assuming the crying babies would scream the outside world aware of his shameful secret, he would beat their bellies and starve them until the babies' lives were lost. When Michelle became pregnant, he starved her, giving her only tea to drink while forcing her to buckle the baby to death with strenuous exercise including jumping jacks. She miscarried five times, Castro sometimes punching her stomach to speed up the process.

The deepest depths of his perversion were such that he forced her to perform as midwife for Amanda, whose pregnancy, for reasons that can't be fathomed, he permitted. Michelle, threatened with her own murder if the infant died, delivered and gave mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to Amanda's stricken baby without medical equipment and no more than a hastily grabbed paddling pool for comfort. Michelle was not even permitted to use the girl's name and was forced to call the child 'Pretty' throughout their time in the pervert's prison.

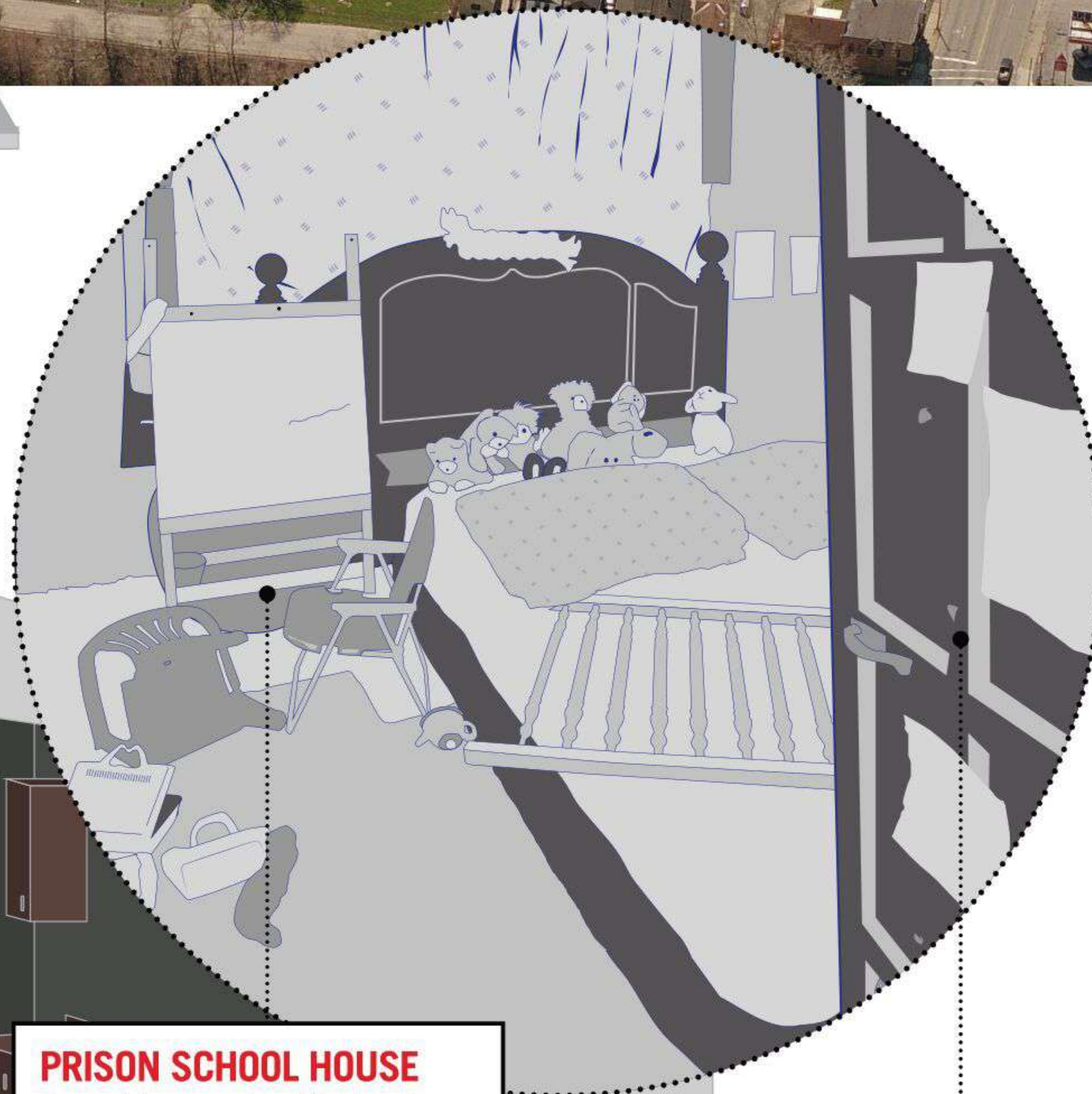
Amanda hadn't even realised she was pregnant. Her period had stopped and she often felt sick, but her baby announced itself with nothing more than a 'pop' in the toilet as the young mum's waters broke.

Periodically, Castro would tell them he was looking for new victims to replace them, insinuating they were always one fit of his fury from death. While there would often be visitors to the house, the women remember one female visitor in particular who later vanished. They never knew who she was or what happened to her, and life went on with the world a muffled noise around them.

The police investigation rumbled on, and it's not as if there weren't leads. Indeed, Amanda's mother, Louwana, received a call just a few days after her daughter was abducted saying that she was alive and would be returned.

**PRISON SCHOOL HOUSE**

Toys, pictures and a white board fill the bedroom where Amanda made sure her daughter knew some normality. They would imagine walking to school together and learned American history.

**NOT QUITE SUBURBIA**

Police discovered Post-It notes on the door and a cheerful décor that suggested a normal, family home. A boarded-up bedroom window hints at the prison room's true purpose.

**“ DESPITE CASTRO'S ATTEMPTS TO TURN THEM AGAINST EACH OTHER, THEY PASSED FOOD TO EACH OTHER TO RIDE OUT THE ABUSE ”**





Louwana repeated this over and over again to reporters, but nothing ever came of it.

Stranger things happened. One neighbour reported seeing a small girl's face in the attic window and hearing bangs, others claimed to have seen naked women, dog-like on all fours and complete with collars in the gardens. It sounds the stuff of delusion, and the police have no records of the calls these folks said they made.

Regardless, the girls kept going. Despite Castro's attempts to turn them against each other, they passed food to each other to ride out the abuse. Truth is always more remarkable than fiction, and they were unbreakable: these women were strong as hell.

### AMANDA'S TALISMAN

Sometimes, however, make-believe can bestow gifts. These women went beyond mere survival mode and even at such a young age knew the wisdom offered by folk and fairy tales would eventually help them to win. Amanda recalls that sometimes Castro bought them things from the local shop,

**“WHILE INCARCERATED, AMANDA MADE SURE THAT SHE TAUGHT HER CHILD TO CROSS THE ROAD WITH THEIR POWER OF IMAGINATION”**

**ABOVE** An operative looks on as the house in which Castro held the women is crushed out of existence by a mechanical digger. The plot now stands empty save a garden

such as a colouring book. While the present highlighted her young age and physical powerlessness in this situation, she wielded it as a weapon that would serve her future self. It became a record of his crimes, as well as a vital connection to the family that she was determined to see again one day. The book was nothing less than a magical ballast though time and space for the young woman.

In an interview given in 2015, Amanda recalls a moment from 2011, “...watching the news to know what's going on in the world. The royal wedding between Prince William and Kate Middleton. You have to wake up at like 6am and it was going to be on this channel. So I actually set my clock and get up at 6am. To me, I don't know, that was just something that would... it's happiness. They're getting married and... to see what her dress looked like... and see all the people there... it was just beautiful... I still, one day, wanna get married and have a family. You know, that normalcy?”

The interviewer asked what she thought of Kate's dress, to which she replied, “I think it could have been a little fancier. She is a princess, yeah,” with a smile on her face.

The royals were a family. The girls remembered family and even saw their own families on TV, campaigning to find them. In the same interview, Gina later recalled, “That was the only way we knew how they looked, what had changed within a year, to know that they were still fighting for you.”

The young women knew they could believe in the reality of the fiction of the fantasy-box TV because as time went on,





The papers detailed the ordeals the women lived through and recounted how they could have been helped so many times before



Castro would leave the house. He would go to church and to see his relatives. He would go to the rallies that the news on the TV told them were being held in their memory and to help them to be found, and he would pray with their families in their memory.

He once brought home a flyer with their faces on it. Gina decorated her rapist's gift. Despite the horror it represented, it held the magical thought of her mother and, Gina said, "It was the only thing that was close to her." Amanda's daughter would even be taken by Castro to church, the loving mother wanting to minimise harm to the child by telling her the chains that held her were simply bracelets. After all, the baby girl, like Gina's poster, was a connection to family.

Amanda was sure that her child, who was born on Christmas Day, was an angel sent to her by her mother. The TV had told Amanda that her mother had passed on, but Amanda was sure that she read her daughter's diary entries in heaven. Amanda's little girl was key in keeping the very real magic of their reintegration into life alive, for even while incarcerated, Amanda made sure that she taught her child to cross the road, 'showed' her local sites and took her to school with their power of imagination. This little girl did no less than lead them to freedom.

On a cool afternoon, the little one wanted to go out to play. She said the big inner door that led to the rest of the house was open. She said he had gone out again and... he has gone out. Gone out. OUT!

**ABOVE** With his face pained and his hands in a prayer pose, Castro told judge Russo that he was "a happy person inside" during his sentencing for his crimes against Gina, Michelle and Amanda

**RIGHT** In a victim-impact statement, Michelle Knight told Castro: "You took 11 years of my life away. I spent 11 years in hell, now your hell is just beginning"

## MICHELLE'S ART OF FREEDOM

MICHELLE'S HOPES AND EXPERIENCES WERE TO BECOME HER STUNNING AND EXTENSIVE BODY ART

When Michelle escaped, she memorialised her journey by having it etched on to her body as a series of tattoos, her acceptance that that part of her life will always remain with her. Each of her tattoos is symbolic of the thoughts and terrors of her time as a prisoner as well as her hopes for the future and determination to survive. The tattoos are emphasised by the clothing she wears and they complement her changing looks. Their meanings are as follows:

- AT HER RIGHT WRIST, A DRAGON; PROTECTION AGAINST ARIEL'S OLD CRIMES
- AT HER BREAST A BABY, TO BE KEPT SAFE FOR ALL TIMES
- HER RIGHT ARM, A TEDDY FRIEND FIRST DRAWN IN HER 'CELL'
- WITH BLIND BLANK BLUE EYE SOCKETS, HE SAW HER THROUGH HELL
- FIVE ROSES FOR FIVE LIVES, HER BABIES' SOULS CASTRO CLAIMED
- HER LEG'S BUTTERFLY AND CORPSE-COVERED, BUT READS HER "HEART IS NOT CHAINED"



## RESCUED

Outside, Officers Anthony Espada and Michael Tracy were working the Cleveland beat. They were neighbourhood cops. They had never forgotten the girls who vanished all those years ago. They had joined their community, holding aloft the little wavering candles, hands held out in the hope that someone would answer the prayers – when Amanda stole her moment and ran to the outside door.

The call came through dispatch. They never gave up hope. They've got her.

The young woman with the little girl stood with neighbours including Charles Ramsey, who had helped her out and alerted law enforcement to her sisters in hiding. Life went in slow motion and seemed dislocated when the police heard her panicked voice say Castro could return. The police raced to the house. Opening the door, they looked in and saw a small, elfin face peek out from the landing. That face shifted, grew defined and then rushed to the stairs and flew at them, the local officer taking the full force of the spirited survivor who had, realising her time had come, embraced her flight to freedom. Michelle recalls practically strangling her rescuer in her happiness, screaming, "Don't let me go, don't let me go!" over and over and over again.

Such visceral proof that hope and perseverance is possible can move communities: even while later giving evidence of his involvement in the incident, one street-toughened steward of the law was moved to tears.

## APPREHENSION: A HAPPY ENDING

Ariel Castro's bail was set at \$8 million and he was placed in solitary confinement. He was sentenced to life plus 1,000 years in prison. The bricks and boards that confined the girls were smashed apart by the community that continues to help them rebuild. The house has been replaced by a small garden.

Amanda, Gina and Michelle lived with imprisonment, battery, rape, and the knowledge that they may never see the outside world again, for more than ten years. Castro? After conviction, he managed 34 days in a comfortable cell in a correctional facility before he hanged himself. While he arguably escaped justice, the ladies are truly freed. They will not have to hear the reports on his health that would have happened had he aged. The world is now theirs to make of what they will. As they said in their memoirs: "Now we want the world to know, we survived. We love life. We were stronger than Ariel Castro."

Michelle, Gina and Amanda shine on; smile on. They wake up each day and share love and support with those close to them, though they have since, to varying extents, gone their separate ways. A charity set up to support them, the Cleveland Courage Fund, raised over \$1 million for them.

Michelle sings, dances, enjoys Stephen King novels and hopes to become a chef. Amanda is busily raising her daughter and Gina is continuing her education and plans to start her own business. They have all written bestselling books and have appeared on international television to spread their message of hope. A film, *Cleveland Abduction*, was made about them starring *Orange Is The New Black*'s Taryn Manning. Thousands of people go missing in the USA every day and many won't be seen again, but these ladies' ability to live a normal life shows people that even old cases can have happy endings. As Michelle has said, "If you ever notice anything that seems off about a situation... please, always take the two minutes to make that call [to the police]."







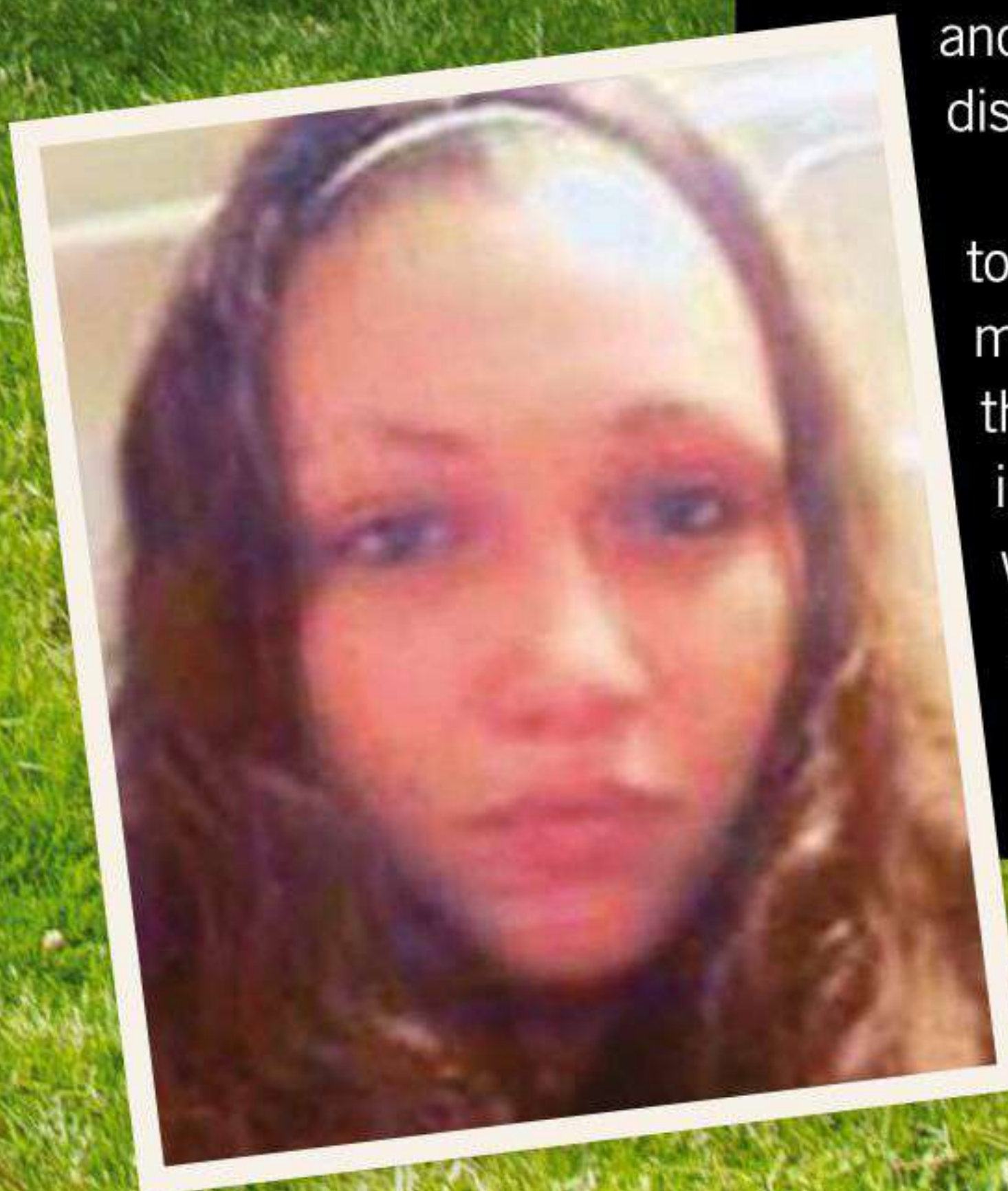
## STILL MISSING

**ASHLEY SUMMERS: WAS SHE KIDNAPPED BY CASTRO LIKE THE OTHERS OR WAS SHE A RHODE ISLAND RUNAWAY?**

An elfin face with a romantically twined wisp of hair stares from the photograph of missing Ashley Summers. Ashley was 14 years old when she went missing in Cleveland in 2007, in the same area that Castro kidnapped Gina, Michelle and Amanda. Michelle stated that there had been another girl at the house around the time of Ashley's disappearance but that that girl had vanished.

A mystery woman with remarkable similarities to Ashley was spotted at a Rhode Island cash machine in 2015. Ashley's grandmother found the photograph of the anonymous lady on FBI information lists, as the photographed woman was wanted in connection to a series of fraud cases, but it is not known if she ever came forward.

Ashley's family love her and hope that she will one day return.





# SLNDERMAN



# SACRIFICE

STABBED 19 TIMES BY HER BEST FRIENDS TO APPEASE A FICTIONAL EVIL ENTITY, THE REALITY OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE LITTLE GIRL IS FIT FOR A HORROR MOVIE

“Don’t be afraid, I’m only a little kitty cat,” said 12-year-old Morgan Geyser before she pounced on her friend, Payton Leutner, and plunged a 12-centimetre-long blade into her 19 times. The knife punctured her stomach, liver and pancreas and barely missed a vital artery near her heart. “I hate you! I trusted you!” screamed her victim as she tried to escape. But she was disorientated and her vision was becoming blurry; they were in the woods and the trees that concealed the attack were closing in on her. Another girl, Anissa Weier, also 12 years old, took her by the arm and steered Leutner further into the woods so she couldn’t escape and ordered her to lie down. She told her if she did so she would lose less blood.

The two girls then ran in the opposite direction, believing this was the last time anyone would see Leutner alive, and that from this day forth, both girls would have the divine protection of their friend, the Slenderman. Further up ahead, away from their bleeding sacrifice, they sweetly sang to each other.

## THREE’S A CROWD

Children often play make-believe. Psychologists deem it a healthy way for them to cope with the changes and transitions in their life as they approach adulthood. But for three girls in a conservative town in Wisconsin, a fantasy game resulted in one of them crawling through the woods, losing a critical volume of blood, while the other two behind bars, charged with attempted first-degree murder.

The girls had all been friends. Geyser and Leutner had known each other since the fourth grade and talked on the phone every night. Weier was a new friend. She and Geyser had started talking on the bus to and from school because they lived in the same housing complex, Sunset Apartments, on Big Bend Road in Waukesha. Weier and Leutner counted Geyser as their closest friend.

At school, Leutner was the social one of the three, while the other girls’ strange behaviour made them outcasts among their peers. The girls



would often play make-believe during their lunch hour, tearing through the canteen, convinced that the dark lord Voldemort from the *Harry Potter* series was after them.

In 2013, their friendship group expanded with the addition of one other member. Weier had introduced Geyser to Slenderman sometime in October. She had encountered him as a secondary character while watching a *Minecraft* video. The faceless and demonic character, well known for his tall and slender appearance, piqued her interest.

From here, she visited the Creepypasta Wiki website, a user-generated fan site dedicated to horror stories, where she found more information on Slenderman and other urban legends in the form of written, Photoshopped and videotaped content. Each one was a tale of the user's 'real' encounter with various monsters and supernatural beings. She began to believe that Slenderman really did exist.

She showed Geyser and the pair became beguiled by his existence. Leutner then heard about Slenderman from Geyser, who apparently taunted her with scary stories about him. Leutner's parents told her the stories were simply fictitious, but she was still frightened by Slenderman. The thralls of fantasy would soon take a frightening turn.

Weier claims Geyser suggested to her around Christmas time that they kill their friend. She had allegedly told her that the two of them should become proxies of Slenderman – his servants – and that in order to do so they had to prove their loyalty to him by killing their friend. This would be their initiation, and if they did it, they would be worthy to stay in his mansion and live their lives alongside him.

So they hatched their insane plan over the next few months, plotting the attack on the school bus, using words such as “cracker” for knife, and “the deed” to refer to the killing. The girls also talked of their escape, calling it their “camping trip”. Their search history on their laptops included “how to get away with murdering someone”. Geyser even told Weier prior to the killing to clear her internet history because, once they killed Leutner, she knew the police would search their computers for evidence.

Their parents were clueless. “You have no idea,” Geyser told police about their plotting, “how difficult it was not to tell anyone.” Weier, however, told police she hadn't wanted to do it but, for fear of losing her only friend, she decided not to let her go it alone. When asked to go over the crucial moment she stabbed her friend again, Geyser retorted: “Are you trying to do this over and over again and see if I tell the

story differently? I have the right not to go into detail about it if I don't want to.”

## CHILD'S PLAY

After school on Friday 30 May 2014, Leutner and Geyser were getting ready for a sleepover to celebrate Geyser's 12th birthday. Each year she was allowed to have two friends over, and Weier soon joined them. To kick off the celebrations, the trio headed to Skateland, an indoor roller rink in Waukesha. The party arrived at dinnertime and left at about 9.30pm. Back at Sunset Apartments, the girls messed around on their laptops, laughing and giggling. The scene would look like any normal sleepover.

Unknown to Leutner, her ‘friends’ were planning to wake up at 2am and duct tape her mouth before stabbing her in the neck and covering her body up with a blanket to make it look like she was sleeping. Then they planned to sneak out of the house and head for the Slenderman Mansion. They believed such a place existed deep in the Nicolet National Forest almost 500 kilometres from their homes.

However, for one reason or another, they decided not to do it there and then. When they settled down for the night, Geyser and Weier fell asleep side by side while their third friend lay across the head of the bed. Weier recalled how Leutner had accidentally kicked her in the face while asleep and in retaliation she had kicked back.

When the girls awoke the next morning, the mischief continued. They ate donuts and strawberries for breakfast, crushed granola bars into Silly Putty and stuck it to the ceiling and played dress-up. Geyser chose to be Data from *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, Leutner was a pretty princess in pink, and Weier chose to be a “prosti-troll”. They then moved their games outside, setting off for David's Park.

While Leutner skipped up ahead, the two girls hung behind. Geyser pulled up the left side of her jacket to show her friend the kitchen knife she had snatched from her home and settled into her waistband. “I thought, dear god, this is really happening,” Weier told police.

**“AFTER LEAVING THEIR VICTIM FOR DEAD, THE GIRLS' EMOTIONS BEGAN TO SPIRAL”**



## THE SLENDERMAN LORE

### WHO IS THIS PARANORMAL HORROR AND WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

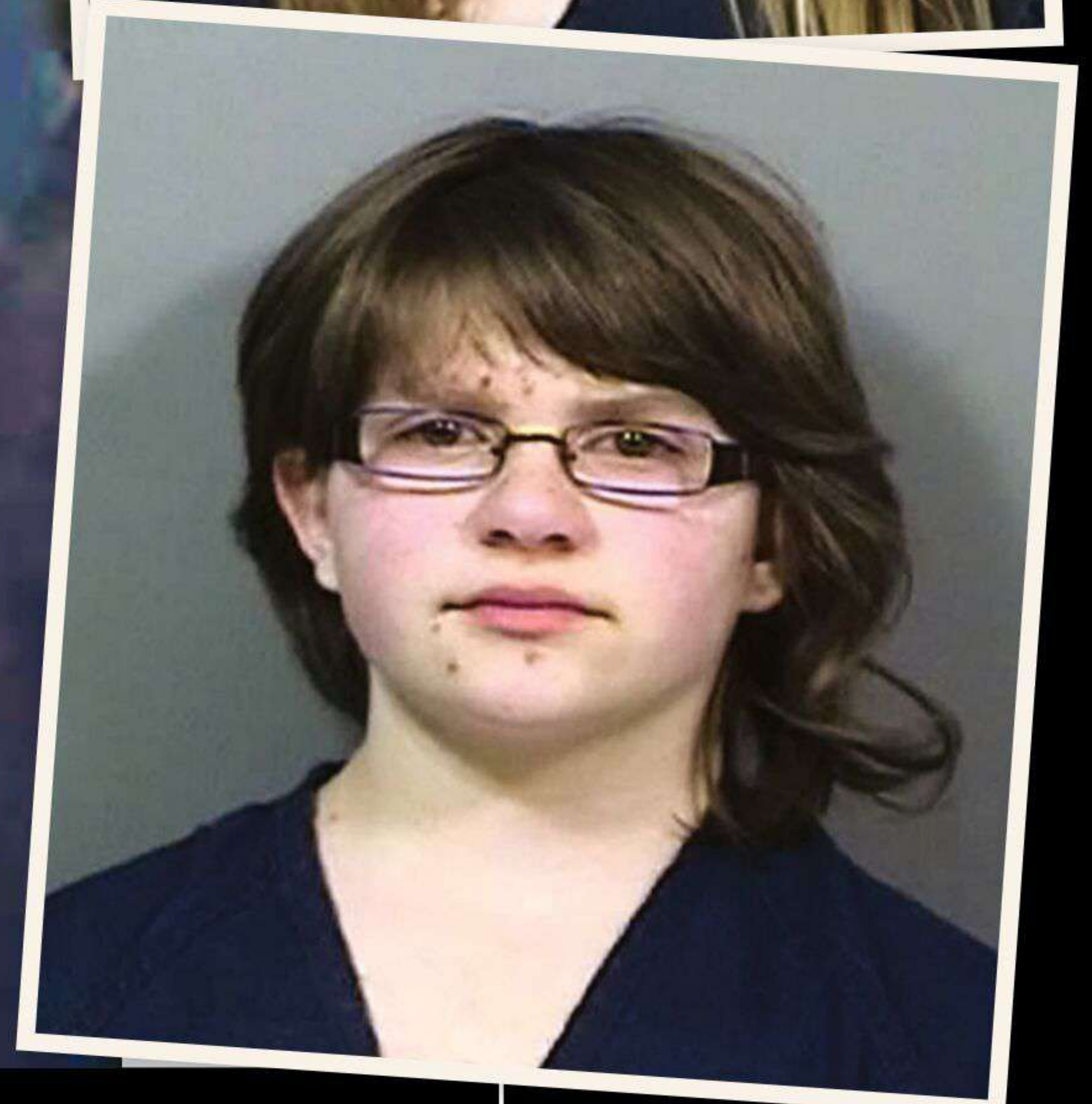
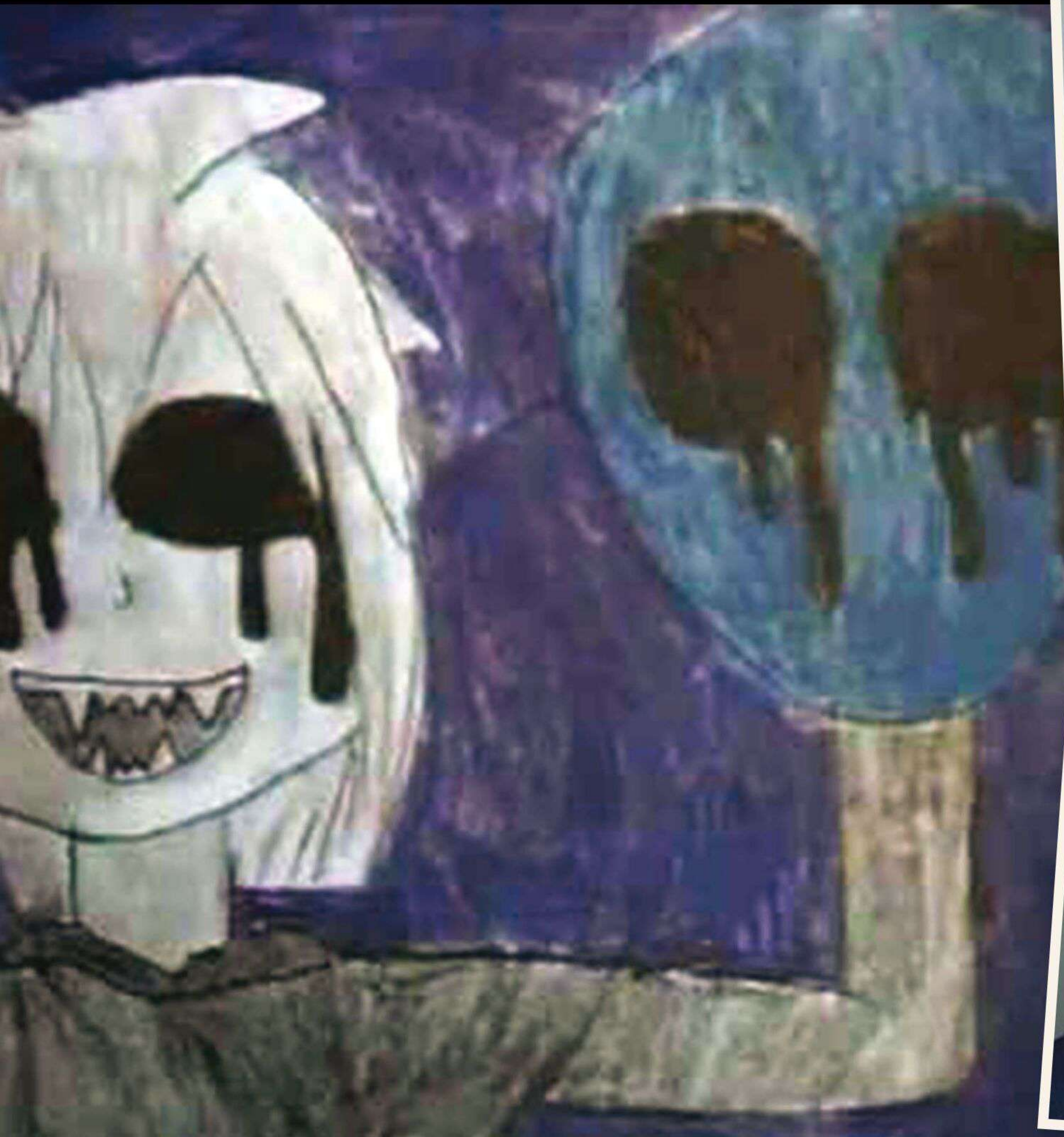
Slenderman originates from a photograph submitted by Eric Knudsen (who went by the alias of ‘Victor Surge’) to the Something Awful forum in June 2009. The photo submitted was for a Photoshop competition. It is a black and white image of a tall, thin, ghost-like figure with tentacles for arms reaching across to a group of children in a playground. Slenderman quickly went viral, resulting in fan art and online fiction based on the character, which became

a favourite on sites such as Creepypasta, which features horror stories. He is almost always pictured around children. Some legends say he is an abductor or a kidnapper, while other more sinister folklores say that he disembowels his victims. He has the power to invade a person's thoughts and can cause ‘Slender Sickness’ consisting of nausea and coughing up blood, insanity and an incessant compulsion to draw, scribble and write.



This drawing of Slenderman was found in one of Geyser's notebooks that was recovered by police





When the girls reached the park, they crowded inside the public restrooms on its north-eastern edge, where Geyser and Weier attempted to stage their attack. They knew there was a drain there that would efficiently dispose of Leutner's blood after they had murdered her.

Geyser unsuccessfully tried to restrain Leutner, and Weier pushed her head into a wall. But then Geyser started to fall apart, she became agitated and began pacing and singing to herself. Weier attempted to comfort her friend and sent Leutner outside to play. Who knows why she chose to stay with the girls who had just assaulted her, perhaps she thought it just an off-spell in their friendship.

While Leutner played outside, Weier petted her friend "like a cat". She suggested they all go and play hide and seek in the woods on the far side of the park and kill their victim there when they were out of sight. When she calmed down, Geyser agreed and they set off towards the wooded area. But Leutner was not so eager to venture into the darkness of the trees. The pair convinced her they would be going bird watching. Geyser told detectives: "People who trust you become very gullible... it was sort of sad."

Geyser counted first while the other two hid in the woods, dark with thick brambles, bushes and weeds. While they hid, Weier told Leutner to lie down in the dirt. When

she refused, Weier tried to restrain her by sitting on her, causing the girl to cry out that she couldn't breathe from the weight of the girl on top of her. Worried that her screaming might attract attention, Weier rose to her feet as Geyser arrived at her side and handed her accomplice the knife.

Weier said she was "too squeamish" to stab the girl and handed back the knife. The pair got into a discussion about which of them would stab Leutner, who was engrossed in some flowers in the dirt. "I'm not going to until you tell me to," Geyser said. Weier started to walk away, but she had only gone a few paces when she stopped and turned back to her friend, and told her: "Kitty, now. Go ballistic. Go crazy."

With her permission, Geyser began her violent and brutal attempt at murder. "It didn't feel like anything. It was like air," she told police during her interview. Weier told police that she watched on as Leutner screamed in agony from her multiple stab wounds. As she lay in the dirt, they told her they would go to get help. "But we really weren't. We were gonna run and let her pass away. So we ran," said Weier.

After leaving their victim for dead, the girls' emotions began to spiral. Initially Geyser was "surprisingly calm", but Weier said she was in the midst of a nervous breakdown and was blaming her friend for everything that had happened. Geyser eventually began to cry. She told her friend that she

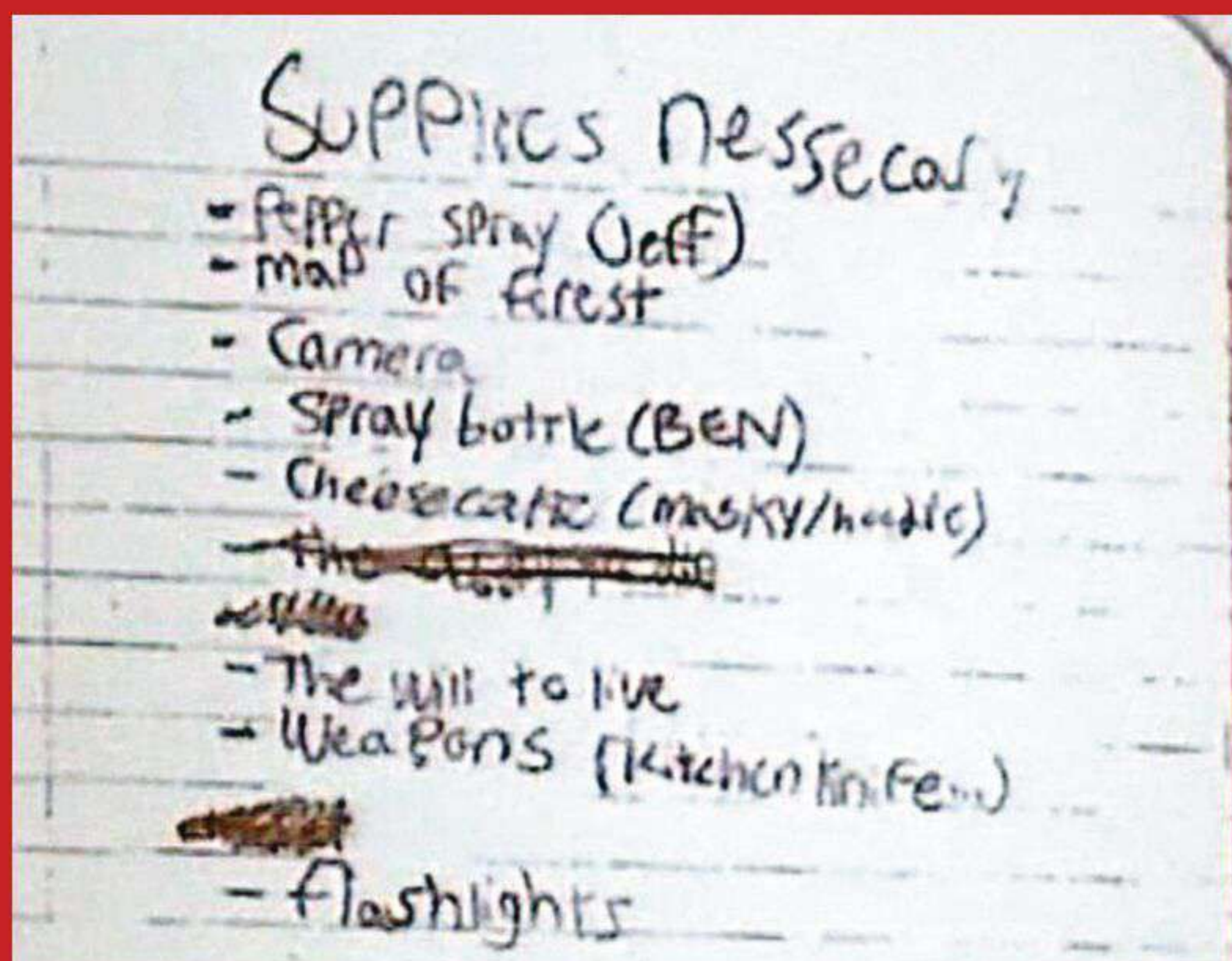
**ABOVE LEFT** One of the disturbing drawings found in Geyser's notebooks recovered by police after her arrest

**ABOVE** Geyser (top) and Weier have both been charged with first-degree attempted homicide, however, they weren't tried until they came of age in 2017



# SLNDERMAN SHOPPING LIST

GEYSER AND WEIER PREPARED A LIST OF SUPPLIES THEY THOUGHT THEY WOULD NEED ON THEIR 'MISSION' — AN INDICTMENT OF HOW CHILDISH THIS FANTASY WAS, IN SPITE OF ITS DEADLINESS



**RIGHT TOP** Judge Bohren argued "even the best efforts to secure someone outside of a secure facility doesn't always work." He therefore denied the girls' request for house arrest

**RIGHT BOTTOM** The girls' attorneys, Anthony Cotton (seated) and Joseph Smith confer in court in August 2014



had "kinda, sorta" made a deal with Slenderman. She had telepathically communicated with him and told him that if they failed to go through with the murder, then Slenderman could kill both their families. Panic-stricken, Weier's thoughts turned to her family and the desire to go home.

## A SLENDER CHANCE

Somehow Leutner managed to crawl through an opening in the trees. As she lay on an abandoned and cordoned-off path on the other side of the trees, a passing cyclist noticed the girl's bloody body. She was awake and alert, but struggling with every breath. He called 911 and within minutes the emergency services had bundled her into an ambulance, taking her to a hospital less than seven kilometres away, where she underwent life-saving surgery.

Before the anaesthetic took effect, she managed to tell police who her attackers were. As she fell into a state of unconsciousness, the police were working away to find the two 12-year-old girls who had done this to her.

According to the surgeon who operated on Leutner, the knife had come directly down towards a major artery and cut the tissue away, leaving it totally exposed. The point of the knife had stopped at the wall of the artery — certain death had been less than a millimetre away. He said that

had she been stabbed again in the same place or the knife gone any deeper, she would have suffered a heart attack from the bleeding and would have died within minutes.

During an exclusive interview with American news programme *ABC News 20/20*, the victim's mother and father recalled how their daughter had been excited for weeks about the sleepover at her best friend's house. They had known Geyser for years and had no reason to suspect what would happen that day. When police told Leutner's mother that her daughter had been stabbed by Geyser, she could hardly believe what she was hearing. She grabbed her son and made her way to the hospital. "Morgan's stabbed Payton," she told her husband on the phone.

It took two nurses to total up the number of stab wounds Leutner had suffered. Both nurses agreed on 19 wounds on her body including five on her arms and seven on her legs.

Police picked Geyser and Weier up at the side of a road nine kilometres away from the crime scene. After they had left their victim for dead, they had washed up in a Walmart bathroom, filled their water bottles in the same sink and wandered around Waukesha for a couple of hours.

When they had left Geyser's house that morning, they had brought 'supplies' with them, which included the weapon, a couple of granola bars and some water bottles. Each girl bought her own keepsakes. Weier had brought old family photographs, while Geyser had brought her mother's old purse. Inside she had stashed the weapon. Weier had left two messages on her mobile phone, one bequeathed all her possessions to her parents, while the other read: "This is my final wish to those who care, do not grieve my absence, but remember me for who I was. I love and cherish you all and wouldn't do you harm." When they were arrested, they said that they were on their way to the Slenderman Mansion.

**“ BOTH CLAIMED THAT THEY HAD SOMEWHAT RELUCTANTLY TRIED TO KILL THEIR FRIEND, IN THE BELIEF THAT IT WAS NECESSARY, TO APPEASE SLENDERMAN ”**





## BACK TO REALITY

When officers searched the girls' rooms, they found a number of discarded dolls. One was covered in scars drawn on with pen, one's arm had been butchered off below the elbow while others were missing hands and feet. Another had a symbol used to ward off Slenderman scribbled on its abdomen. Officers also recovered a vast amount of disturbing drawings. One showed a girl in cat ears standing over the body of another girl, the words "I love killing people" above her head. Other doodles were recovered, with phrases including "I want to die" and "You are strange child... it will be of use to me" scribbled onto the pages.

After several hours of interrogation, both girls were charged with first-degree attempted homicide. Both claimed that they had somewhat reluctantly tried to kill their friend, in the belief that it was "necessary" to appease Slenderman.

Since their arrest in May 2014, they have remained in custody, their bail set at \$500,000 each. Geyser is currently being held in a psychiatric unit, where she has been since March 2016 following a diagnosis of early onset schizophrenia, which is rare for someone of such a young age. Weier is being held at a West Bend juvenile jail.

Their trial date has been postponed as a result of an intense legal battle to decide the degree to which the girls are responsible for their actions. In Wisconsin, those over the age of ten that are charged with first-degree attempted homicide are automatically considered an adult in a court of law. The girls' attorneys have argued they belong in a juvenile court due to varying degrees of mental illness. They also argue that if they are put in an adult prison, they will not receive appropriate treatment. They have asked Judge Michael Bohren to consider the law that allows the two to be tried as adults 'unconstitutional'.

However, Bohren rejected their arguments. He said that while he acknowledged the girls' mental state, he deemed the crime to be a "vicious" act of premeditated murder. He added that if the girls were tried as children, they would be released by the age of 25 without any continued support, whereas in an adult system they could be released under close supervision and continued treatment. On that basis, he ruled that the girls be tried as adults in August 2015. The girls' lawyers entered not guilty pleas on their behalf and tried to appeal the judge's decision.

It has been argued that the girls have benefited from their separation and are no longer a danger. Anthony Cotton, an attorney for one of the girls, alleges that his client has been sexually assaulted while in jail and said he is concerned for the "mental health functioning of his client." The team also requested a reduction in her bail. However, the judge denied the request and has explained that since the girls had tried to escape following the attack, he could not be sure that a decision to release them before the trial would be wise. The girls were finally tried separately at the end of 2017. Weier found herself sentenced to 25-to-life, while Geyser was sentenced to 40 years under a mental health facility's supervision. Both girls were tried as adults.

Leutner recovered from her ordeal in hospital and later returned to school. She is seemingly a happy and healthy child who has made new friends. But she still has a way to go to recover mentally. When her parents asked her how she managed to pull herself out of the woods, she replied, "I wanted to live." On her bedroom wall is a display of paper and fabric hearts in her favourite colour, purple. They are messages of support from people not only in the community but also from around the world. Plenty praise her bravery, while one simply reads: "Don't let one act of evil stop you from seeing the beauty in the rest of the world."

**ABOVE LEFT** Morgan Geyser's defence attorney said that with the use of anti-psychotic medication, her mental health had significantly improved since her incarceration

**ABOVE** During her interview, Anissa Weier admitted that she knew what it meant to murder someone and that she "regretted it"







LOS ANGELES, USA, 17 JUNE 1994

# “ALL I DID WAS LOVE NICOLE... I DESERVE TO GET HURT”

OJ SIMPSON HAS AN ANGUISHED CELL PHONE CONVERSATION WITH DETECTIVE TOM LANGE WHILE ON HIS INFAMOUS FORD BRONCO FLIGHT FROM COURT

All over the United States, viewers were tuning into a live TV broadcast of the two-hour police chase of the former American footballer and film star, who had just been charged with the murder of his ex-wife, Nicole Simpson, and her friend, Ronald Goldman. This kind of coverage was unprecedented, but what TV channel-surfers wouldn't have heard at the time was homicide detective Lange's phone call to OJ. As the white Bronco drove down an empty highway tailed by a line of wailing police cars, Lange tried to negotiate with OJ. "Just let me get to my house," OJ told him.

"Throw the gun out the window... please you're scaring everybody," responded Lange. "We're not going to bother you, we're gonna let you go up there."

"This is for me," replied OJ, referring to the weapon he had on the passenger seat beside him as he drove, "I'm not gonna hurt anybody... tell them I'm sorry... I'm sorry I did this to the police department..."

"Hey, you've been a good guy too, man," continued OJ, almost sobbing now. "I know you're doing your job."

"Thank you, but there's a lot of people that love you," countered Lange. "Don't throw it all away. Don't do this."

"I deserve to get hurt... All I did was love Nicole," groaned OJ. The detective's efforts to talk 'The Juice' out of committing suicide seemed to have an effect, as he eventually gave himself up at his home. Although OJ was acquitted of murder in the criminal courts, Nicole and Ronald's families successfully sued him for \$25 million in a civil case that used this conversation as evidence.





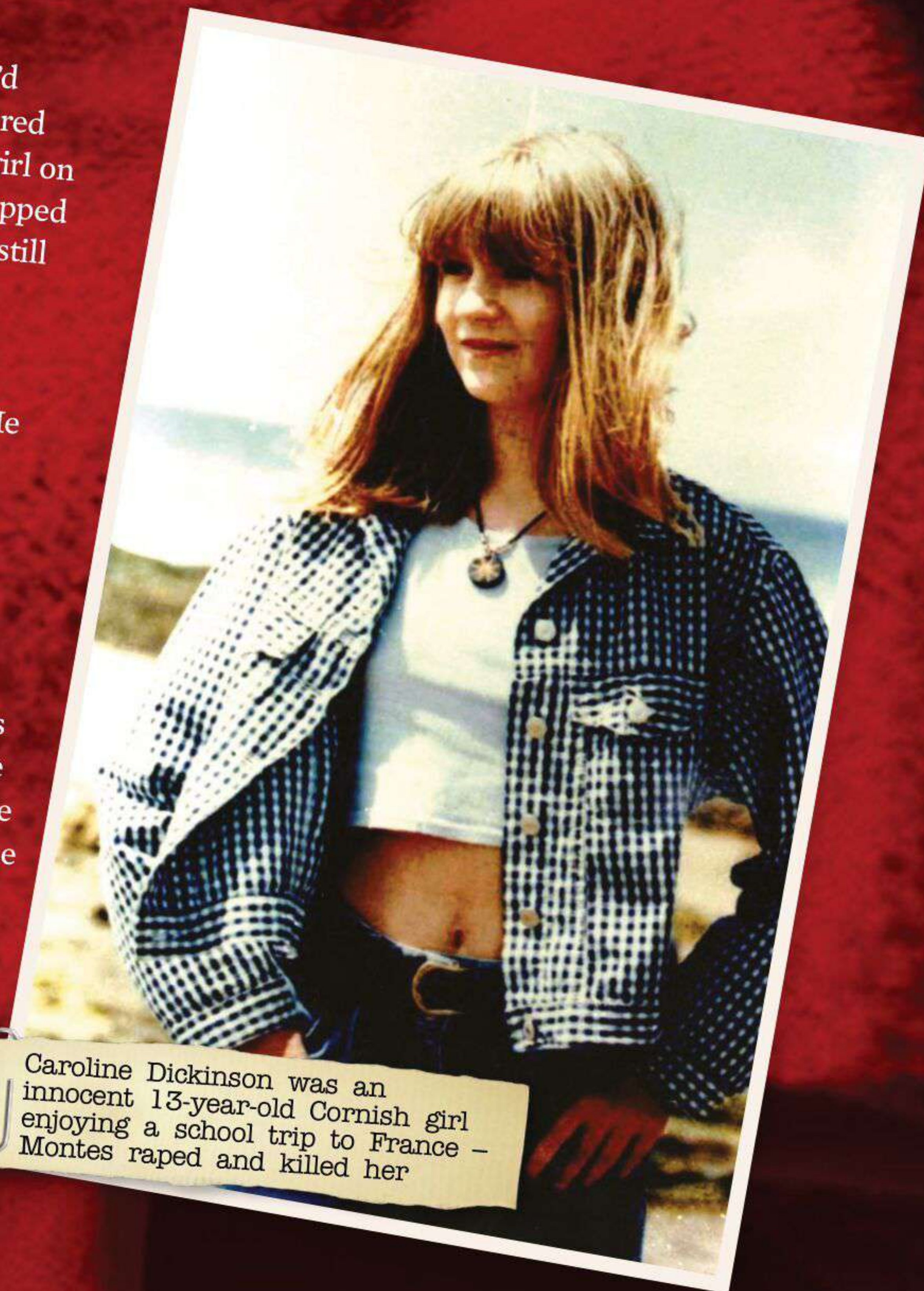


# STRANGLER ON THE SCHOOL TRIP

IT WAS A CASE OF CURIOSITY CAUGHT THE KILLER FOR FRANCISCO ARCE MONTES, WHO ROAMED HOSTELS IN EUROPE AND THE USA SEEKING VICTIMS AND EVADING AUTHORITIES UNTIL, ON A WHIM, ONE MAN SEARCHED HIS NAME IN A DATABASE

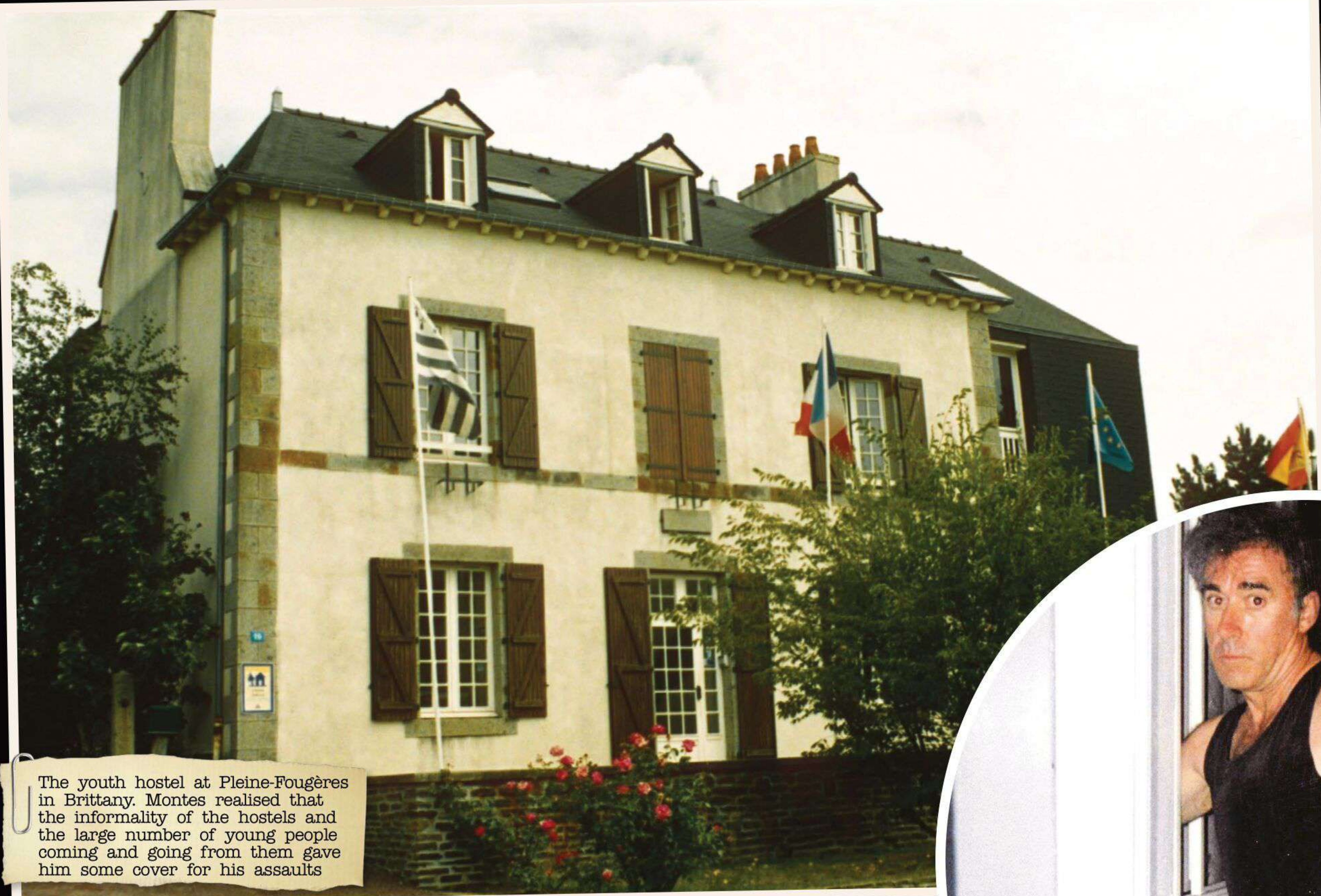
Without the natural curiosity of Tommy Ontko, we'd probably never know who raped and then murdered Caroline Dickinson, a 13-year-old English schoolgirl on holiday in France in 1996. The global drifter invariably slipped through the regular police nets to roam freely and would still be out there, free to assault and even kill young women in hostels, rather than languishing in a French jail.

Tommy Ontko was an immigration intelligence officer who worked at Detroit Metropolitan Airport in the USA. He was a curious kind of guy, the sort who picked up foreign newspapers left on terminal seats, skimmed them for any items of interest, surfed the internet looking for similar interesting stories and occasionally got lucky and picked up the trail of a felon. One day in 2001, Tommy picked up a pile of British newspapers left in the airport and took them to browse on his coffee break. He flicked through them until his attention was caught by a story on the fifth anniversary of the murder of Caroline Dickinson. Tommy had a son the same age as Caroline at the time when she was killed – barely 13 – so the story resonated with him. He read in the British tabloid that, on the anniversary, the French police were appealing for more



Caroline Dickinson was an innocent 13-year-old Cornish girl enjoying a school trip to France – Montes raped and killed her





The youth hostel at Pleine-Fougères in Brittany. Montes realised that the informality of the hostels and the large number of young people coming and going from them gave him some cover for his assaults

information, they were interested in anything anyone might have seen in 1996 but didn't think important back then: any bit of gossip they had heard since that might shed light on the cold case, any information at all that might lead to an idea of the current whereabouts of the prime suspect, Francisco Arce Montes, a Spanish national. As an intelligence officer with the airport, Tommy Ontko had access to multiple state, federal police force and immigration department computer databases that tracked everyone arriving at and departing from the USA. He tapped in the name, and hit pay dirt.

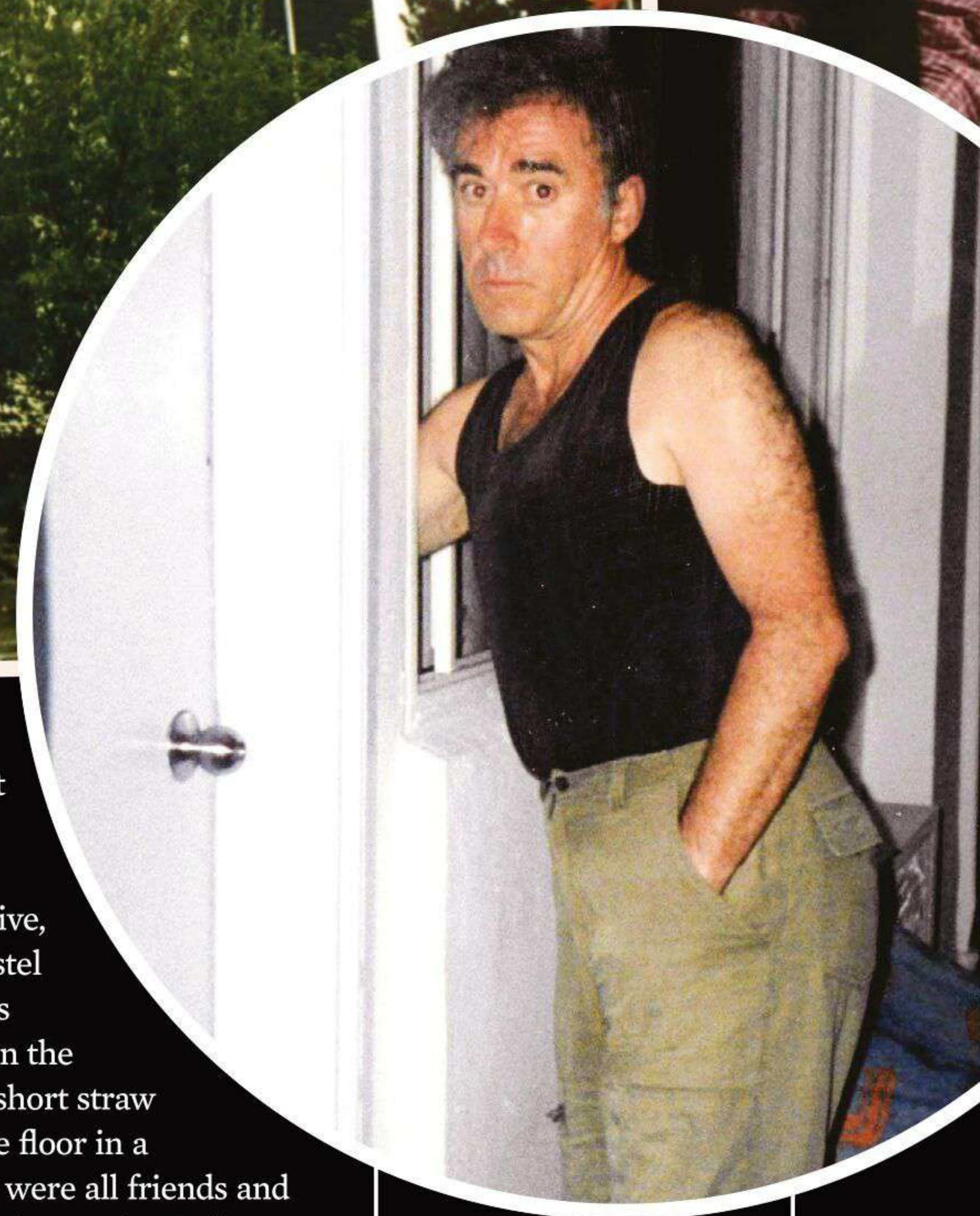
### THE HOSTEL MURDER

In the summer of 1996, 13-year-old Caroline Dickinson was taking part in an established English rite of passage – the first school trip to France. That year, 40 pupils from Launceston

College in Cornwall were staying in Pleine-Fougères in Brittany, north-west France. Caroline's teacher, Elizabeth Barker, had organised the trip with everyone staying at a cheap, but attractive, youth hostel. It was cramped at the hostel – five to a room with four on bunk beds opposite each other and one sleeping on the floor in between. Caroline had got the short straw and therefore was camped down on the floor in a sleeping bag. But nobody minded; they were all friends and all thrilled to be on holiday in France. The evening before Caroline was killed, Elizabeth Barker remembers the girls, all 13 and in the same year at school, singing and giggling in their room before lights out. They went to their dorm room happy that night.

Sometime around three in the morning, when all the girls in the hostel were asleep, Francisco Montes, a troubled and mentally unstable man from Spain who was aimlessly drifting around France that summer, broke into the dorm room, raped Caroline while muffling her voice, killed her by suffocation and then escaped. Montes was in the hostel for perhaps as long as 45 minutes.

In the morning, Caroline's dorm mates tried to wake her and discovered she was dead. They were shocked – all the more so because they realised that they had been awoken in the early hours by noise from Caroline's sleeping bag; noises they thought were her tossing and turning and mumbling in her sleep. They assumed she was having a nightmare, they were only half awake themselves and fell asleep again. They only realised later that it must have been Montes raping, and eventually killing, their friend.



**ABOVE** Montes preyed on young women staying in dorm rooms in youth hostels across Europe and the United States



The town of Pleine-Fougères in Brittany, north-west France – a popular location for backpackers, school trips and holidaying families from all over Europe





**ABOVE** This is the dorm room in Pleine-Fougères where Caroline was raped and killed in the early hours of the morning. The other girls sharing the dorm heard muffled cries but assumed that Caroline was having a nightmare



**ABOVE** Caroline's friends were obviously keen to help the French police solve her murder – however, Montes stifled Caroline's screams, meaning none of them realised what was happening to their friend

The French police immediately began a search for the killer. Officers from Devon and Cornwall police travelled swiftly to France to help. The 'Dickinson Crisis Centre' was established in the nearby coastal city of Saint Malo – over the weeks it received 1,100 calls from people with possible information and later claimed that more than 600 of these calls were useful. The police also conducted DNA tests on everyone staying at the hostel, which ruled out any of the residents that night. The problem was that the hostel was surrounded by numerous campsites and short-stay hotels – it was a holiday area, transient by nature, with people constantly coming and going. Tracking down everyone that had been in and around Pleine-Fougères, and by extension the large surrounding area of Brittany, one of France's most popular summer touring destinations, that July was a massive task. Ultimately, despite all the helpful calls, the DNA testing and the manhunt, the French police could arrest nobody for the murder.

Five years later and three French police officers were still assigned to the case – still tracking down anyone who had been in that area of Brittany in July 1996. By the summer of 2001, they had DNA tested more than 3,500 individuals who had been in Brittany at the time of the killing. The tested men reflected the Brittany population in the summer months of the high holiday season, coming from more than a dozen countries. The officers had cleared them all. However, the Dickinson investigation team at Saint Malo had a list of 48 people, mostly from Britain and Spain, that they still wanted to contact and DNA test. At the same time, the police were looking for any similar incidents at hostels, camp sites and hotels all over France around that time. They found several similar attacks – men creeping into dorm rooms to interfere

with young girls – in nearby Breton hostels. One suspect in particular was known to have stayed at several of these hostels, he was known to have been in the vicinity of Pleine-Fougères that July, and so he was at the top of the police's list of 48 suspects for the crime: a Spaniard named Francisco Arce Montes. French police put out an all-points bulletin for Montes across Europe.

The police reasoned that one person within that group of 48 was their killer; they further reasoned that, given his known movements, Montes was most probably their man. On the fifth anniversary of the murder, they decided to issue a story to the media to try to jog people's memories, to find the elusive 48, to name and hopefully track down Montes. It was a publicity punt, the sort that often reminds people of a terrible tragedy but perhaps nothing more as it was so long ago. But this time it was worth the effort. Almost 6,500 kilometres away in his office at Detroit's Metro Airport, Tommy Ontko grabbed those discarded British tabloids and spent a productive coffee break leafing through them.

### MIAMI PROWLER

French police officials had believed Montes was still in Europe and so they hadn't looked for him beyond the continent's borders. They got very lucky when Tommy's curiosity was piqued by what was in the English press.

**“ IN THE MORNING, CAROLINE'S DORM MATES TRIED TO WAKE HER AND DISCOVERED SHE WAS DEAD ”**



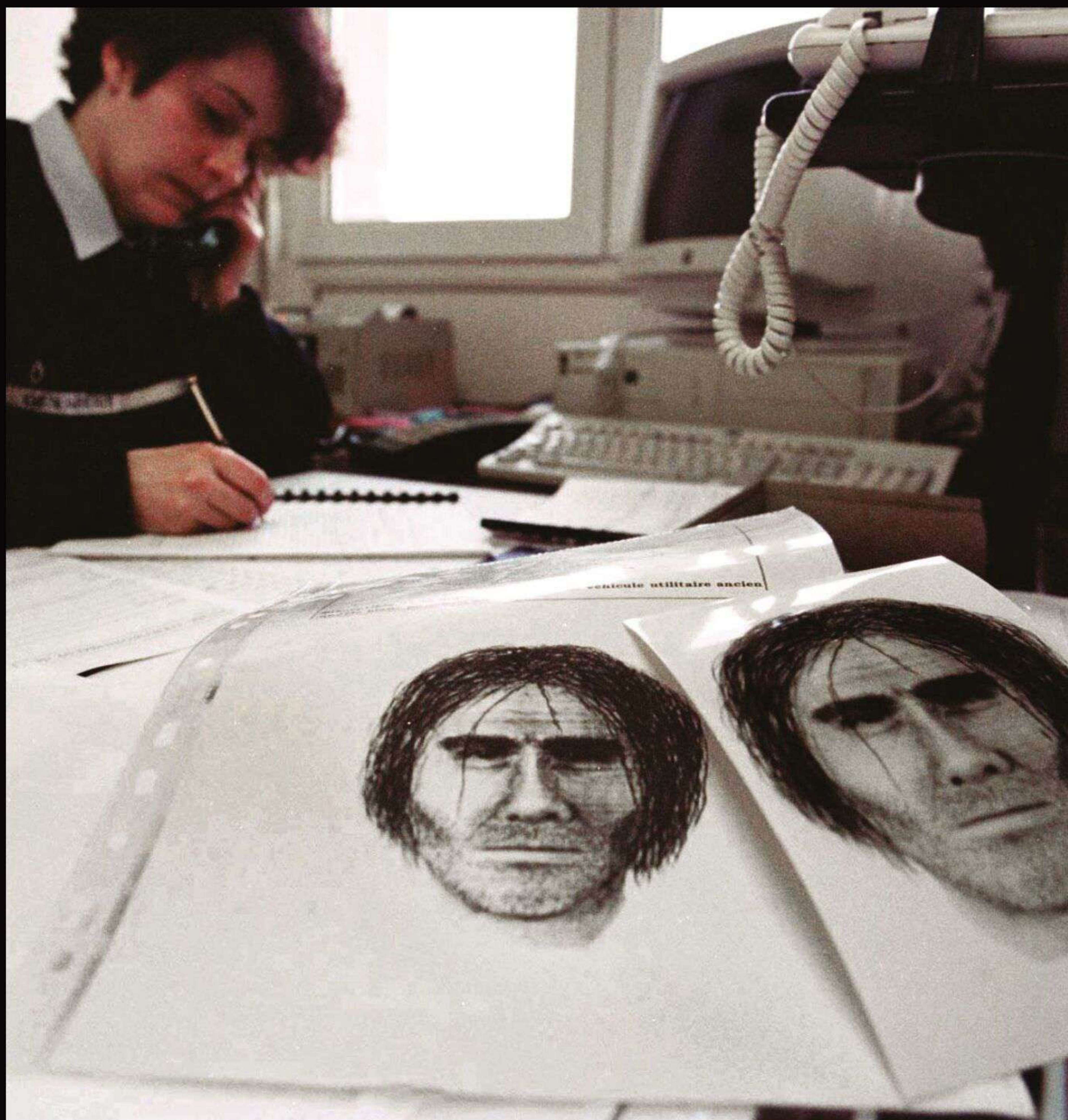
Tommy ran Montes through his own Stateside databases and got a hit – a Spanish national by the name of Francisco Arce-Montes was in the custody of the Miami Beach Police Department. Tommy Ontko got on the phone to the French police and matched their Arce Montes with his Francisco Arce-Montes and thought maybe he had their man – the birth dates given in hotel registers in France matched those in the registers of hostels and motels in Miami Beach.

The one person in Miami who knew more about Francisco Montes than anyone else was Sergeant Angel Vazquez of the Miami Beach Police Department (MBPD). Sergeant Vazquez had been investigating a series of assaults in youth hostels in the Miami Beach area. There had been four attacks by men on female residents of the hostels and all of them had involved attempted rape. The worst attack had been on a female Irish tourist. Arguably, most of the women being attacked in Miami were older than Caroline. That may have saved them as they had been able to struggle more, shout and scream for help to scare off their attacker. Caroline had, of course, been much younger, less able to defend herself. Vazquez knew that the attacker was probably the same man in all the Miami hostels and motels – the culprit had entered the women's rooms stealthily and attacked them by smothering their mouths to prevent them from waking up their dorm mates. Vazquez cross-referenced hostel and cheaper motel residents at the time of the attacks and got the name Francisco Arce-Montes. He then trawled the remaining hostels of the area and found him at the Banana Bungalow motel and youth hostel in Miami Beach. When Vazquez got to the Banana Bungalow with the arrest warrant, Francisco Montes was lounging by the side of the motel's pool, seemingly without a care in the world. Vazquez arrested him.

Vazquez (who had, during the course of hunting the hostel attacker, been promoted from sergeant to major) DNA tested Montes and matched his DNA to semen recovered at the scene of the attack on the Irish female tourist. Through his DNA and other evidence, Major Vazquez was able to link Francisco Montes to the other four attacks in the Miami Beach area. Montes was charged, arraigned, denied parole (due to the possibility that he might try to flee back to Spain to avoid trial) and placed in police custody pending trial on four charges of assault and attempted rape. Then the curious Tommy Ontko put in a call from the freezing cold of Detroit to Major Vazquez in sunny Miami.

## IT'S A MATCH

Major Vazquez confirmed to Tommy Ontko and later to the French police that Francisco Arce-Montes's modus operandi was almost exactly the same as they'd seen in the Caroline Dickinson killing five years earlier – the targets were all hostels or transient motels, he entered dorm rooms quietly in the early hours of the morning, then he attempted to rape the women while stifling their cries to stop them waking up their roommates. In the case of Caroline Dickinson, he then murdered her after raping her. They were bold crimes in a sense – reckless. The chances of roommates waking up were high; yet Montes had seemingly got away with it in both Brittany and Miami. Indeed his boldness, or recklessness, had paid off for far longer in far more places than originally imagined. By linking databases and appealing for information across the continent, women were voluntarily coming forward. It turned out that he had committed similar crimes in Holland, Germany and most probably several other European countries before flying to the USA.



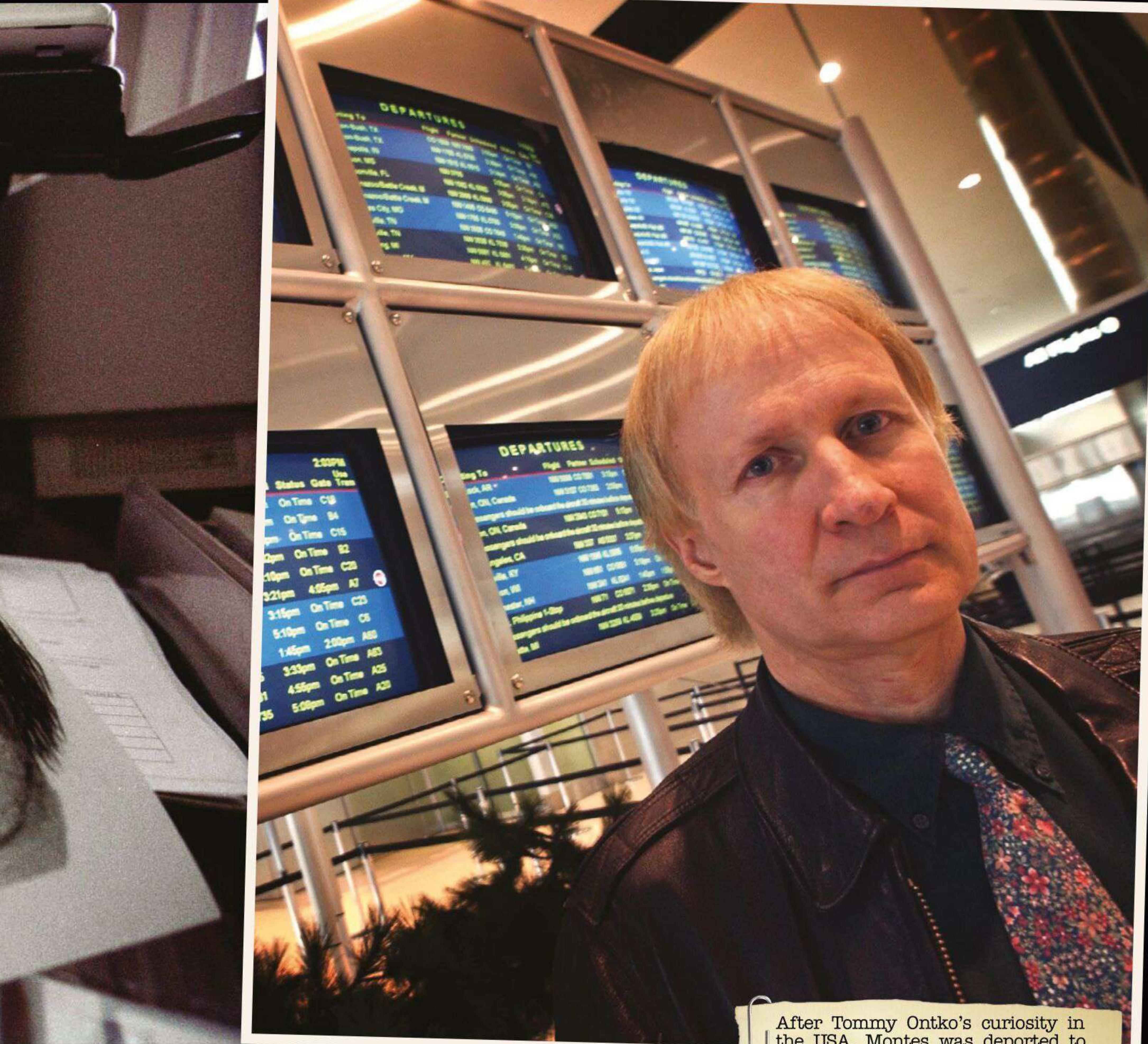
**ABOVE** French police established the Dickinson Crisis Centre in nearby Saint Malo. Well over 1,000 phone calls came in and they began to build up a picture of the Hostel Killer

As news of Montes's arrest in Florida and the link back to the crimes in France five years before hit the papers, a French woman – Christine Le Menes – came forward in Holland claiming that as far back as 1981 Montes had climbed into her bunk in a youth hostel and touched her sexually without her consent. When she had resisted, he had got rough and broken her arm. The woman had been a young girl at the time of the attack. It was also revealed that Montes had been jailed in Germany for armed rape – forcing a woman at knife-point to have sex with him. Other charges followed – he had interfered with several young women among a group of Irish tourists staying in a hostel in central France in 1994; then he was apprehended at a hostel in Llanes, northern Spain (and almost back to his childhood home in Asturias), harassing young girls in their dorms. In August 1997, he was arrested for yet another attack on a girl in Llanes, an arrest that led to another prison spell. He has also been a suspect in various assaults in British youth hostels in the 1990s.

Things took a strange turn, however. Though he had assaulted her as a child, Christine Le Menes later began a relationship with Montes and bore his child. Perhaps, despite the strange beginnings, a more stable life could have been

**“ THE CHANCES OF ROOMMATES WAKING UP WERE HIGH; YET MONTES HAD SEEMINGLY GOT AWAY WITH IT IN BOTH BRITTANY AND MIAMI ”**





After Tommy Ontko's curiosity in the USA, Montes was deported to France to face trial for Caroline Dickinson's rape and murder

possible. However, it seems that Montes became violent and Le Menes was forced to take her child and leave him. When she saw his name in the papers linked to the Dickinson murder and the assaults in Miami, she wasn't surprised and contacted the French police.

All of this was certainly enough evidence for the state of Florida. The MBPD suspended its charges against Montes, allowing for his extradition back to France to face charges for the rape and murder of Caroline Dickinson.

Only then did the police really discover anything about Francisco Arce Montes, his background and motivations.

### 'A MISERABLE CHILD'

Francisco Xavier Arce Montes was born in 1950 in the city of Gijón, northern Spain. He was the youngest son of a respectable middle-class couple who ran a neighbourhood grocery store. Gijón is a pleasant enough city, the capital of Asturias and situated on the picturesque Bay of Biscay. The family was not wealthy, but it seems the young boy wanted for nothing materially. However, spiritually was another matter, if Montes was to be believed. Francisco Montes described his own childhood as "miserable" and his parents as "cruel". In his teenage years he became a loner, estranged from his siblings, school friends and parents. Montes became obsessive about his personal hygiene; obsessive to the point of always wiping doorknobs and light switches with his handkerchief before using them, washing constantly, fearing

## A ROAMING RAPIST

MONTES'S FIRST KNOWN ASSAULT WAS IN HOLLAND IN 1981, HIS LAST IN THE USA IN 2001 – FOR 20 YEARS HE ROAMED EUROPE AND THE USA ATTACKING YOUNG GIRLS

### HOLLAND

Montes first assaulted French girl Caroline Le Menes in a Dutch youth hostel in 1981. She sustained a broken arm.

### GERMANY

He was jailed for five years in Germany in the late-1980s for armed rape on girls in youth hostels – one rape was in 1985 and another in 1988.

### SPAIN

Montes was arrested in the summer of 1996 and then again in the summer of 1997 in the coastal resort of Llanes, Spain, for assaulting girls in youth hostels, this time restraining his victims at knife-point while he attacked.

### FRANCE

In 1996, Montes murdered British schoolgirl Caroline Dickinson in the Breton town of Pleine-Fougères. French police say he committed other youth hostel assaults in nearby Saint-Lunaire and perhaps other popular holiday resorts across Brittany.

### UNITED STATES

In the late-1990s, Montes decided to skip Europe for North America, basing himself in Florida, moving around Miami and Miami Beach. He was responsible for at least five serious assaults in the Miami Beach area.



DNA tests were carried out on everyone who stayed in the hostel on the night of Caroline's murder, but no matches were found



germs everywhere. He insisted all his food be washed with bottled mineral water before being cooked.

In his late teens, Montes began to exhibit strange and problematic sexual behaviour. At 20, he exposed himself to a neighbour, who complained about the incident, leading the authorities to insist he get counselling. His parents were forced to send him to a psychologist who swiftly diagnosed the young man with acute depression and progressive schizophrenia. Montes did not hang around to get any more help or treatment, and took off.

Unable to fit in with his peer group, alienated by his alarmed parents, fearing arrest for his strange sexual practices and not finding a place in Gijon society, Montes began aimlessly wandering Europe, living in a succession of cheap youth hostels and motels. He found occasional work as a casual waiter in various restaurants while his father (supposedly so cold and “cruel”) regularly sent him money to sustain him. By the time of his first known assault, of the young Christine Le Menes in the Netherlands, Montes was already in his 30s. By the time he killed Caroline Dickinson, at the age of 46, he had been roaming Europe for years. After the murder of Caroline Dickinson, it seems that Montes continued to roam Europe, before eventually leaving for the USA. The true number of his victims may never be known.



ABOVE Caroline was just one of 40 English girls on the trip to Pleine-Fougères. Montes, at his trial, never spoke of why he selected her as his victim

## FINALLY, A FRENCH COURTROOM

Montes stood in the dock for his trial in the French city of Rennes in June 2004. He had always looked quite youthful for his age – but arrest, deportation and now the trial had aged him noticeably. At first he was combative, denying all the charges against him and particularly denying that he had raped and murdered 13-year-old Caroline Dickinson. He challenged the DNA evidence against him; he denied the assault charges that had seen him jailed first in Germany and then Spain. He claimed the incidents at various hostels in Miami, including the attack on the Irish female tourist, were “misunderstandings”. Then he changed his tune slightly and admitted assaulting Caroline back in 1996, but continued to strenuously deny killing her.

But the evidence was strong. Major Thierry Lezeau of the French police had worked the Dickinson killing from the Saint Malo incident room for years, tracking Montes, placing him in the vicinity of many attacks, building the evidence against him for the killing in Pleine-Fougères, scouring Europe for him. Lezeau told the court: “It is very clear to me that the asphyxiation was significant and harsh. She stopped breathing very quickly.” Still Montes adamantly refused to admit killing Caroline.

**“ALTHOUGH MANY OF HIS VICTIMS WERE IN THE PUBLIC GALLERY, HE INSISTED THAT HE HAD NOT ATTACKED, ASSAULTED OR RAPED THEM BUT THAT THEY HAD BEEN WILLING LOVERS”**

## AND THEN HIS MOTHER TOOK THE STAND

To those present in the Rennes Courthouse that day, it seemed that the explosion of hatred that burst forth from the accused’s mother instantly crumpled all of Montes’s bravado. He had strongly maintained his innocence throughout. Although many of his victims were in the public gallery, he insisted that he had not attacked, assaulted or raped them but that they had been willing lovers, happy for him to seduce

them, had invited him into their dorms and sleeping bags. It was horrible for his victims to hear. He denied killing Caroline, and coldly looked her parents in the eye as he did so. He was a hard man to crack, so it seemed. But, despite his bravado and denial, he ultimately couldn’t withstand his mother’s onslaught.

Senora Montes took the stand and declared her son “repulsive”. She looked him straight in the eye, from the witness dock to her accused son, and told him that she found him and his actions “repulsive and reprehensible.” She disowned him publicly, and told the court that she would rather live on the streets, homeless, than under a roof with the man before her, her son. Montes was visibly shocked and broke down, admitting to the murder of Caroline Dickinson. He acknowledged the extent of his crime and also that the Dickinson family would never forgive him.

The judge handed Montes a 30-year sentence. On appeal a year later, Montes’s conviction and sentence were upheld and he has since abandoned any further appeals.

## CURIOSITY CAUGHT THE KILLER

Many of Montes’s victims from across Europe attended his trial in Rennes; so did Caroline Dickinson’s distraught parents, her old school friends and teachers, as well as police officers from Devon and Cornwall, France and Miami, who had hunted the man for years. Even his former victim-turned-partner Christine Le Menes was present. Tommy Ontko didn’t travel to Rennes though. He probably read about the trial back in his office in Detroit, perhaps in the discarded newspapers from Europe he picked up in the arrivals or the departures lounges of the airport. Yet it was his curiosity and his decision to bother to punch Montes’s name into his computer that began the final process of finally bringing the killer to justice.

It is fair to say that Francisco Xavier Arce Montes is today behind bars for the killing of Caroline Dickinson in 1996 because of Tommy Ontko’s curiosity and instinct – something many people have reason to be thankful for.



Caroline’s family never gave up the hunt – they worked with the police in France, they visited the Pleine-Fougères hostel and the police centre in Saint Malo and, finally, sat through Montes’s trial to see him convicted





The Banana Bungalow motel in Miami Beach, Florida, where American police arrested Montes for assaulting women at various hostels and motels across the state



Francisco Xavier Arce Montes wandered Europe posing as a backpacker and traveller, working restaurant jobs to make ends meet while selecting his victims



## AN “EVIL MAN”

A YEAR AFTER THE ORIGINAL TRIAL, THE DICKINSON FAMILY HAD TO HEAR THE HORRIBLE STORY OF THEIR DAUGHTER’S RAPE AND MURDER ALL OVER AGAIN

In June 2005, Montes was back in court appealing the sentence he had been handed for the rape and murder of Caroline Dickinson. However, it appears that he did not seriously think he would be freed, but wanted to explain his side of the story.

Montes claimed that he had never intended to kill Caroline but only to stifle her cries; that she had been accidentally suffocated. He further claimed that he was high on a mix of tranquillisers and alcohol at the time. Caroline’s family struck back, calling Montes an “evil man”. Despite Montes’s apologies and his statement that he was not in a responsible state of mind at the time, the appeal jury took only a short time to reject his claims and he was returned to prison. Since then, Montes has said nothing publicly about his crimes.

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**BIO** **DYLANN ROOF**

Roof was born and raised in South Carolina. He had several run-ins with the police prior to the Charleston Church massacre on 17 June 2015. Found guilty on 10 January 2017, the jury recommended death by lethal injection.

**BIO** **THOMAS MAIR**

Raised in Birstall, North England, in 2016 Mair was convicted of murder, possession of a firearm, grievous bodily harm and possession of an offensive weapon. He was sentenced to life imprisonment without parole.





# KILLER NAZIS

# PURE HATE

FUELLED BY A COCKTAIL OF FAR-RIGHT LITERATURE, WHITE SUPREMACY VALUES AND RACIAL HATRED, DYLANN ROOF AND THOMAS MAIR WOKE UP ONE DAY WITH MURDER IN MIND



## “THE TRAYVON MARTIN CASE OF 2012 AWOKED IN ROOF A PIVOTAL INTEREST AND URGE TO MAKE, WHAT WAS IN HIS MIND, A STAND”

**O**n 17 June 2015, calls began to hit the switchboard at Charleston Police Department. There'd been a shooting at Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church, a place of worship founded in 1816, with historic links to the history of African-American slavery emancipation and the civil rights movement. People had been killed. Callers described the assailant as some white kid with sandy-blond hair. He'd attended a Bible study group. Fifteen minutes or so into the session, he pulled out a Glock (45-caliber), a powerful handgun, from a bum bag (fanny pack) holster he was wearing, and started shooting. He possessed eight clips in total, each loaded with 11 hollow-point bullets. All victims were shot at close range multiple times. Pacing, rushed with adrenaline, shooting at will, Roof declares out loud, 'I have to do this. You rape our women and you're taking over the country.' In another version, Roof exclaims 'I have to kill black people!'

Expecting to be surrounded by cops as soon as he opened the exit doors, 21-year-old Dylann Roof was amazed – he described to FBI agents as to being dumbfounded 'in absolute awe' – that when he reaches the car park, there wasn't a single squad car with swirling lights waiting with demands to put down the weapon and place his hands on his head. There was no confrontation. No stand-off. No hail of bullets. It was as if the mass shooting hadn't occurred. Dylann had kept back a magazine, too. If confronted outside, he'd planned on putting a bullet in his head then and there.



**ABOVE** Dylann Roof, caught on CCTV, enters the church with a bag. He is there on the cowardly pretext of attending a Bible study group

Roof, like many others, adopted the battle flag of the Confederacy as a symbol of white supremacy. The symbol of freedom and inclusion that is the US flag is anathema to him

There were 77 bullets fired in total. Ten people shot multiple times, nine fatally. Where was the response? Roof got into his car and decided to drive to Charlotte, using back roads to avoid being detected. By mid-morning the next day, he was apprehended in Shelby, North Carolina, almost 400 kilometres away from the crime scene.

Almost a year to the day of the tragic events in South Carolina, 6,000 kilometres away in northern England, just after lunchtime (around 1pm) on a Thursday afternoon, MP Jo Cox, aged 41, parliamentary representative of her hometown, pulls up outside Birstall library to attend a constituency surgery. Waiting, secretly armed with a double-edged dagger and a 12-inch Weihrauch .22-calibre bolt-action rifle, with its stock and barrel removed, is 52-year-old local resident, Thomas Mair. The press initially described the weapon as a sawn-off shotgun.

Mair approached Mrs Cox and stabbed her 15 times in total. During the assault, eyewitnesses said Mair shouted 'This is for Britain!' and 'Put Britain First!' A 77-year-old pensioner, Bernard Carter-Kenny, saw what was going on and bravely interjected. For his trouble, Mair stabbed him in the stomach. The wounds to her heart, lungs and liver caused severe internal bleeding. Holes in Jo Cox's tights, around the knees, suggest an effort to crawl away. Mair, leaving the scene momentarily, returned to check if his victim was still breathing. In a final act of savagery and determination, he





Far-right literature and a Third Reich eagle were found in Thomas Mair's home



Mair walks to the surgery armed with a gun and knife in a canvas shopping bag. He does not draw suspicion. He looks like any person out and about

shot Jo Cox three times. Bullets struck a hand, her forehead and chest.

Her assistant Fazila Aswat was left unharmed by the attacker. As she cradled Jo Cox, imploring her boss to get up, Jo whispered that the pain was too great. Those were her last words. Jo Cox was pronounced dead at 1.49pm (the news was kept back until a press conference later in the afternoon). Thomas Mair walked away as if he was out for an afternoon stroll. Witnesses to the murder, in tears, stunned and disgusted, described Mair's walk and pace as that of somebody who didn't have a care in the world.

Arrested 20 minutes later and less than two kilometres from the scene, Mair was rugby tackled to the ground by PC Nicholls and PC Wright. He confessed then and there to the crime and told them he was a political activist. A police search found a plastic bag containing bullets, a blood-stained mobile phone, the dagger and a Confederate arm patch.

There is no doubt that this murder, which would have been an outrage and an attack on democracy at any time, was amplified by the increasingly bitter EU referendum campaign. The murder occurred a week before the nation was set to vote on whether it withdrew from the European Union. The heightened atmosphere in the country was all shades of ugly. When the Leave campaign was victorious, European Member of Parliament Nigel Farage, crassly declared victory was attained "without a single bullet being fired."

## DYLANN ROOF: OBSESSED WITH HATE

The Trayvon Martin case of 2012 awoke in Dylann Roof a pivotal interest and urge to make, what was in his mind, a stand. Roof, a slack-jawed stoner layabout type, didn't need outside help or a Svengali-type leader to radicalise him. In today's online, super-connected world, where truth and veracity vie for attention with lies, 'alternative facts' and conspiracy theories, whatever you want to find is available

# "IDEOLOGICALLY DRIVEN MURDER"

CONTEMPORARY HISTORIAN PROFESSOR FELDMAN TALKS US THROUGH THE RECENT RISE OF THE FAR RIGHT

## BIO MATTHEW FELDMAN

Matthew is an expert in fascist ideology and the far-right, appearing on television, radio, in national newspapers and working as a consultant to the police and CPS.



### Why have far-right groups been allowed to develop such a mainstream presence?

Thirty or forty years ago, there was the idea of 'no platforming'. There's been a breaking down, culturally, with the spread of social media, *Breitbart News* in the US, single issue movements. It's the breaking of taboos which has shifted

discourse to the right. It's been going on a long time.

### Both Mair and Roof were lone wolf attackers, who accessed the internet a lot. Have you studied its impact?

The picture of the 'lone wolf' valorises single-actor terrorism. I tend to prefer 'self-activating' or 'self-directed terrorists'. The Unabomber lived in Montana, he never spoke to anybody; he mailed his bombs. That gives us the perception of lone actors removed from society. I think that's completely false. The internet has transformed the radicalisation process, even the terrorist cycle itself. Anders Breivik surveyed his targets using Google maps.

### There was a hesitance, initially, to declare Roof and Mair's crimes as terrorism.

I'm agonistic on Mair. He wasn't ultimately convicted of a terrorist act. So, he's not officially a terrorist. I have no problem saying it was a political assassination, clearly that's what it was. It was an ideologically driven murder. No question about that. Calling something 'terrorist' is invariably subjective and it's a very political term.

### Mair and Roof are either full of hatred or mentally ill. Can it be both?

I'm not sure if it's an either/or dichotomy. I'm going to go back to Breivik, but it could be Dylann Roof.

From a human perspective, killing 77 people is insane. It's very difficult to see that as normal human behaviour. It's a sick, crazy person. Dylann Roof hated those victims because they were black. In the case of Breivik, Mair and Roof, it's less of hate of the victims and more they believe they'll be the ones to start the race war. They can be the ones to create the divisions for civil war and finally they are the ones to help the white ethnic group wipe out their enemies. I think what often gets overlooked is their ideological love for their country. That's the greatest paradox and challenge. We don't do anybody any favours by not taking that cause seriously, in terms of examination.



# DRAWING ATTENTION TO AN ISSUE

**DYLANN ROOF TOLD FBI AGENTS HE WISHED TO HIGHLIGHT THE 'ISSUE' OF BLACK-ON-WHITE CRIME**

"I had to do it because somebody had to do something ... because black people are killing white people every day, on the streets. They rape white women."

"The fact of the matter is: what I did is so minuscule, compared to what they're doing to white people every day. All the time. Just because it doesn't get on the news doesn't mean it's not happening."

"I like Charleston, it's really nice down there. It's a historic city, you know. One time, I think it had the highest ratio of black people to white people in the whole country [...] the church was historic, too."

"I just knew that would be a place where there would be, you know, with at least a small amount of black people. You know, in one area. You see what I'm saying?"

"A race war would be pretty terrible. People dying all the time. I'd rather reinstate segregation without there having to be a race war. But there will be a race war, eventually."

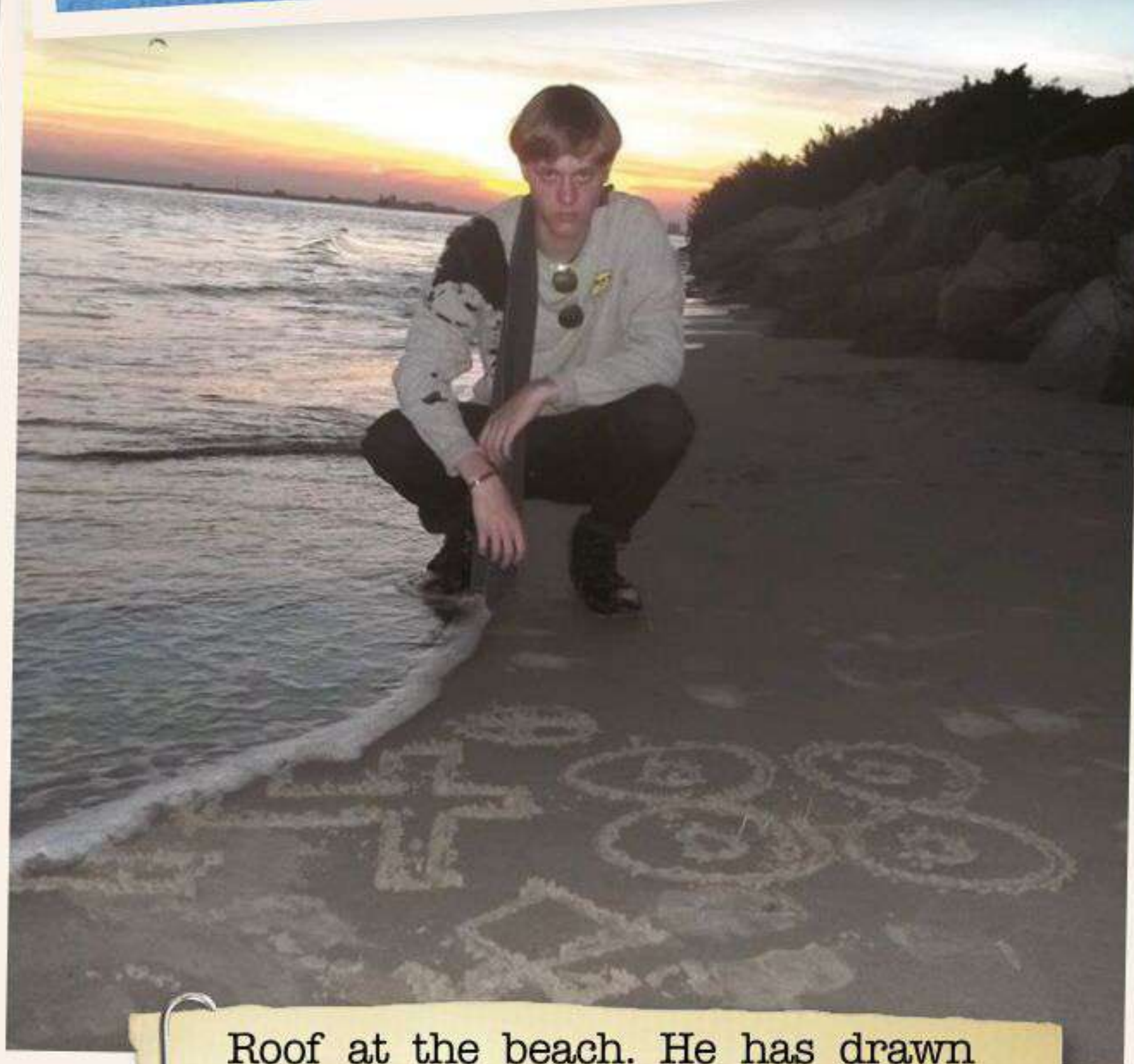
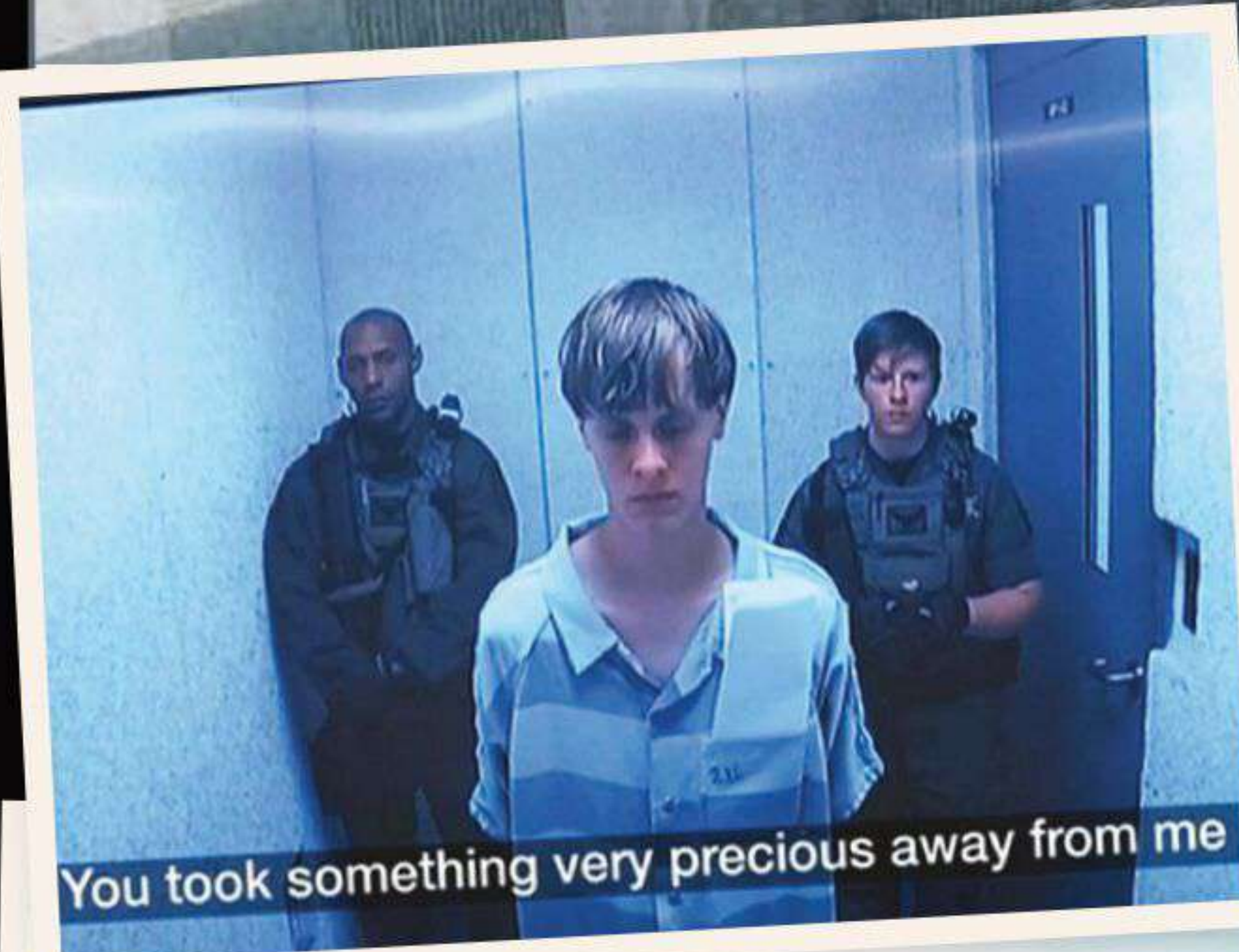
"It sounds lame, and I don't like to say it, but it's pretty much just the internet, you know? All the information is just there for you."

"[Whites] are the second-class citizens, that's the problem. We already are the second-class citizens. That's the problem. I want us superior. Right now, we're inferior."

"A black person probably stole from me, but that wasn't a big deal. You see what I'm saying? A black person has never done anything to me, to make me personally dislike black people."



Roof loved to pose with guns. Here he is in his bedroom, pointing a weapon at the camera



Roof at the beach. He has drawn the Neo-Nazi numerical symbol '1488' into the sand

for perusal via a search engine. Today we have blogs, forums, message boards and social media. One can be radicalised from the comfort of your own home or bedroom.

Roof was *au fait* with American far-right groups, such as the Conservative Citizens of America, who donated to the campaign of Republican presidential candidate Ted Cruz, until he was shamed into returning the money. Roof read online about Apartheid-era South Africa and was into Neo-Nazi ideology enough to have photographs of himself posing with the number '1488' – a numerical symbol meaning 'We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children' and 'Heil, Hitler'. 14 comes from the number of words and 88 represents the letter H (eighth in the alphabet). He also liked to burn American flags and composed a 2,000-word 'manifesto' – an absolute bunch of racist gibberish – detailing his views on race. Roof was no great thinker.

Roof explained to FBI agents that he'd never read a single book. Every source came from the internet and thus his limited view of the world. He wrote things like 'N\*\*\*\*\* are stupid and violent. At the same time they have the capacity to be slick' and 'Say you were witness to a dog being beaten by a man. You are almost surely going to feel very sorry for that dog. But then say you were to witness a dog biting a man. You will most likely not feel the same pity you felt for the dog for the man. Why? Because dogs are lower than men. This same analogy applies to blacks and White relations.'





**ABOVE** Posing outside the Museum and Library of Confederate History, Greenville, South Carolina

George Zimmerman, the neighbourhood watch nutcase who murdered an unarmed black teenager walking back from the store where he'd bought a bag of Skittles, in Roof's eyes, was completely innocent. The uproar, to him, was a big load of nothing. Roof quoted a statistic from 2005 to the Feds, a government statistic he claimed, in a bid to impress upon his captors that he'd done his homework and knew a lot about his most passionate subject matter – hatred of black people. Two white women per state every day were raped by black men, he said, adding, with a sense of heavy-hearted learnedness, that that was in 2005. In his mind, it was completely unacceptable that black people could attack whites and nothing was to be done.

Born in 1994, Roof came from an ordinary working-class family. His parents were divorced and he spent time going back and forth between parents' homes, sometimes acting antagonistically toward his step-mother. His schooling was poor and he took to displaying OCD tendencies, which included his pudding bowl haircut – he had to have it done in this fashion. By 2010, he stopped attending school altogether. Roof, the high-school dropout led a life consisting of drug-taking – he was a big marijuana smoker – and playing video games. The only known job he ever had was as a gardener (mowing lawns), which he ditched soon enough.

Slowly but surely, Roof was retreating into his own hate-filled fantasy world; a place where his grievances could fester

and form into the decision to target a place where he had an easy enough opportunity to kill black people. He couldn't just rock up to a black neighbourhood and try to wipe out a bunch of drug dealers. They'd not only fight back, but would be armed to the teeth. He considered an attack on a festival and a school, but there was too much security. A church was just about perfect because it's one of the few places where all are welcomed and security is nonexistent.

At the time of the mass shooting at Emanuel Church in Charleston, Roof was homeless, pretty much living out of his car. When arrested and the car searched, they found among items a list of other places and people Roof wished to target. He confessed his intention was not to instigate a full-scale race war per se, though he thought one day that would eventually happen, but to make a stand, highlight a cause, draw attention to a social situation that existed entirely in his warped imagination.

By March 2015, Roof was acting increasingly strange. On 28 February, he walked into a shopping mall, the Columbiana Centre, dressed in black and proceeded to ask workers at The Shoe Department, a bunch of weird questions. 'What time did they open?' 'What time did they close?' 'How many people worked there?' When questioned by a police officer, Roof appeared nervous and said his folks were pressuring him to get a job. When questioned further, the officer became more and more suspicious... it was the way the kid answered questions that the officer didn't like: he was too slow, as if thinking of an excuse, becoming evasive. There was also the fact that, while telling the officer he was job-hunting, he hadn't acquired a single application form. Taken to his car for a search, the cop found a bottle filled with tablets, which Roof said were his prescription suboxone (an opioid taken by

**“ROOF'S SCHOOLING WAS POOR AND HE TOOK TO DISPLAYING OCD TENDENCIES, WHICH INCLUDED HIS PUDDING BOWL HAIRCUT”**



heroin addicts trying to kick their habit). It was a controlled substance, listed as a Schedule III narcotic, and unable to produce a prescription, Roof was arrested for drug possession and received a one-year banning order from the mall. He violated this order just two months later and was arrested again.

Put simply: Dylann Roof should not have been able to purchase a gun. But on 11 April, he visited Shooter's Choice, in West Columbia, South Carolina. The FBI initially said all due diligence procedures were carried out and they found no evidence to grant a denial of application. Wrong. They screwed up and today they're facing a lawsuit from victims' families. Roof's arrest should have been flagged immediately when background checks were made.

Under US law, a three-day window is granted when making background checks, whereupon agents request further information of an applicant. But if the gun store owner does not receive clearance within that time frame, he's allowed to sell the weapon anyway. The onus, therefore, is on the authorities to do a good job and not make any mistakes. That's fine, in theory. Some gun sellers – mostly big supermarket chains – will not hand over a weapon to a customer even if the three-day period lapses. They wait for however long it takes. No clearance, no gun. Shooter's Choice, an indie outlet, were not so fussy. The sale of guns is their business. To a large chain, as the *New York Times* pointed out in their report on the clerical gaffe, the sale of one gun means nada. They can afford to wait. The checks are there to keep weapons out of the hands of crooks, drug users and the mentally ill. Checks were revised and increased further after the Virginia Tech massacre in 2007. The assailant, Seung-Hui Cho, should have been denied his application too.

Roof's arrest occurred in Lexington County, while most of Columbia resides in Richland County. When the examiner



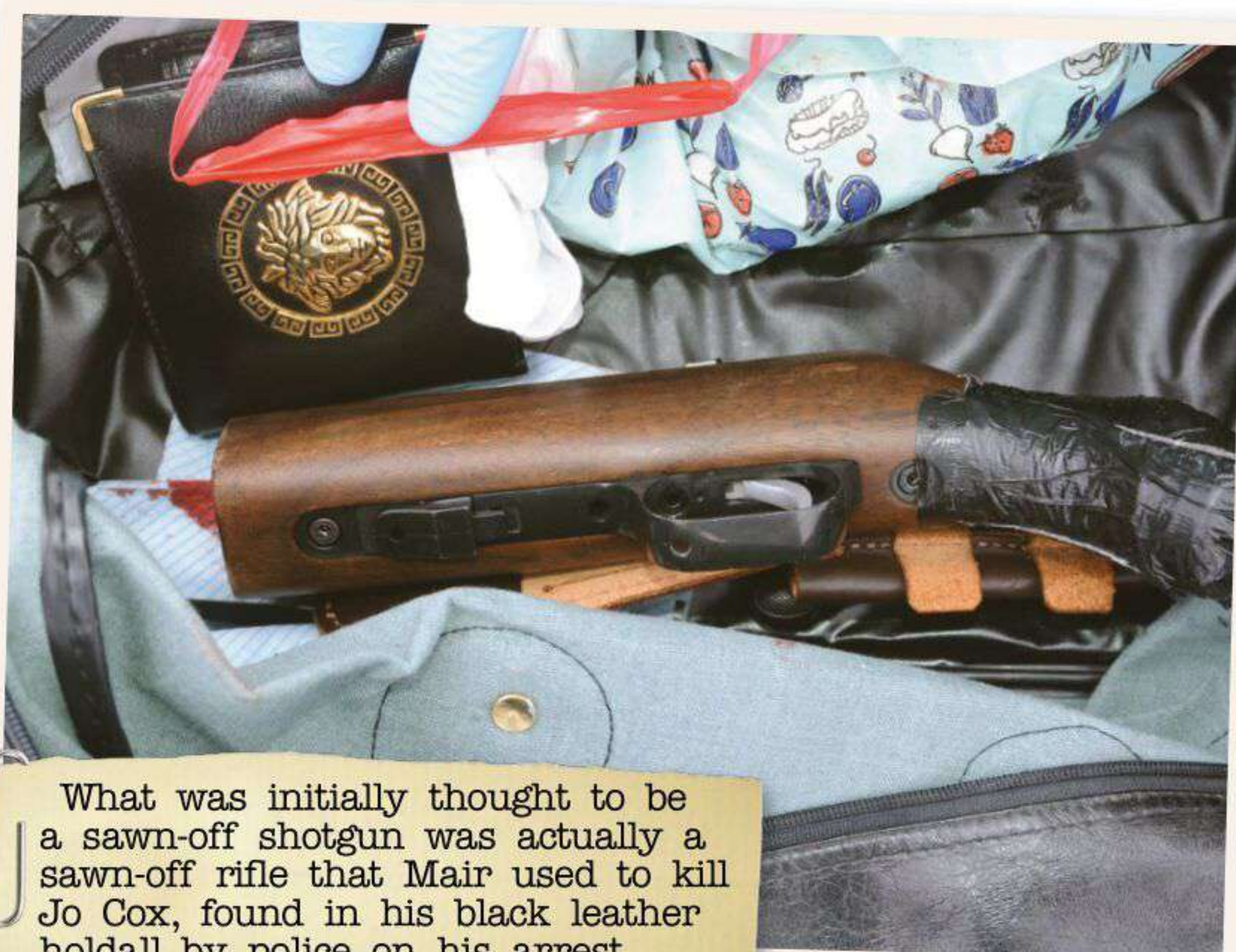
**ABOVE** Mair at the police station after the attack. He sat with arms folded and refused to cooperate with investigators

came to the application, there was confusion about which police department to call. The examiner sent a file request to the prosecutor's office in Lexington County and the request was unanswered. The repercussions for not only the victims' families – but the FBI – were huge. James Comey, the director of the FBI at the time, reported the examiner in charge of the Roof application was 'heartbroken'. Over two million checks have stopped the purchase of weapons, but this one slip led to nine murders. On 14 April, Roof returned to Shooter's Choice and walked away with his brand-new Glock .45 and hollow-point bullets.

## RISE OF THE FAR-RIGHT

Thomas Mair, in court for the first time, gave his name as "My name is death to traitors, freedom for Britain." The distinctly unimpressed judge required his lawyers give his correct name, for the record.

The murder of a relatively unknown MP, voted in from the 2015 election intake, in the job for just over a year, happened in a village north of Dewsbury, to the south of Bradford and west of Leeds. A political assassination in a place anybody outside West Yorkshire had never heard of before. Yet the far-right has made post-industrial towns and cities of England's biggest shire its base of operations. There is a presence, too, across the county border in Lancashire, but it's not as pronounced. The anti-Muslim English Defence League, National Action, Britain First, Yorkshire Infidels, National Front and British Movement have congregated



What was initially thought to be a sawn-off shotgun was actually a sawn-off rifle that Mair used to kill Jo Cox, found in his black leather holdall by police on his arrest



Far-right literature, including copies of *National Vanguard* magazine, found in Mair's home





and focused their attentions on a county with a large South Asian population. In the mid-2000s, former BNP leader Nick Griffin called Yorkshire 'the jewel in the crown', inferring there were political gains to be made from the region.

Identity politics – on the left and right of the political spectrum – has gone haywire at the beginning of the 21st century. 'Globalisation' and 'multiculturalism' are deemed the enemy. We've had political slogans which talk of 'Broken Britain', the 'Squeezed Middle', 'Left Behind', 'Metropolitan Elites', 'JAMS – Just About Managing' attempting to divide the classes. Grievance politics is rife.

Thomas Mair carried out his deadly plan during the EU referendum campaign. It was a key contributing factor whether we admit it or not. Both the Leave and Remain campaign teams went about the country spreading fear on both sides. It was the end of the world if we left the EU and if we remained it would not settle concerns about immigration, the working class would get screwed over through undercutting of wages by the influx of foreigners and the NHS would collapse. It wasn't just the likes of UKIP – an anti-EU party who skirt the shores of the far-right without ever landing – with their advertising boards about an invasion of immigrants and refugees about to swarm the country. Those officially on the Leave campaign, mainstream politicians such as Boris Johnson, contributed their own fearmongering ideas. Turkey was about to join the EU, he said – 75 million Turks were coming to Britain! Before the EU debate, the Lib Dem and Tory coalition had launched an experiment using vans emblazoned with the message 'In



**ABOVE** Cufflinks found at Mair's house. They include the 'SS' symbol, the 'SS' skull and a Nazi emblem

## BAD INFLUENCE

**BOTH MAIR AND ROOF HAD THEIR HEROES, THE RAISON D'ÊTRE FOR THEIR CRIMES**



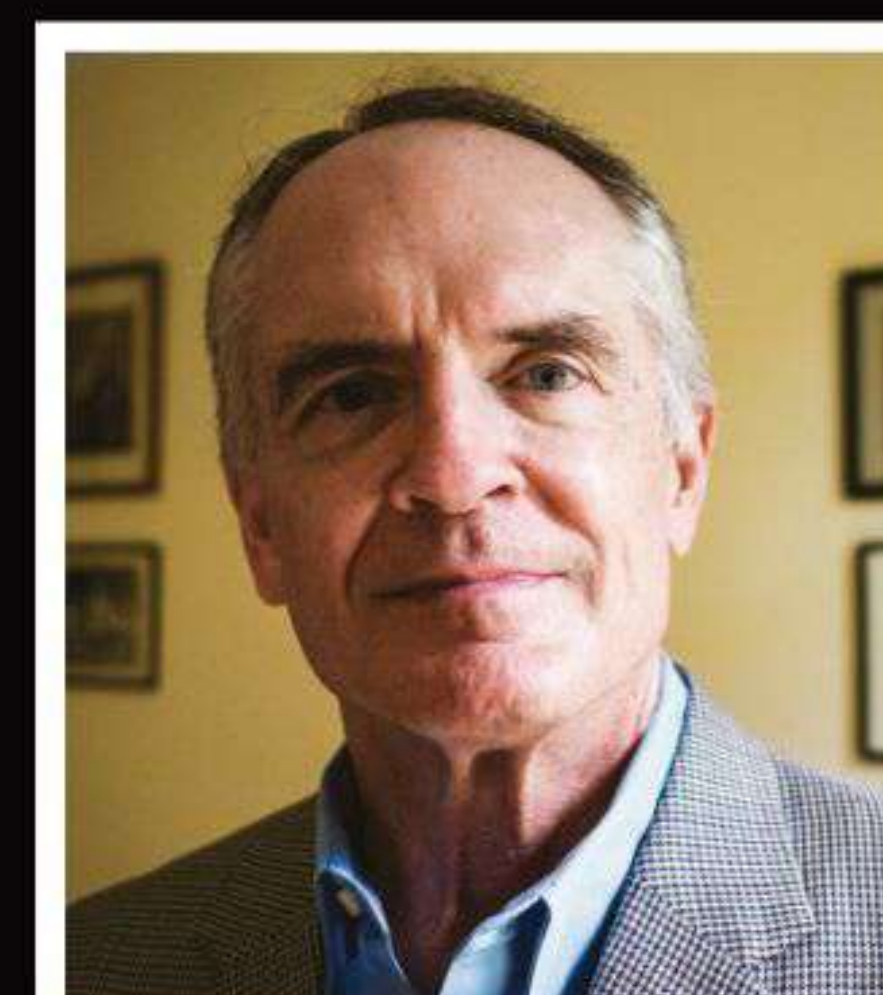
### ANDERS BREIVIK

Breivik, a Norwegian white supremacist, murdered 77 and injured almost 400 others, in terrorist attacks in Oslo and the island of Utøya. As Dylann Roof would do, he wrote a manifesto (albeit much bigger). Breivik jokingly referred to the attacks as his 'book launch'.



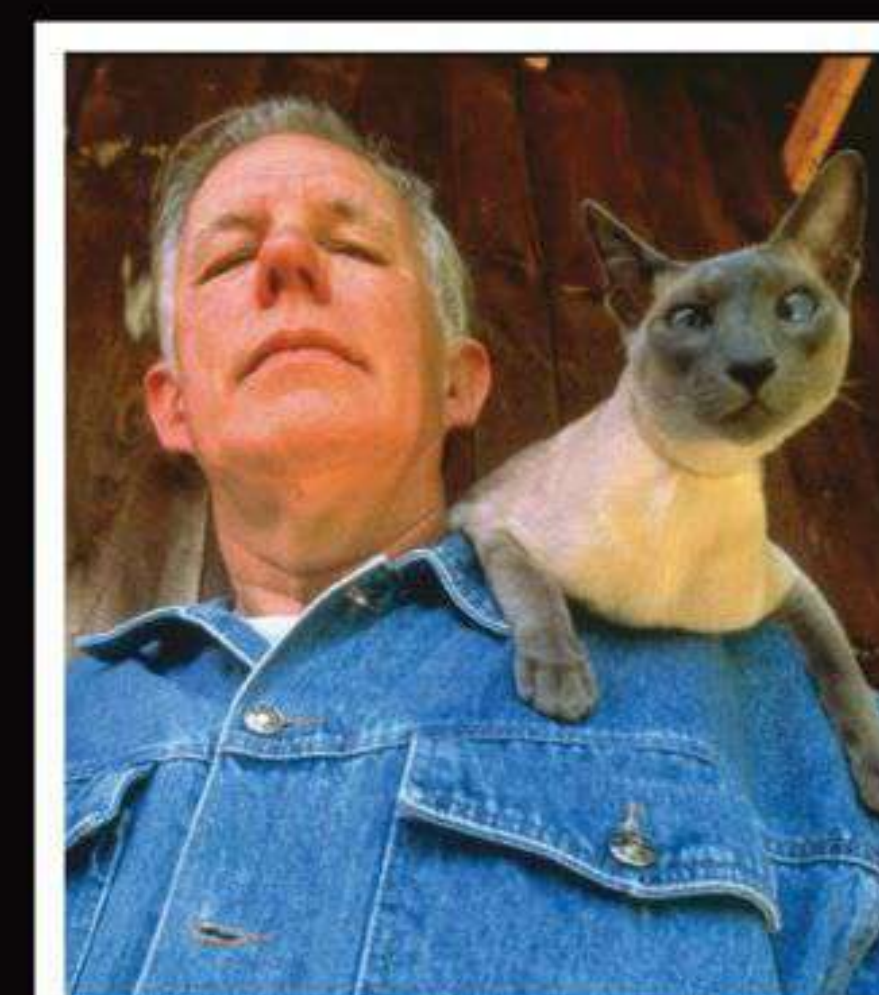
### GEORGE ZIMMERMAN

The killing of innocent black teenager Trayvon Martin in Florida, 2012, by George Zimmerman, was the spark for Roof. He wrote: "the event that truly awakened me was the Trayvon Martin case." He also stated: "I would love for there to be a race war."



### JARED TAYLOR

It is a known fact that Dylann Roof had Googled and searched the website of the Council of Conservative Citizens, of whom Jared Taylor is their spokesman. The popular US far-right organisation was founded in 1988 and has championed the cause of white nationalism and racial segregation.



### WILLIAM PIERCE

Pierce (1933-2002) was one of the US's most infamous white supremacists and Mair purchased books and magazines written or published by Pierce's group, the National Alliance, for a total of \$620. Pierce believed white supremacy could never come to fruition under a democratic system.



### PAUL GOLDING

Until November 2016, Golding was the leader of fascist organisation, Britain First. The group denied any link to Thomas Mair, until photographic evidence was discovered of Mair protesting in Dewsbury, Yorkshire, in October 2015, with a group of men holding a 'Britain First' banner.



### DAVID COPELAND

The British Neo-Nazi instigated a bombing campaign against the gay community, black neighbourhoods and Bangladeshi enclaves in London. Three people were killed and around a hundred or so injured. He received six life sentences and is currently incarcerated at HM Prison Belmarsh.



the UK illegally? Go home or face arrest'. Then there's the potent myth of benefits tourism and health tourism, and broken promises about controlling numbers of immigrants. All these things produced a febrile and increasingly bitter air in the country – before and during the referendum. There is a difference, however, between far-right movements here and abroad. In the UK, white supremacy isn't held as a key value any more, or a goal to achieve. It's become about fighting off perceived invaders, usually Muslim ones and those from Eastern Europe. Also, refugees.

While Thomas Mair was undoubtedly a white supremacist, his targeting of a Labour MP was to do with her being a 'traitor' in his eyes. He did not target an ethnic minority, as Dylann Roof did. One of Mair's brothers, too, is mixed race and said it had never been an issue between them. But then, an internet search history by the police discovered he did in fact hold a racial grudge. He typed into Google 'son kills mother for miscegenation'. The brother, speaking to the press the day after the murder, gave a few details about their relationship, but also Mair's life and background: "He's never expressed any views about Britain, or politics or racist tendencies. I'm mixed race and I'm his half-brother, we got on well. He never married. The only time I remember him having a girlfriend was as a young man, but a mate stole her off him. He said that put him off [women] for life."

## THOMAS MAIR: LONER TURNED KILLER

Mair is the classic cliché. He defines the image conjured by the oft-repeated line, whenever a quiet person suddenly explodes with ultra-violence: 'Kept to himself, mostly'.

Nobody got close to him or ever saw inside Mair's home. Nobody caught a glimpse of the stacks of far-right mags, the bookshelf crammed with Nazi biographies and histories, or the Nazi eagle bust he kept. Nobody was privy to the clippings he kept on Norway's Anders Breivik or the dossier compiled on Jo Cox. His 'political activism', as he described it, was kept strictly secret. Neighbour Diane Peters told *The Independent* newspaper: "I never ever saw him lose his temper. He never had a visitor that I'm aware of, doesn't have friends; nobody ever comes to the house."

Mair wasn't as self-radicalised as Roof. He'd been steeped in the world of white supremacy and neo-Nazism since the 1980s. It was, in effect, a life-long passion and there is evidence he corresponded with outlets, as several of his letters were published in magazines and newspapers in South Africa. To demonstrate the generational gap between the pair, Mair read books. He was an avid reader. Despite their claims in the wake of the assassination, Mair was seen – and photographed – at Britain First demonstrations.

Mair's history of mental illness came to the fore almost immediately. Anybody who could carry out such a brutal attack against another person and walk away like they hadn't a care in the world, munching on a chocolate bar, is going to raise questions. But there would be little sympathy from the public. The same goes for Dylann Roof. Their actions were so abhorrent the raw nerves they struck – the sense of anger and outrage – meant mental illness wouldn't be excused or an aid in their defence. Yet questions of mental health surround both killers. Mair was the subject of a local newspaper interview in 2010, in which, as a patient at a day centre for those suffering from mental illness, he was volunteering at Oakwell Country park as a gardener. Roof's parents and



Flowers left with a photo of Jo Cox in Birstall, close to the scene of the assassination







**ABOVE** Mourners gathered at Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church

the couple of pals he had were certainly worried about his behaviour and rants against black people.

The day before the murder, Mair approached Birstall Wellbeing Centre and asked for advice about ways to control his anxiety and stress issues. In the past, he'd found alternative methods such as reflexology and meditation beneficial. The centre's manager, Rebecca Walker, arranged with Mair to return the next day to discuss things further. Instead, he proceeded with his plan to execute Jo Cox.

## HATE, MENTAL HEALTH AND TERROR

US attorney general, Loretta Lynch, stated Dylann Roof's crimes were "racially motivated violence," and continued, "this is the original domestic terrorism." Of the 33 charges Roof faced, 18 of those were punishable by death. Federal charges related to the Hate Crime Act, obstruction of exercise of religion resulting in death, firearms offences and obstruction to exercise religion involving an attempt to kill and use a dangerous weapon. At state level, they were murder, attempted murder and possession of a firearm offences. Federal prosecutors decided to pursue this ultimate

**“THOMAS MAIR WAS UNCOOPERATIVE WITH THE AUTHORITIES, HIS LEGAL TEAM AND THE ENTIRE LEGAL PROCESS. A PSYCHIATRIST CLEARED HIM FOR TRIAL, TOO”**

punishment. Earlier, a psychiatric evaluation found the accused competent to stand trial. While David Ruck, Roof's lawyer, told jurors his client was a 'suicidal loner' and said "There is something wrong with what he is perceiving about reality," there was no downplaying the mass shooting on diminished responsibility. As with Thomas Mair, mental health issues did not stop Roof from planning to kill. There were no voices in his head ordering him to do so. They were primarily fuelled by hatred and an extremist patriotism.

Roof began staking out targets six whole months before the attack, FBI agent Joseph Hamski told the court. Polly Shepard, who survived the shooting, was told by Roof that he was going to allow her to live so that she may tell his story. "His hatred was real," prosecutor Assistant Attorney Nathan Williams said.

Thomas Mair was uncooperative with the authorities, his legal team and the entire legal process. A psychiatrist cleared him for trial, too. There were no grounds for diminished responsibility. With the press chomping at the bit to declare Mair's assassination – undoubtedly political in nature – as an act of terrorism, it bears mentioning he was never convicted of terrorism. Neither was Dylann Roof. During the seven-day trial, the word 'terrorism' was never mentioned. All the prosecution needed to do – this really was a slam-dunk case, given the evidence, witnesses, confession at the time of arrest – was prove that Mair killed Jo Cox on 16 June 2016. To get bogged down in questions of terrorism would

have meant a longer trial and a debate nobody really wanted. Justice, here, must be served swiftly.

Mair had "betrayed the quintessence of our country, its adherence to parliamentary democracy," Judge Wilkie said. After sentencing, Wilkie felt free to use the word 'terrorism' in his summary. Sue Hemming, of the special crime and counter-terrorism at the Crown Prosecution Service, added: "Mair has offered no explanation for his actions, but the prosecution was able to demonstrate that, motivated by hate, his premeditated crimes were nothing less than acts of terrorism designed to advance his twisted ideology."

Hate is reality, but so is human goodness. In the Mair and Roof incidents, politicians were targeted: Democrat senator Clementa C Pinkney and Labour MP Jo Cox. In a world that has swung rightwards in recent times, where things like the EU referendum result led some to believe it was open season on minorities and hating foreigners was officially okayed (the rise in racially motivated attacks post-Brexit is a cause for concern), it's important to cling to values of peace, tolerance and diversity.

The far-right – rebranded as the 'alt-right' – is having its moment in the media spotlight. Populism is on the rise, too, throughout western democracies. A current fixation with 'elites' being out of touch is partly what has soured the scene and created such toxic political discourse. Jo Cox's death, via the worst possible scenario, however reaffirmed values of decency, solidarity, hope and love. Same goes with the Charleston shooting. That's why the actions of Mair and Roof, no matter how hate-fuelled and wicked, are ultimately futile. These are deluded killers, they are not patriots.







# SON OF THE DEVIL

PRIEST-KILLING NAZI WORSHIPPER PATRICK MACKAY  
PREYED ON THE VULNERABLE AND REVELLED IN MURDER.  
WHAT MADE THIS BOY A PSYCHOPATHIC KILLER?

Patrick Mackay's future was predicted in 1968 when Dr Leonard Carr, a Home Office psychiatrist, pronounced the troubled 15 year old to be "a cold psychopathic killer". The boy had not yet killed anyone, but just seven years later he would stand trial at the Old Bailey, charged with five counts of murder and numerous other acts of violence. His subsequent conviction for the murders of two elderly women and a Catholic priest surprised nobody but still shocked. The only question that remained was 'why?'

Violence had been a part of Mackay's life since before he was born. His father Harold, traumatised by his experiences as a 'Desert Rat' in World War II, was prone to violent outbursts that were exacerbated by his heavy drinking. His mother Marion suffered many beatings at the hands of her husband, a brute who even kicked her in the stomach when she was pregnant with Patrick. As Patrick Mackay grew older, he too became a target and was regularly physically and verbally abused by his father. Later, on remand for murder, he said, "Up until his death my father used to get violently drunk, shout, scream and always when he was like this beat me with the back of his hand and sometimes



his fist... This would take place usually Friday nights and Saturday nights. It was plain bloody regular."

Despite the violence, the young Mackay craved his father's attention. He was starved of affection by both parents and longed to be part of a normal family. The pioneering psychologist John Bowlby has outlined how successful attachments to a protective parent are crucial to a child's healthy emotional, social and physical development. This was sorely lacking in Patrick Mackay's life: indeed, the closest he came to affection from his father was when Harold would sit the young boy on his knee and regale him with war stories. These tender moments were not filled with inspiring tales of derring-do; Mackay later recalled the "horrific" accounts of how Harold's comrades were killed. From that moment on, Patrick Mackay was fascinated by death.

Some theorists believe that fetishes arise in early childhood, often through an association with gratification. Could it be that Patrick Mackay's obsession with death sprang from these moments of happiness and intimacy with the father he wished would love him?

Certainly, behavioural learning models indicate that children who are exposed to inappropriate behaviours quickly learn to emulate what they are seeing. Those who are deprived of normal social contact may seek it in more unorthodox places and, in males in particular, fear of rejection, humiliation or inadequacy may lead them to seek out situations in which they can feel powerful and in control. In Patrick Mackay this was visible at an early age. At school, the strapping lad quickly established himself as a bully who terrorised younger children. Like his father, his favourite



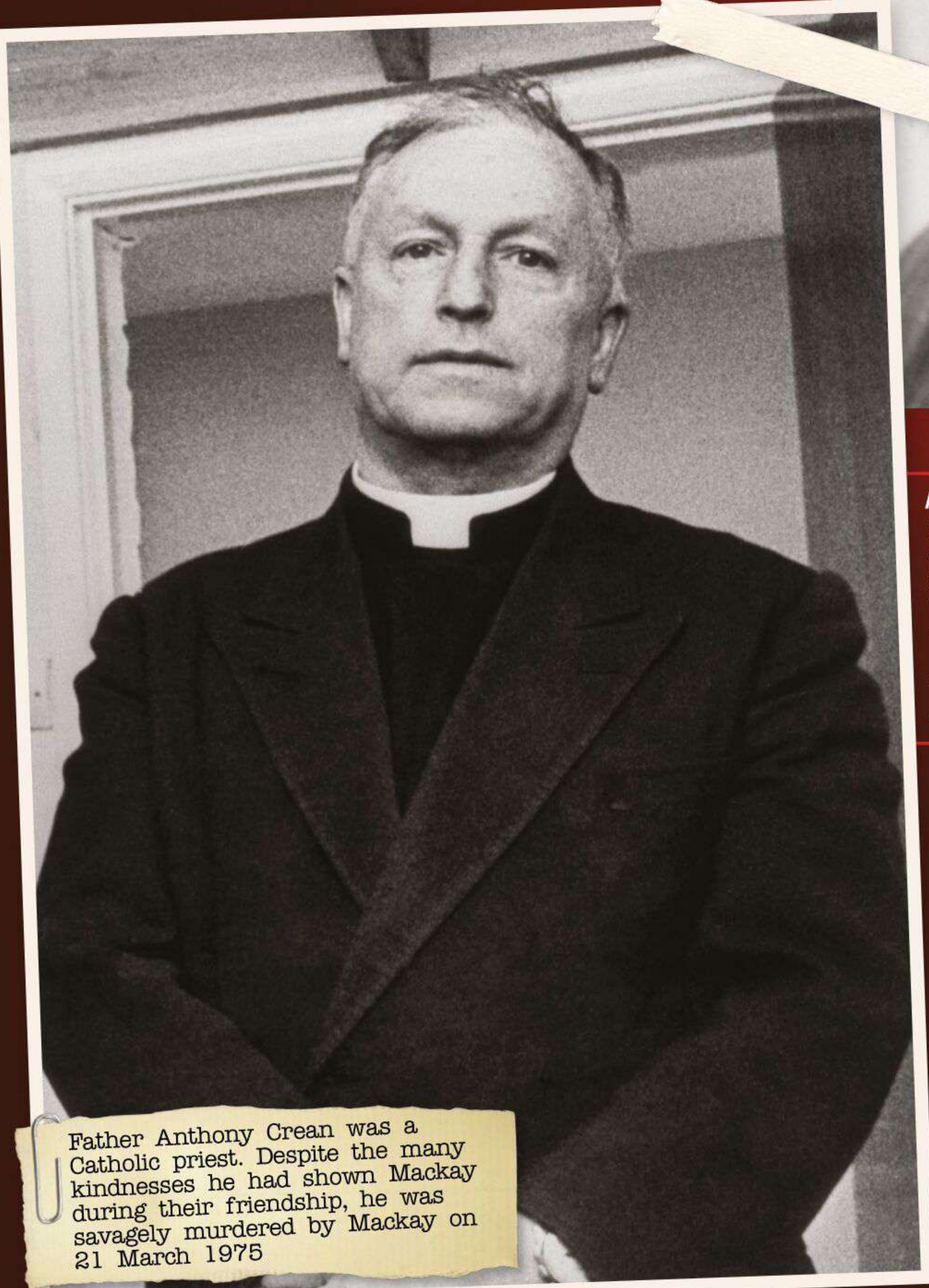
**ABOVE** Mackay made himself a rudimentary Nazi uniform, which he accessorised with jackboots and a replica Iron Cross. He captured this image inside a coin-operated photobooth

targets were smaller, weaker females, and his little sister Ruth received many vicious beatings from him.

Mackay would later recall that his only genuinely pleasant memory of his father took place on Bonfire Night 1962, when his father built him a bonfire and a Guy and set off some fireworks. If he hoped that this marked a turning point in their relationship he was to be sorely disappointed: within three days, Harold Mackay was dead.

### "REMEMBER TO BE GOOD"

On the morning of 8 November 1962, when Patrick was ten years old, Harold Mackay left for work as usual. Calling goodbye to the family, he instructed his son, "Remember to be good". As he travelled to his office, he suffered a heart attack at Holborn Viaduct station and died soon afterwards. Marion Mackay had hoped to inform her son of his father's death herself, but he was given the news by the child of a neighbour as he walked home from school. Perhaps unsure of how to process the information, the boy withdrew into himself and showed little emotion. On the advice of the local



Father Anthony Crean was a Catholic priest. Despite the many kindnesses he had shown Mackay during their friendship, he was savagely murdered by Mackay on 21 March 1975



# “FRANKLIN BOLLVOLT THE FIRST”

AS HIS BEHAVIOUR BECAME INCREASINGLY MANIC AND BIZARRE, MACKAY DEVELOPED AN OBSESSION WITH NAZISM

Despite his mixed heritage (his mother was Creole and from Guyana), Mackay began to identify as a member of the Aryan race. He made himself a Nazi uniform from a grey suit and black tape, finishing the look with a replica Iron Cross – which he was wearing when he was arrested – and a pair of jackboots. Among his most prized possessions was an enormous Nazi eagle and swastika. Mackay could often be found in full regalia goose-stepping

down the street, giving Nazi salutes and shouting German phrases. He began telling people he was “Franklin Bollvolt the First”, which was “a name to be feared and remembered, like Adolf Hitler’s”. Criminologist Professor David Wilson has linked this behaviour to Mackay’s childhood: “Psycho-dynamically, he’s making himself scary. People will be afraid of him. So much of his life was about him being afraid of his father.”



**LEFT** Among Mackay’s stash of Nazi memorabilia was this enormous wooden Nazi eagle and swastika. Following World War II, the symbol was appropriated by neo-Nazis and other white supremacists worldwide

vicar, Mackay’s mother decided against taking the children to view their father’s body. Nor did they attend the funeral, which was held in Harold’s native Scotland, almost 800 kilometres away from the Mackay family’s home in Gravesend, Kent. With no proof of his father’s death, Mackay found it hard to accept that he had truly gone. He repeatedly asked his mother where his father was and why she would not let him see his father. Could this have been the spur for the antagonism he would feel towards her for the rest of his life?

Tim Clark and John Penycate, authors of a book about Mackay, speculated that Mackay felt crippling guilt on hearing of his father’s death, having probably wished him dead on many occasions. This seems plausible in a Freudian context, whereby the young boy wishes to murder the father so that he may possess the mother. When allowed to develop normally, this Oedipus complex ends with the child identifying with the father and establishing his own healthy masculinity. In Mackay’s case, it’s likely that the tyrannical father had a negative effect on his son’s impressionable young mind instead. What we do know is that, from the moment of his father’s death, Patrick Mackay underwent a metamorphosis. He himself explained, “I seemed to change within myself to an extreme extent all round.” Viewing himself as the man of the house, he began to assume his father’s role, dishing out orders to his mother and sisters and becoming increasingly violent and abusive towards them.

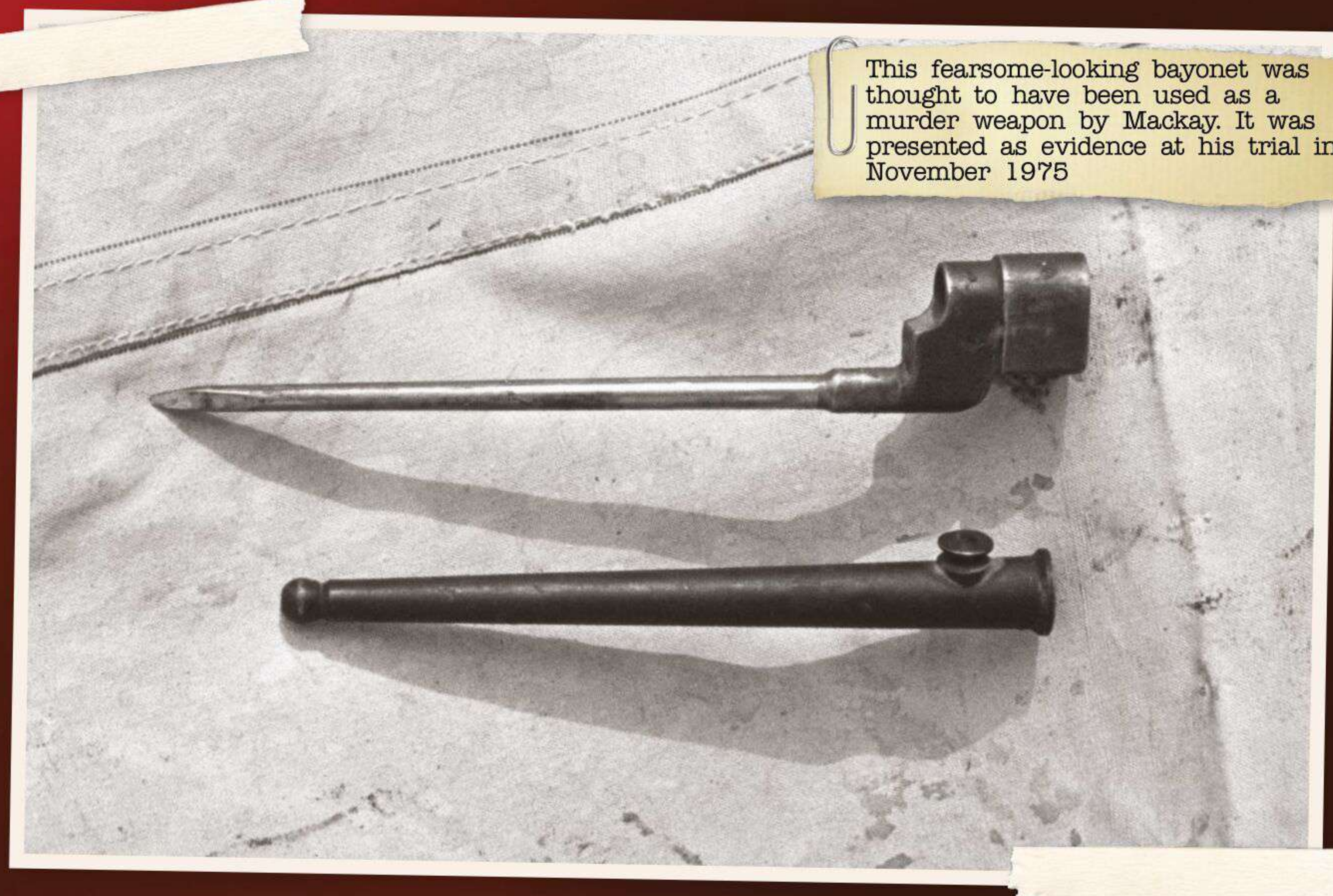
Ken Seagers, Mackay’s neighbour at the time, recalled how the young boy was desperate for a stable home. Family life was increasingly chaotic, as Marion struggled with financial problems and her own mental health. When Seagers and his wife moved to Largs in Scotland, they invited

Mackay to join them for a week-long seaside holiday. Seagers described how one day, while playing in the sand, Mackay “built a model of a female and a male, which he called Mum and Dad, laid down between them and insisted that I took a photograph of him... I don’t think you need to be a psychologist to make something out of that. This is what he was after, some sort of stable relationship with somebody who loved him.”

## ALL THE CLUES WERE THERE

He would prove a difficult boy to love, however. Neighbours were horrified to see him regularly torturing animals. He remorselessly attacked his pet dog, tortured his pet rabbit and attempted to strangle a neighbour’s cat. Most shocking of all was when he roasted his tortoise alive then threw it into Ken Seagers’s garden. His father, whom he often insisted was still alive, was never far from his mind, and he was frequently heard ruminating on the state of his corpse, wondering aloud whether his bones had rotted away. The cruelty to animals was accompanied by a new-found interest in arson, which saw him repeatedly torching garden sheds on the nearby allotments. In 1964 the community was outraged to learn that Mackay had set fire to the local Catholic church. Around this time, Mackay is also thought to have had a problem with bedwetting, which when linked to the arson and the animal cruelty should have been cause for concern.

In his 1963 article *The Threat to Kill* forensic psychiatrist J.M. MacDonald identified that, when exhibited in childhood, these three behavioural characteristics can indicate a propensity to severe personality disorder and murder. MacDonald’s study was on a small scale and not widely disseminated, but had its findings been applied to Mackay’s case it is possible that interventions could have been made more rapidly and effectively, potentially saving

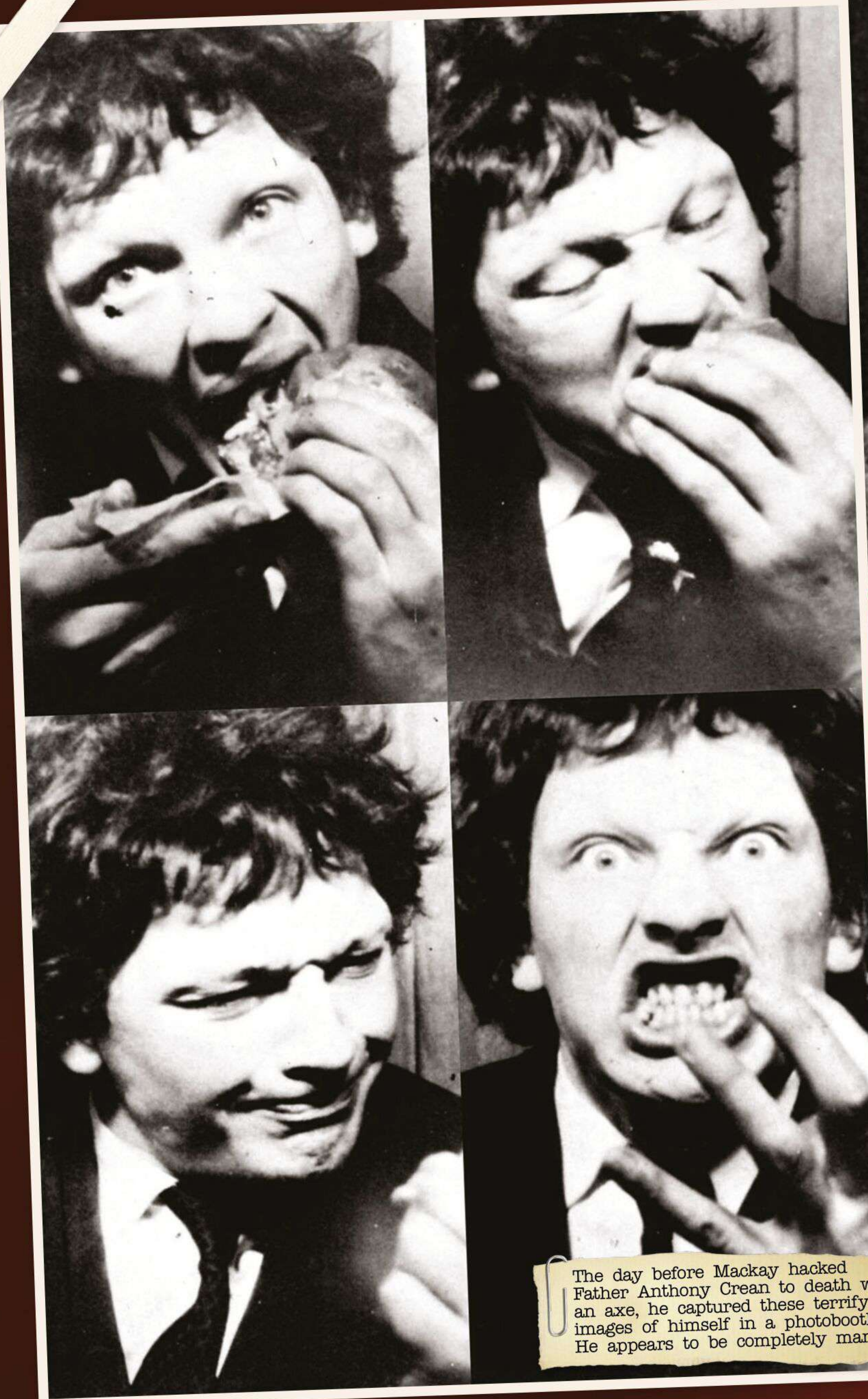


This fearsome-looking bayonet was thought to have been used as a murder weapon by Mackay. It was presented as evidence at his trial in November 1975

“HE REMORSELESSLY ATTACKED HIS PET DOG, TORTURED HIS PET RABBIT AND ATTEMPTED TO STRANGLE A NEIGHBOUR’S CAT”



**“ COULD IT BE THAT IN KILLING ISABELLA GRIFFITHS, MACKAY WAS FIGURATIVELY KILLING HIS MOTHER? ”**



The day before Mackay hacked Father Anthony Crean to death with an axe, he captured these terrifying images of himself in a photobooth. He appears to be completely manic

**TOP-RIGHT** Mackay arriving at the Old Bailey in November 1975. He was charged with murdering Molly Hynes, 73; Isabella Fairweather Griffiths, 84; Leslie Frank Goodman, 62; Adele Price, 89; and Anthony Crean, 63

lives. As it was, it was not until Mackay attempted to strangle his mother and then gas, drown and stab himself while in a delusional state that the authorities finally took action. In 1966 he was sent away for psychiatric treatment, and over the next eight years he was placed in special schools, institutions and prisons on a staggering 18 occasions.



In September 1967 Ivan Cook, a master from the Court Lees Approved School, wrote about Mackay in *The Observer*, saying, “I know of a boy, free at the moment, of whom a psychiatrist wrote: ‘He is a potential murderer of women’”. Cook’s words were devastatingly prophetic – Mackay would later confess to the murders of 11 people in London and Kent between 1974 and 1975, many of them elderly women.

### KILLING HIS DEAD FATHER

Mackay’s preferred victims were frail and vulnerable. Unable to support his burgeoning alcohol and amphetamine habits, Mackay took to mugging the wealthy old women of Kensington and Chelsea. They were easy targets for the towering, powerful psychopath, and it wasn’t long before he graduated from bag snatching to murder. His first victim was 84-year-old widow Isabella Griffiths, who Mackay befriended in February 1974 after helping to carry her shopping. He visited her several times and ran errands, before becoming enraged on Valentine’s Day when she refused to admit him into her home. Forcing his way into her house on Cheyne Walk, he throttled her, probably to death, in the hallway before dragging her into the kitchen and stabbing her through the solar plexus with a 30-centimetre kitchen knife. He then settled himself in the living room, where he drank whisky and listened to the radio. Before leaving Isabella’s home, he crossed her arms, closed her eyes and “covered her as if in a sleeping bag” with a chair cover. He then tidied the flat, closing the curtains and filling the sink with crockery. The scene is almost homely – could it be that in killing Isabella Griffiths, Mackay was figuratively killing his mother, the woman he blamed for keeping him from his father?

A year after the death of Isabella Griffiths, Mackay murdered 89-year-old widow Adele Price. Mackay followed her home and tricked her into believing he was a tenant of the same flats in order to gain admittance. Halfway up the



Mackay took part in a controversial prison experiment at HMP Hull. Some of the country's worst criminals were treated to a softly-softly approach at a special unit nicknamed 'The Wendy House'



stairs he complained of feeling faint, and the kindly Adele Price invited him into her home for a glass of water. Once there, he ordered her to her bedroom, where he strangled her to death. Again, his choice of victim – and the place of her death – seems significant: it could well have been an Oedipal act of filiation to his dead father.

The murder scenes yielded few clues that could lead to the perpetrator, and Mackay was left free to kill again. His next victim was Father Anthony Crean, a Catholic priest he met in 1973 while walking in the woods near Shorne, a country village close to Gravesend. Father Crean was the chaplain to a small Carmelite convent, and the two men became friends. Their friendship was soured, however, when Mackay broke into the priest's home and stole a cheque. Father Crean attempted to get the charges dropped but the police pressed ahead with the prosecution.

In March 1975 Mackay visited Father Crean, intent on killing him. The vicious attack began with Mackay beating the priest on the side of the head with his hand and fist, in much the same way that Mackay's father used to hit him. When the priest broke free and fled to the bathroom, Mackay barged through the closed door with a force that pushed Father Crean into the bath. Mackay stabbed the priest repeatedly in the neck with a knife, before attempting to plunge it into the top of his head. When the knife bent, Mackay took up an axe he had grabbed from a toolbox in the hall and set about the priest again. The wounds to Father Crean's skull were so catastrophic that his brain was exposed. As he lay dying, Father Crean raised his hand and touched the damaged matter.

The savagery of the attack on Father Crean stands in stark contrast to Mackay's previous crimes. Could this ferocity indicate that Mackay had actually just killed his father Harold, in a Freudian expression of his own masculine potency? Or maybe the slaying of a man of God was revenge against the vicar who had advised Marion Mackay not to

## BEYOND REHABILITATION?

IN THE EARLY 1990S MACKAY TOOK PART IN AN EXPERIMENTAL NEW REGIME AT HMP HULL, WHICH AIMED TO REHABILITATE BRITAIN'S MOST INTRACTABLE CRIMINALS

Hull's special unit, where the globally accepted punishment ethos of prisons was swapped for a therapeutic community model, took prisoners from punishment blocks all over the country. Mackay was transferred there from the segregation block at Parkhurst. A BBC documentary about the project includes footage of Mackay being inducted into the unit. But is somebody like him capable of reform?

Psychopaths are notable for their glib charm and manipulative nature. They are adept at saying whatever the listener wants to hear in order to get their own way. Chillingly, the BBC documentary appears to show

evidence of this, when Mackay says that he can't be a psychopath as psychopaths enjoy killing and he took no pleasure in any of his murders. This was music to his counsellor's ears, no doubt, but his words contradicted the statements he made in 1975, when he not only claimed that "I have always believed that I have... psychopathic mania", but also announced, "Anybody doing a killing enjoys it at the time. I certainly did."

Little is known about the effectiveness of Hull's programme – the unit closed in 1999. What is certain is that there is currently no effective treatment for psychopathy, and Mackay remains safely behind bars.

allow her children to view the body of their dead father all those years ago?

Whatever the true answer, Mackay's story certainly teaches us one lesson: that the embryonic signs of psychopathy are not just theoretical. They are manifested in killers when they are children, amplified by their relationships with parents and perceived authority figures, and these signs are often most visible to ordinary people such as teachers, family members and neighbours. In the case of Mackay, if these people had been listened to, perhaps the victims could have been saved.




COLORADO, USA, 20 APRIL 1999

# “WE KNOW YOU’RE IN THERE”

AT THE CLIMAX OF THEIR CHILLING RAMPAGE, THE  
COLUMBINE KILLERS TAUNT THEIR WOULD-BE  
VICTIMS BEFORE TAKING THEIR OWN LIVES

L. 11:57:20-63





**A**t 11.44am, the school's CCTV captures 18-year-old Eric Harris and 17-year-old Dylan Klebold re-entering the school cafeteria. Almost playfully, almost bored, as if looking for some fresh amusement, Harris and Klebold return to the two bags they planted in the cafeteria earlier that day, 20 April 1999 – a date that few in Columbine, Colorado, will ever forget. Each one contains a 20-pound (nine kilogram) propane bomb with the power to bring the ceiling down.

Some 27 minutes earlier they had failed to detonate and the cafeteria was deserted, save for the young men whose gunfire had emptied it. Harris kneels and fires at one of his improvised explosive devices. Once again, they fail to detonate.

Klebold tries next. Lighting a Molotov cocktail, he hurls it at the bomb. At 11.46am, two gallons of fuel ignite, the flames eventually dimmed by the cafeteria sprinklers. Aimlessly, listlessly, Harris and Klebold wander the halls, firing their guns almost as tokens of their ill-intent. The urgency has gone from their mission now and they know how their day, and their lives, must end. They pass students in classrooms, hearts pounding furiously in their chests tears stinging their cheeks as they press themselves to the ground, willing the floor to open up beneath them and give them respite from the horror. The killers leave them be.

Walking towards a bathroom, they shout “we know you’re in there” and “let’s kill anyone we find in here.” The students hold their breath in torturous anticipation for a hail of bullets that never comes. The door remains closed, but the killers aren’t merciful – they’re bored. Passing through the cafeteria once more, they return to the library and at 12:02pm open fire at the police through the west window. Nobody is hit, and six minutes later Harris presses his shotgun into the roof of his mouth, while Klebold tucks his Tec-9 semiautomatic into his left temple. Their bodies fall alongside their victims. There are ten bodies in this room alone, with two wounded, but alive, among the stacks; the rest of the injured have fled.

15 people, including Harris and Klebold, have lost their lives, while 24 are injured.

It’s one of the most shocking mass murders in American history, inspiring a debate that still rages about a litany of moral panics – some reactionary, some necessary. Chief among them, the issue of gun control.

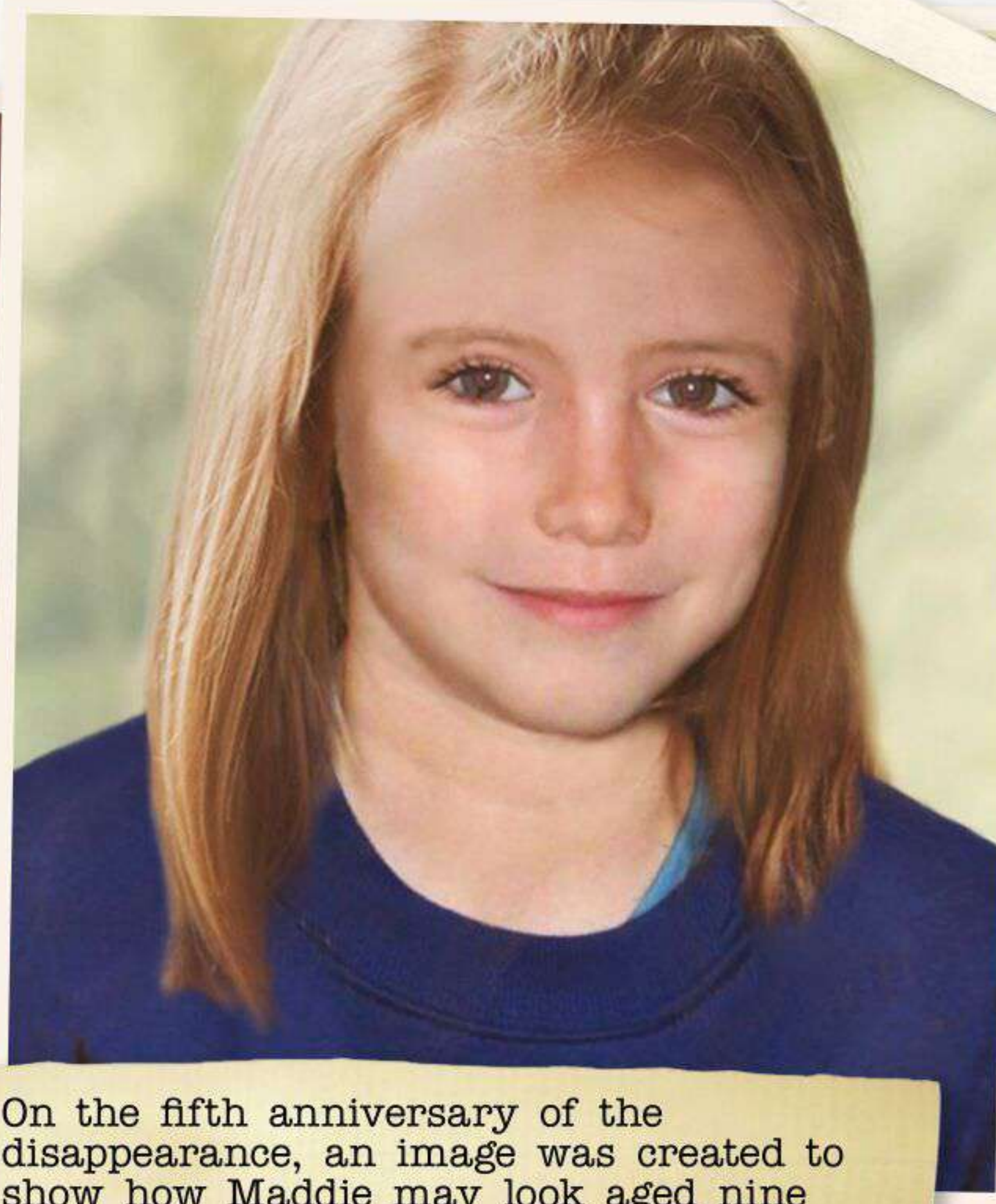
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In the image of Maddie McCann seen across the world, the distinctive mark in her right eye can be clearly seen



On the fifth anniversary of the disappearance, an image was created to show how Maddie may look aged nine



UNSOLVED CASE

# SNATCHED FROM HER BED

THE 2007 DISAPPEARANCE OF THREE-YEAR-OLD MADELEINE MCCANN IS THE MOST SENSATIONAL CHILD ABDUCTION CASE SINCE THE LINDBERGH BABY IN THE 1930S. OVER TEN YEARS ON, SHE IS STILL MISSING



**M**adeleine McCann's abduction in May 2007 and the media circus in Britain and across the world that followed can tell us a lot about human nature. Like the Jack the Ripper murders, or any unsolved crime for that matter, lack of tangible evidence created a void. It also presented a stumbling block for rolling coverage, but one it readily overcame by filling schedules with rambling chatter, live reports from the scene – whether something was going on or not – and studio guests pitching in with their two cents' worth. 24/7 news channels and the internet bring us virtually instantaneous info, whether it's factually accurate or not. The sensationalist craving for details means the void is filled with conjecture, innuendo and supposition. Any scrap will do to feed the beast. The immediacy of it all will compel us to make snap judgements.

News channels and newspapers developed the McCann story into a soap opera. This well-used tactic sees the news become the meta-fictional version of an unfolding mystery, one that dominates and then obfuscates. For those directly affected, it is intrusive, bewildering and can even hinder the search for justice.

The news media will take what is a living nightmare for a few and create a mawkish tale featuring goodies and baddies for all. A melodramatic plot packed with hairpin twists and untruths would come to plague Kate and Gerry McCann, two doctors then in their 30s from Rothley, Leicestershire, even if they had a key hand in its birth and development. During a family holiday to the Algarve, a terrible personal decision and the unfortunate outcome of it led to an incident that shockingly changed their lives.

Until 4 May 2007, the McCanns were insignificant to anybody but relatives, friends, colleagues and patients. The case served as a stark reminder that even in the day of mass surveillance, phone tracking and CCTV, individuals can vanish into thin air.

## THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY

The unfolding Madeleine McCann mystery occurred at the time of a lightning moment in history: social media coming into its own. At the time, online hangouts had begun to play a very important role in the cultural fabric of our lives.

**ABOVE** The apartment where the McCanns were staying was flush with the road and a window opened directly onto Maddie's room



Hair-trigger opinions could now be fired off on Twitter, or Facebook statuses and group rooms updated with the very latest gossip and news. One family's personal tragedy was turned into a mass spectacle.

A police investigation and trial by media became a maelstrom of lies and grasping at straws. Portuguese papers and magazines, bereft of proper briefings by the police, began to make things up. Their sense of national pride was at stake, too.

The British media fared no better, and keenly rewrote the nonsense that had been printed by Portuguese reporters. A missing three-year-old was cast as an unlikely international icon and her name was shortened to 'Maddie' by the papers. The distinct blemish on her right eye somehow made her photogenic quality more captivating and heart-rending to the voracious public. But not all of the coverage was supportive.

As time wore on, the tide of popular opinion began to turn against the McCanns and the blame game erupted. The holidaymakers – the group that the McCanns had been a part of – became the 'Tapas Seven', an unearned and unhelpfully salacious sobriquet, as if the McCanns and their pals were Brits abroad giving it large.

Then, an Anglo-Portuguese translator and Praia da Luz resident, named Robert Murat, was pegged as a prime suspect based on nothing more than a journalist's suspicions.

## “A POLICE INVESTIGATION AND TRIAL BY MEDIA BECAME A MAELSTROM OF LIES AND GRASPING AT STRAWS”

Apparently, he was being too helpful and liked the attention a bit too much.

The parents of Madeleine were portrayed as fiends or victims, depending on which side you came down on the matter. In class-obsessed Britain, the kidnapping provoked numerous think pieces and strong words about the intensity of the coverage and campaigning. The distraught McCanns began to see that the media storm they whipped up was not as benign and controllable as assumed.

Commentators asked a salient enough question: If Maddie wasn't a white middle-class girl from a nice middle-class family, would she have received as much press attention? Children go missing every year, so what made Maddie so special and deserving of our constant attention?

Making it a class issue was not helpful to the cause. There were few that took into account that both Kate and Gerry hailed from humble backgrounds and did well in life because they had worked hard. Their religious convictions (both are devout Roman Catholics) served as a source of inner strength, but their beliefs were also seen as sly and deluded, even obnoxious.

Why didn't Kate cry enough? Why did Gerry seem so calm and collected? That's not right, surely? Did they have something to hide? Why wasn't their public grieving convincing enough? Was their stoicism a mask for some deeper involvement in their daughter's abduction?

None of these questions banded around the kangaroo court of public disgrace reflected reality. The press was never going to see Kate and Gerry rendered almost catatonic by the consuming guilt. Hacks would never be privy to them breaking down completely and wailing, literally prostrate, on the floor.

The McCanns' determination to right a wrong they'd committed (leaving their three children alone in an unlocked apartment, which led to their eldest daughter's disappearance) was deemed either suspicious or unworthy of

**ABOVE** As the search for Madeleine went on, Kate McCann clutched her daughter's favourite toy



**ABOVE** Madeleine's abductor may have entered through the window, which was found open



**ABOVE** One theory suggests that the twins were drugged to keep them quiet



# THE INVESTIGATION

THE SEARCH FOR MADELEINE BY THE PORTUGUESE POLICE WOULD PROVE CONTENTIOUS WITH THE FAMILY

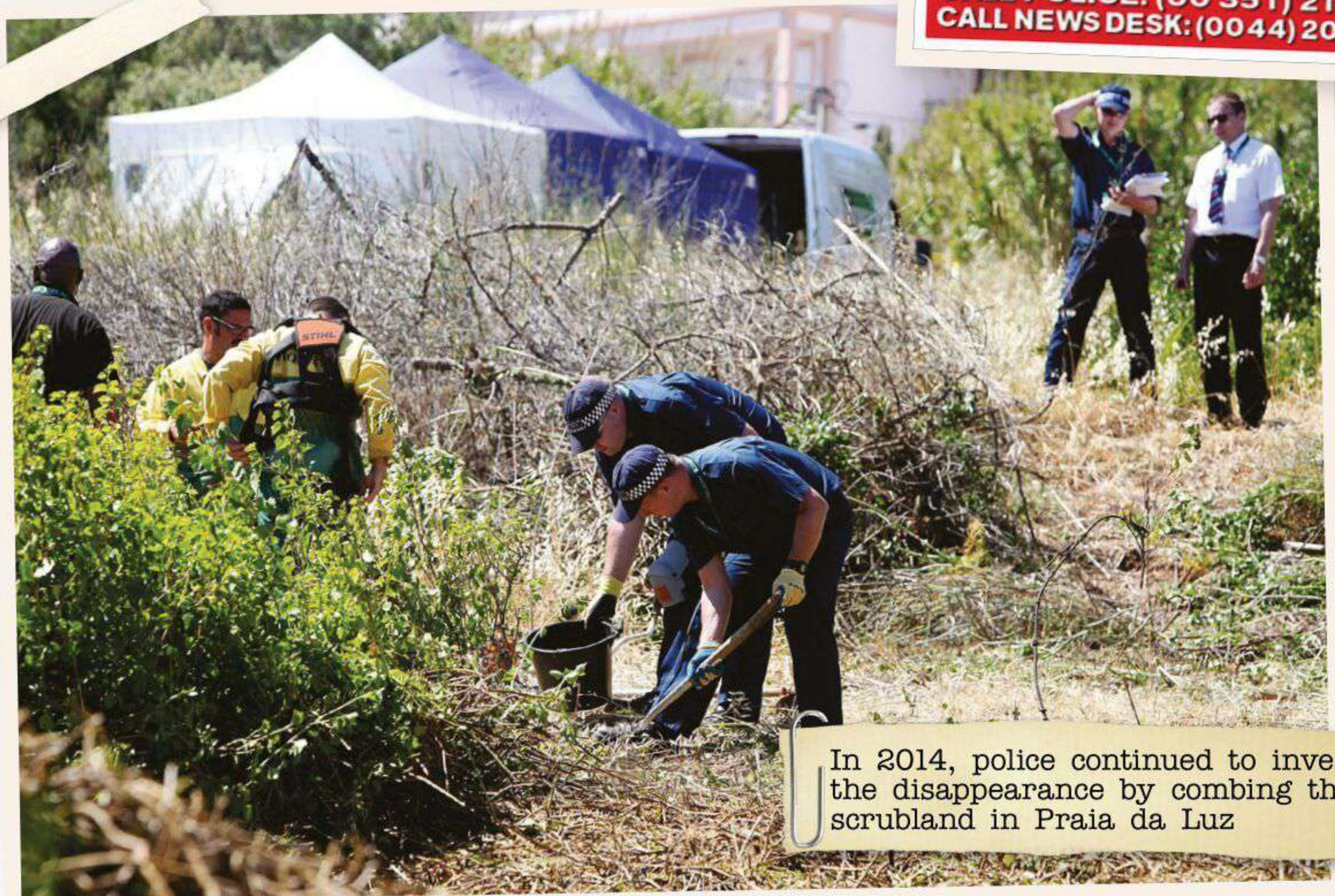
To declare the relationship between the McCanns and the Portuguese authorities, first with the Guarda Nacional Republicana (GNR) and then the Polícia Judiciária (PJ), as complicated and fused by distrust would be a gross understatement. A big problem was the media frenzy and how it clashed with Portuguese law and the police's way of working a case. It is not their custom or procedure to provide a running commentary to the press or share information. That the McCanns did not consult the PJ before readily talking to newspaper outlets and appearing on global television to give interviews, sometimes daily, got on their nerves. The McCanns' lack of respect for the PJ was evident from their initial accusations about them taking their sweet time when their daughter first went missing. Later on, Kate and Gerry were made 'arguidos' (formal suspects, in the language of the Portuguese legal system), and the PJ developed a theory that the pair killed Madeleine and conspired to lead the police on a merry dance.

The McCanns, traumatised by their daughter's abduction, were baffled by what they felt was a lackadaisical attitude. They claimed the GNR and the PJ treated the vanishing as if, in the words of Gerry McCann, their dog had gone missing. The parents were extremely demanding from the very start. The couple expected SWAT teams, checkpoints on all roads and highways, and every stone unturned before it was even established Madeleine was definitely and unquestionably abducted by a person or persons unknown. The police initially thought the girl may have woken up, got out of bed and wandered off into the night searching for her mum and dad, who had left her alone. For them, it was the most likely scenario.

The first police officers on the scene were from the GNR. The GNR, whose primary function as a policing unit is very small fry stuff – traffic offences and dealing with public disorder issues – responded to calls made from the Ocean Club reception desk at 10.41pm and 10.52pm. They arrived there at 11pm. That is hardly a dillydallying response. Nelson Costa and José Roque were not ace detectives, but average constabulary officers working their beat. They made a routine search of the apartment and confirmed the girl was not present. They spoke very little English and their unrushed demeanour irked the McCanns and their friends massively. They failed to secure the scene and allowed various people to come and go. It potentially wrecked vital evidence. Realising that a crime had been committed, or at least potentially, the PJ was called at their station in Portimão. The PJ later theorised that the kidnapper(s) accessed the apartment by either the front door (with a dupe key) or the patio. This line of thinking also suggested the McCanns were deliberately targeted and the place staked out for their comings and goings. Why go through the children's window, making a racket lifting the shutter and clambering over furniture, when the unlocked patio door could have been readily accessed?

By 1.15am, the GNR deployed sniffer dogs, two German Shepherds, for a search of the area. They were not specifically trained for this line of work, but it was worth a try. Using a blanket from Madeleine's bed, they went out into the night and walked several blocks and the wider vicinity. At the same time, friends of the McCanns and workers from the Ocean Club were out in the streets, calling out Madeleine's name. It rang through the tranquil streets until the dawn light.

The Portuguese police made a huge effort to track down Madeleine McCann, but for the parents it was just not good or quick enough. Unfamiliarity bred contempt, added to by the fact there were so few clues to go on. The Ocean Club manager, John Hill, sympathised with the McCanns and their stance. "If there were 100 police here, I'd want more," he said.



In 2014, police continued to investigate the disappearance by combing through scrubland in Praia da Luz



In a press conference in June 2007, Kate and Gerry McCann hold up pyjamas similar to the ones Maddie was wearing when she disappeared



# APARTMENT 5A: SCENE OF AN ABDUCTION

THE FAILURE TO SECURE THE IMMEDIATE AREA AROUND MADDIE'S BEDROOM LED TO POTENTIAL CLUES BEING DESTROYED

3 MAY 2007



**VICTIM MADELEINE MCCANN**



Three-year-old Madeleine McCann was abducted between 9.25pm and 9.55pm on 3 May 2007. She was wearing light-coloured pyjamas with a 'pink donkey design' on the trouser bottoms, and was barefoot. Her shoes were found in the apartment.

1

**EVENT LEFT ALONE**

Kate and Gerry McCann leave for the tapas restaurant at about 8.30pm. The children are in bed. The day before, Madeleine asked her mother why she hadn't come when she and her brother, Sean, were crying. In the aftermath, this comment would gnaw at the mother's conscience.

2

**EVENT ALL IS WELL**

Gerry McCann walks from the tapas bar to the apartment just after 9pm. He sees his daughter and the twins asleep returns via the same route to the restaurant. Was the kidnapper hiding somewhere in the flat?



**WITNESS JANE TANNER**

At 9.15pm, Jane Tanner, friend of the McCanns, was returning to the tapas restaurant when she saw a man carrying a sleeping, barefoot child in his arms. This was mere yards from Apartment 5A.



**CLUE** **PATIO DOOR**

The McCanns wanted easy access to the apartment, so left the patio door unlocked. The patio and veranda faced onto the Ocean Club, but the view from the tapas restaurant was obscured by trees and bushes. One usable print was lifted from the patio door and nine found unusable.

**WITNESS** **THE SMITH FAMILY**

Martin Smith and family were walking back to their vacation home at Estela da Luz Urbanizaco, after visiting a pub, Kelly's Bar. During the walk, they see a man walking in a hurry and carrying a sleeping barefooted child in his arms. They believe that they saw this man carrying Madeleine McCann.

**3** **EVENT** **MADDIE'S GONE**

Friend Matt Oldfield makes a very brief check on the apartment at 9.25pm. It is Kate McCann who discovers her daughter missing and raises the alarm, at about 10pm.

**CLUE** **THE APARTMENT LOCATION**

Apartment 5A was located on a hilly corner at a T-junction. It was accessible from two points – a side gate from Rua Dr Gentil Martins, leading to a veranda and the patio doors, and from the front door, which faced a walled car-parking area on Rua Dr Agostinho da Silva.

**CLUE** **THE SLEEPING CHILDREN**

Were Madeleine and her siblings administered a sleeping agent by her kidnappers? The twins slept so soundly during the chaos of the night, the McCanns and police thought it very odd. Toxicology tests were carried out, months later, but came up negative. Instead, a myth developed that the McCanns sedated their children at night.

**CLUE** **THE CHILDREN'S BEDROOM WINDOW**

The bedroom window, which consisted of two panes of sliding glass, also featured an outside shutter. Kate McCann stated she found the window open and the shutter raised. Three unusable fingerprints were found on the outside.



# THE MAN WITH THE CHILD

## DID SOMEONE WITNESS THE ABDUCTION?

A retired business executive on a break with his family in Praia da Luz, Martin Smith saw something on the night of Maddie's vanishing that played on his mind. Once back home in Ireland, and the world's media glare firmly on the resort, he contacted the PJ via the Irish Garda on 26 May.

On the last night of the holiday, Smith was walking back from dinner with his wife, son, daughter, daughter-in-law and four children, toward their apartment not far from the Ocean Club. At a point between Rua de Escola Primária and Rua 25 de Abril, he and others saw a man carrying a child.

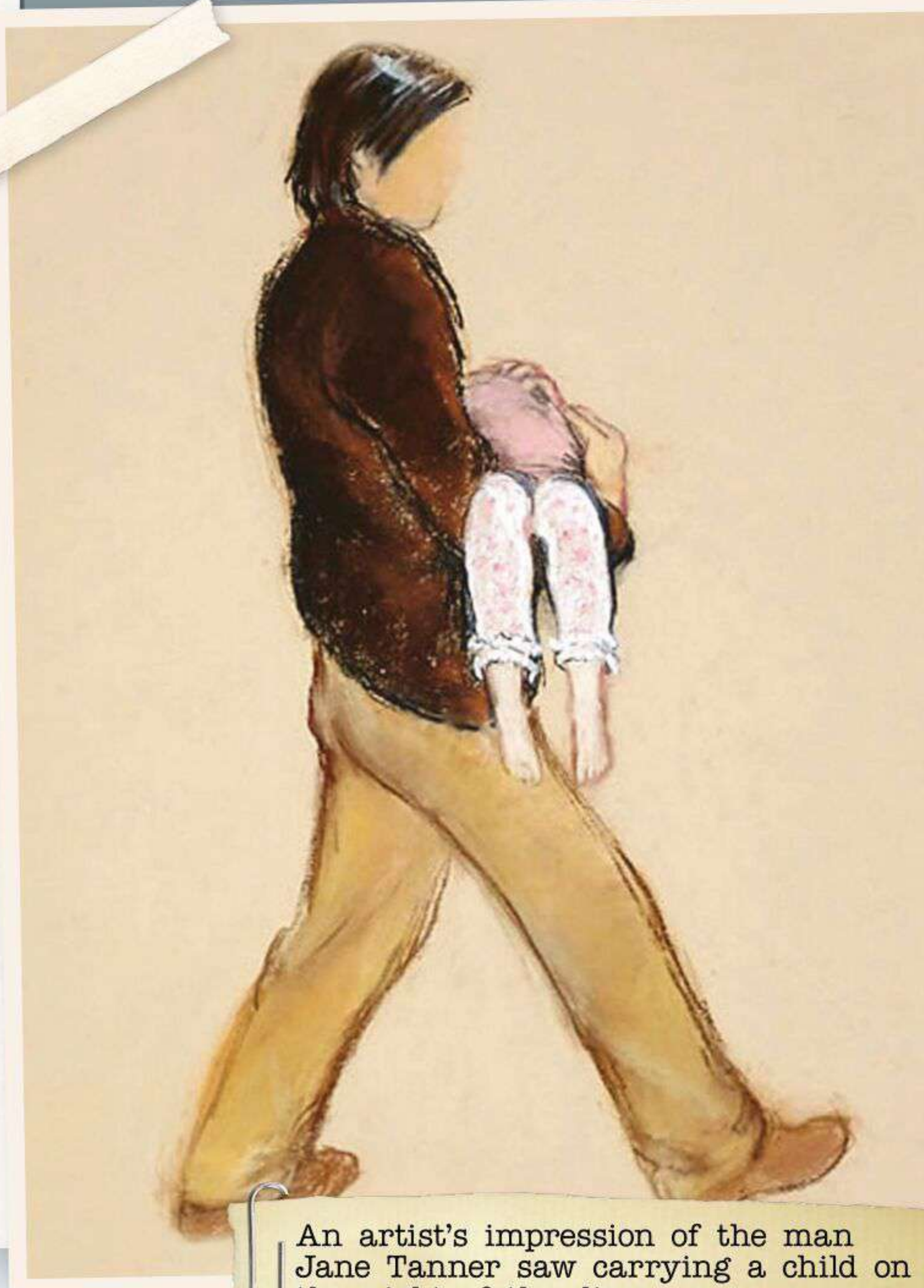
The man with the child was described as white, mid-30s, average build and short hair. The girl looked asleep, had blonde or fair hair and several witnesses mentioned she was barefooted. She was in pyjamas – which they stated were either white or pink – and the Smith family described the scene as not unusual but also odd. The man passed them quickly, and held the child as if he were not used to doing so. They described it as awkward. The Smiths put the time of their encounter as about 10pm.

Had the Smith family witnessed Madeleine McCann and her abductor? There were CCTV cameras at properties in the area, but by the time the PJ searched for potential footage, it had been erased. The Smiths may or may not have seen Madeleine McCann and her abductor. We may never know.

Apartment 5A, on the ground floor, was easily accessed from the road



The McCanns have never given up the search for their daughter, regularly holding press conferences



An artist's impression of the man Jane Tanner saw carrying a child on the night of the disappearance



These E-fit images of the man the Smith family saw weren't released by police until 2013



sympathy. Yet the appeal of Maddie and her plight somehow overrode all that.

Her parents, a media-savvy couple, remained bullish and rightly so – bringing home their daughter was the sole priority. Mud-slinging was just exactly that and could be dealt with, if and when it got out of hand and into outright slander, in the courts.

## THE HOLIDAY THAT BECAME A NIGHTMARE

It was a springtime holiday like millions of others. The McCanns (Kate, Gerry, Madeleine and her twin siblings Amelie and Sean) travelled to Praia da Luz, a beach-side resort in the Algarve, Portugal, that was once a quaint fishing village and then predominantly home to British expats who rented out their apartments to tourists.

The booking at the Ocean Club, which is a series of self-contained flats and holiday homes offering a feast of sporting activities – the McCanns were indeed very sports-orientated people – along with the usual pubs and restaurants, was made through independent operator Mark Warner Ltd. The last thing on anybody's mind in such a relatively peaceful and respectable-looking resort is a case of child abduction and erupting scandal.

The first days went by as smoothly as family holidays abroad typically go. Everybody was having fun. The parents were keen for some 'me time' – and this would damage their public image somewhat. The resort's child-friendly facilities meant they could drop the children off at a club/crèche for a few hours and take tennis lessons or do other activities. The Ocean Club also had an evening activities crèche, where parents could drop off their children for the night and pick them up later.

The McCanns did not opt to use the service for their own reasons, one being they didn't think the children would settle among strangers. Along with the other parents in the group, they decided to leave them at the apartment and routinely – and very strictly – check in on them at regular intervals. It has been stated this occurred every 30 minutes. Were the McCanns lulled into a false sense of security by their charming surroundings? Apartment 5A was just across the swimming pool area from the tapas restaurant, too, where they dined each evening from about 8.30pm. There was no heavy drinking or any swinging sex orgies (as the Portuguese tabloids insinuated).

## THE DISCOVERY

Just before 10pm, Kate McCann walked the 50 or so metres from the tapas restaurant back to Apartment 5A. Every step in a walk lasting a mere 60 seconds was an unknowing approach to a life-changing and earth-shattering event.

As Kate entered the ground-floor flat via an unlocked patio sliding door, she saw something amiss: the door to the children's bedroom was wide open and, upon inspection, the window open and the outside shutter raised. As the parents had left for their evening meal, it was procedure to leave the bedroom door slightly ajar. This enabled them to check up on the children without disturbing them.

Gerry McCann had made a call to the property at 9.05pm and found everything normal, the children fast asleep.



ABOVE The McCanns comings and goings may have been watched by Maddie's abductor

## “THE TWINS SLEPT RIGHT THROUGH THE NIGHT, DESPITE THE HULLABALLOO RAISED BY FRANTIC VOICES YELLING AND CRYING”

There is nothing at all to suggest they were lying about the regularity of the checks. Their claims were backed up by staff at the tapas restaurant.

Between 9.05pm and just before 10pm, the McCanns did not see their children. Matt Oldfield made the check at 9.25pm. He was going to see his own kids and thought he'd save a friend the trouble. Yet somewhere lurking nearby, making a note of the comings and goings of the McCann party, was Madeleine's abductor, or abductors. It is feasible she was taken after Gerry left, because Matt Oldfield's check was not at all thorough.

Kate walked into the children's room and saw the bed in which Madeleine slept, immediately visible from the doorway, empty. The blue-checked duvet had been folded back. The younger twins were eerily sound asleep in their travel cots placed in the centre of the room. Later on, the McCanns and the Guarda Nacional Republicana (GNR) would recall that the twins slept right through the night, despite the hullabaloo raised by frantic voices yelling and crying. Were they drugged? Ultimately, this idea led to the rumour the McCanns had taken to doping their own kids, to ensure they slept deeply until morning. There is no evidence at all for this claim.

After a quick search for Madeleine, lasting about 20 seconds, the mother realised something was very wrong. Sat with his friends, eating dinner and conversing, Gerry and company were suddenly startled by the sight of Kate running hell for leather across the pool area screaming and shouting. What she yelled has been subject to several slightly differing versions: "Madeleine's gone", "the fucking bastard's taken her" and "the fucking bastards have taken her."



# THE DARK SIDE OF LIGHT BEACH

SCOTLAND YARD'S CASE REVIEW UNCOVERED DISTURBING ACCOUNTS OF SEX CRIMES AGAINST YOUNG BRITISH HOLIDAYMAKERS

89 kilometres west of Faro, the capital of the Algarve, is the seaside village and resort of Praia da Luz. The name means 'Light Beach' in Portuguese. It is situated at the very western corner of the Algarve, close to where the Atlantic meets the Mediterranean Sea, and is very popular with British tourists.

The tourist board website for the area is full of information about the beaches, amenities and local culture, but it's as if the Madeleine McCann episode, which brought international infamy to the place, never happened. After a couple of years, locals were fed up with the whole thing and wished it would go away. It was not representative of the area, they argued. They were wrong.

Praia da Luz and the Algarve were not places that were associated with sex crimes and sinister goings on, but underneath the benign veneer of sun, sea and sand, there was another story to be told. Reports emerged during Scotland Yard's case review – Operation Grange, launched by the Home Office in 2011 – that painted a disturbing picture, one far from the Algarve's tourist brochure images of palm tree-lined roads, Moorish-inspired architecture and the allure of carefree times abroad.

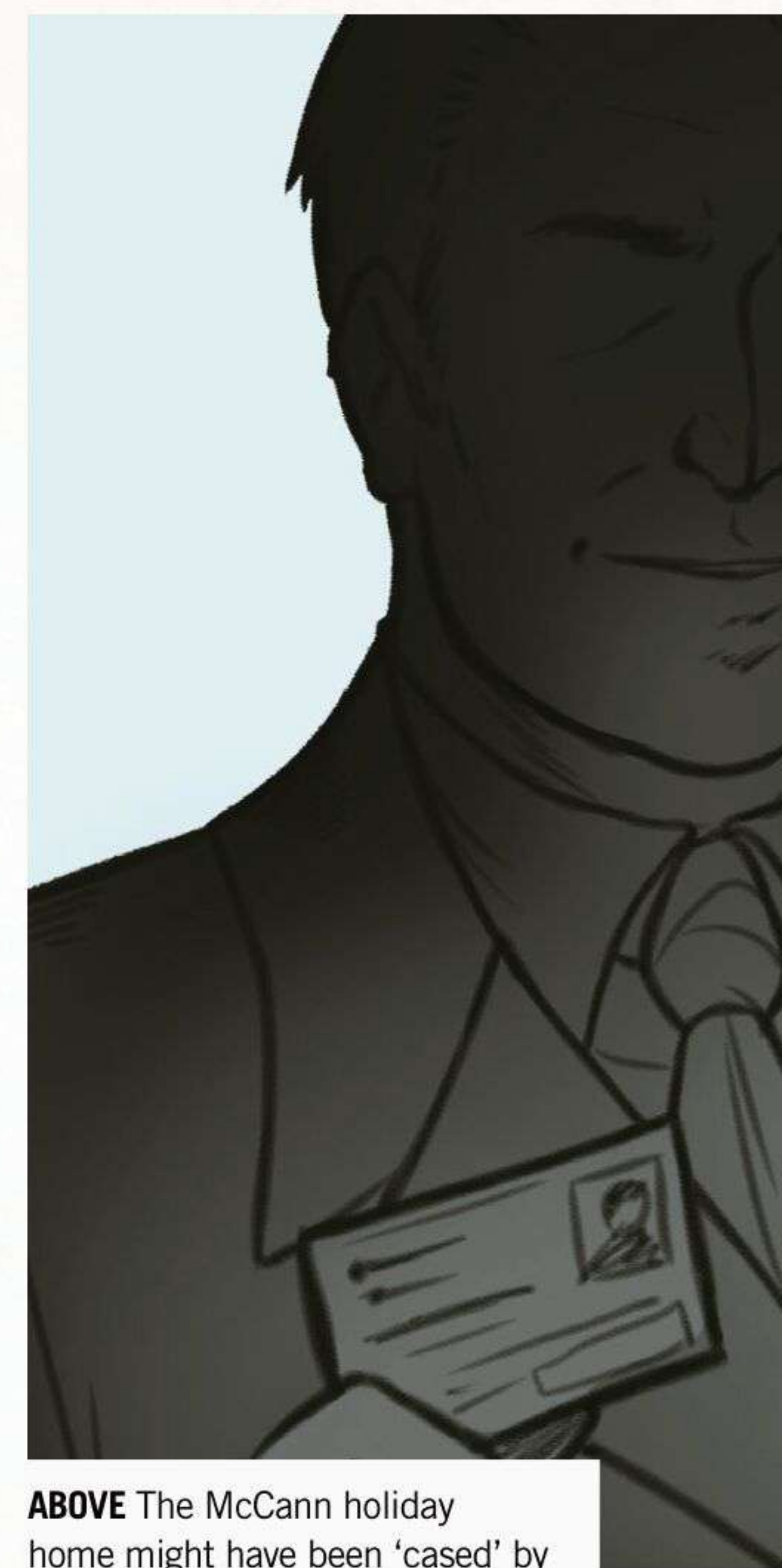
Between 2004 and 2006, there were nine sexual assaults and episodes categorised as 'near misses' against young British girls aged between 6 and 12 in the Algarve region. All targets were tourists. One of these events actually took place in Praia da Luz in 2005. A suspect described as a "tanned, dark-haired man who spoke English slowly" entered apartments and, in several instances, was scared off before he could attack. Witnesses described an "unkempt" appearance, slurred speech and several reported that he "smelled strange". Yet differently to the McCann case, there was no seeming intention to kidnap. As well as these attacks, there was a spate of burglaries in Praia da Luz in the years prior to the Madeleine McCann incident. The town's reputation as a crime-free, joy-filled haven began to look a bit more complex.

Several weeks before the McCanns took over Apartment 5A as their accommodation for the holiday, two British families had been visited by supposed charity collectors. On 20 April, Gail Cooper was minding her grandchildren at an apartment just 365 metres from apartment 5A when there was a knock at the door. A tall man – described as between six and six foot two tall and speaking English with an accent, who Cooper did not believe was Portuguese – informed the tourist he was collecting for a local charity from the village of Epiche. He gave her a leaflet and photo ID. Well, he flashed the identification and put it away before Cooper was able to have a good look at it. She found him "intimidating" and "pushy".

A few days later, on either 25 or 26 April, just a few days before the McCanns arrived in the Algarve, Paul Gordon and his family were occupying Apartment 5A when he too received a knock at the door from charity collectors. The

guy at the door, though physically dissimilar from the man in Gail Cooper's encounter, spoke with an accent Gordon described as "not Portuguese" and spun a yarn about how he was collecting for a hospice. Interestingly, on the day Madeleine disappeared, four such charity collection calls made to residents or tourists were reported. There were also eyewitness accounts made by locals of men scoping out Apartment 5A in the days leading up to the abduction.

However, there is no hostel, hospice or orphanage in the tiny village of Epiche, three kilometres outside Praia da Luz, or any such charitable organisation or establishment in the surrounding towns or hamlets. These men were fraudsters and burglars casing out joints at best, or sex offenders and kidnappers involved in the abduction and/or murder of Madeleine McCann, at worst. So far, these mystery charity collectors have evaded questioning by the police and like so many other threads in the case, they are left hanging.



ABOVE The McCann holiday home might have been 'cased' by someone posing as a charity worker



Police continued their search for Maddie in Praia da Luz in 2014, while residents expressed strong views on the case



# THE AFTERMATH

A MAJOR BRITISH CASE REVIEW UNCOVERED MORE FACTS, RAISING MORE QUESTIONS – BUT NO ANSWERS

As the years passed, resentments brewed. Lawsuits were launched and out-of-court settlements reached. Websites were created slandering the McCanns, twisting the scant facts to fit mad conspiracy theories. Books were published by those who were directly involved in the tragic affair or by journalists, offering their take on the never-ending story.

After the 2010 British general election, which saw a coalition government formed between the Conservatives and Liberal Democrats, Madeleine McCann's disappearance became a thorny political issue.

Prime Minister David Cameron was prepared to throw his weight behind a review, but the new Home Secretary Theresa May rightly worried about the cost and whether it would yield fresh clues or lead to the discovery of Madeleine McCann – alive or dead. She dithered and dallied over the proposal.

*The Sun* newspaper, which had been cynically exploiting the case for years, demanded action and attempted to 'persuade' the new government because the paper had 'supported' Cameron during the election campaign. Genuine concerns were raised about what amounted to millions of pounds worth

of public money being frittered away in times of austerity. Not to mention, once the Metropolitan Police got involved, there was the issue of the politicisation of the force as an arm to do the government's bidding – hectored into it as a PR exercise or not.

In October 2015, the Met announced it was scaling back the investigation. 29 officers had been cut down to four. The cost of proceedings was revealed to be in excess of £10 million. 650 suspects were pegged with 60 of those considered 'serious' and warranting a comprehensive looking into. Fresh searches of areas in Praia da Luz were made with ground-penetrating radar, dogs and a digital image was released to the public showing Madeleine as a 12-year-old.

In a statement released to the press on 28 October 2015, Assistant Commissioner Mark Rowley said: "The Met investigation has been painstaking and thorough and has for the first time brought together in one place what was disparate information across the world."

As from the moments they knew she was gone, the McCanns have remained resolute and steadfast in finding their daughter. The case is open still; the search for Madeleine goes on.



As the seventh anniversary of the disappearance approached, the McCanns appeared on British TV



# MURDER DOESN'T HAPPEN HERE

ICELAND IS ONE OF THE SAFEST NATIONS IN THE WORLD, SO WHEN A YOUNG WOMAN DISAPPEARED OFF THE CAPITAL'S STREETS, NO ONE COULD CONCEIVE OF THE HORROR THAT HAD HAPPENED







The remote nation of Iceland lies just south of the Arctic Circle in the frigid waters of the North Atlantic Ocean. The landscape is rich with sky-scraping mountains and ancient glaciers shaped by the forces of nature over millennia. It is mostly uninhabited, with small pockets of communities steeped in tradition and folklore scattered across the volcanic land. The heart of this isolated country is the capital city of Reykjavik, home to just over 122,000 people. Unlike most metropolitan life, the atmosphere resembles the community spirit you'd expect in a small village. As a blanket of snow rests over colourful pastel houses, babies in pushchairs are swaddled outside coffee shops and mothers leave them alone as they clutch hot chocolates. Young children wrapped in snowsuits play unattended in the streets, front doors are rarely locked and strangers will stop their cars to offer each other a ride.

Icelanders live in one of the safest countries in the world, and with crime rates so low, they have little cause to spend time worrying about their security. In winter night falls fast, but the city remains comfortingly lit by the warm glow of fairy lights. Fears of personal safety are far from everyone's minds. But the atmosphere in the wake of Christmas 2016 took a dark turn. The serenity of the city made the events that unfolded over those cold winter months even more horrifying, as an unprecedented act of violence left a young woman dead.

On Sunday 22 January 2017, while a helicopter battled the hostile Icelandic weather, a volunteer from the search and rescue team cried out: he had just found the naked body of a 20-year-old woman, washed up in a cove at Selvogsvita in southern Iceland. The nation had been hooked, following every development of the story since the woman's disappearance – from the return of the colossal Danish frigate to the disturbing text messages sent between the Greenlandic fishermen, who were by that point sitting in solitary confinement. The discovery of her body quickly dulled the lively, warm atmosphere of the city, and the country fell into solemn mourning. The sense of safety and comfort in Iceland had been shattered.

Birna Brjánsdóttir was a vibrant young woman. She enjoyed singing and travelling, and was known among her friends and family as a hard-working social butterfly. On Friday 13 January she had left the house she shared with her father and their cat and enjoyed a night out with her friends



**ABOVE** This image of Birna was distributed among the tight-knit community as the search ramped up, and 500 people assisted in looking for the missing 20 year old

**BELOW** Hafnarfjörður harbour, where the Polar Nanoq was docked, is around 12 kilometres from the centre of Reykjavik

at a local bar. After getting separated from her friends, Birna wrapped a black fleece jacket over her grey sweater and left the bustling bar.

Birna was reported missing when she didn't arrive at work. Speculation quickly spread through the community. Was she just tending a headache at a friend's house? As her mother tearfully pleaded with the public for information, she was still confident that Birna had just taken a lift with a tourist or perhaps gone to sea with a fisherman. But the CCTV video released by police told a story that struck terror into the hearts of Icelanders. Police had traced her route and watched as she walked up the street, each road and crack in the pavement of the city familiar to the small community. Birna stopped to correct her balance and suddenly vanished without trace. The only lead that detectives had to follow was one lone car in the area. Over the next few days this red Kia Rio would be traced, confiscated and found with damage caused by off-road driving. The back seat was covered in Birna's blood. This vehicle would be crucial in the search for the young woman and would be the key to answering the mystery surrounding her disappearance.

The same evening that Birna had headed into town, the Greenlandic and Faroese fishermen aboard the Polar Nanoq fishing trawler descended on Reykjavik, keen for a break from their life at sea battling the unrelenting Arctic waves.





## “ THE CCTV VIDEO RELEASED BY POLICE TOLD A STORY THAT STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF ICELANDERS ”

Birna was in a bar just a couple of hundred metres away when Nikolaj Olsen sat with a pint of beer in the English Pub, surrounded by the London Underground maps and English road signs adorning the walls of the novelty bar. He had been there alone since before midnight, chatting with María Káradóttir, who was working behind the bar he had frequented many times in the last year. The hours passed and Nikolaj became intoxicated but remained in a good mood. At 3.00am he was joined by his friend and colleague Thomas Møller Olsen. The 25 year old was a larger man, sober, and much quieter. He wasn't known to the bar staff, but he chatted and enjoyed a beer, before the men moved on after Nikolaj was asked to leave after slumping over the table in a drunken stupor. Having been ejected from the English Pub he repeatedly tried to call María, who ignored his calls.

The next time María heard from Nikolaj was two days later, in a reply to her message asking if he was okay. He quickly responded, saying that he didn't know why but his fishing vessel had turned back to Iceland. Nobody on board knew at the time, but detectives had made a breakthrough in what was now a homicide investigation – and they had honed in on their suspects. The detectives had connected Thomas and Nikolaj to the red Kia Rio.

Police focussed their investigation on tracking the car using CCTV around the city. After appearing at the site of Birna's disappearance in the early hours of 14 January, the Kia Rio was next seen at 6.00am at a golf course. The driver seemed to notice the car park was being filmed and sped off into the controlled area of the harbour at 6.10am. A male passenger exited the car and boarded the ship Polar Nanoq, and the Kia Rio was filmed leaving the area once more, not returning until 11.30am. This was enough evidence for the police to start their search for the red Kia Rio. It was no easy feat, but with such a small population in Iceland there were only 126 red Kia Rios to find.

Police got to work, tracking down every single Kia Rio in the country. They found the car in the suburbs of the capital on 17 January, and immediately compounded it as evidence for the case they were building. It was discovered that the car belonged to a company that had rented it to the fishermen. While investigators meticulously searched the footage, telecommunications data revealed Birna's phone had been manually switched off. Its last known location was Hafnarfjörður – a short distance from the town's harbour where Polar Nanoq was docked. Equipped with these pieces of information and the names of their suspects, police leapt into action, confident that Polar Nanoq held the answer to the events that led to Birna's disappearance.

### RETURN OF THE POLAR NANOQ

On 18 January the Danish ship HDMS Triton sped towards the Polar Nanoq, after Danish and Icelandic forces came together to arrest the suspected killers. The Polar Nanoq responded to demands to turn back to Iceland as the frigate maintained its intercept course. The police contacted

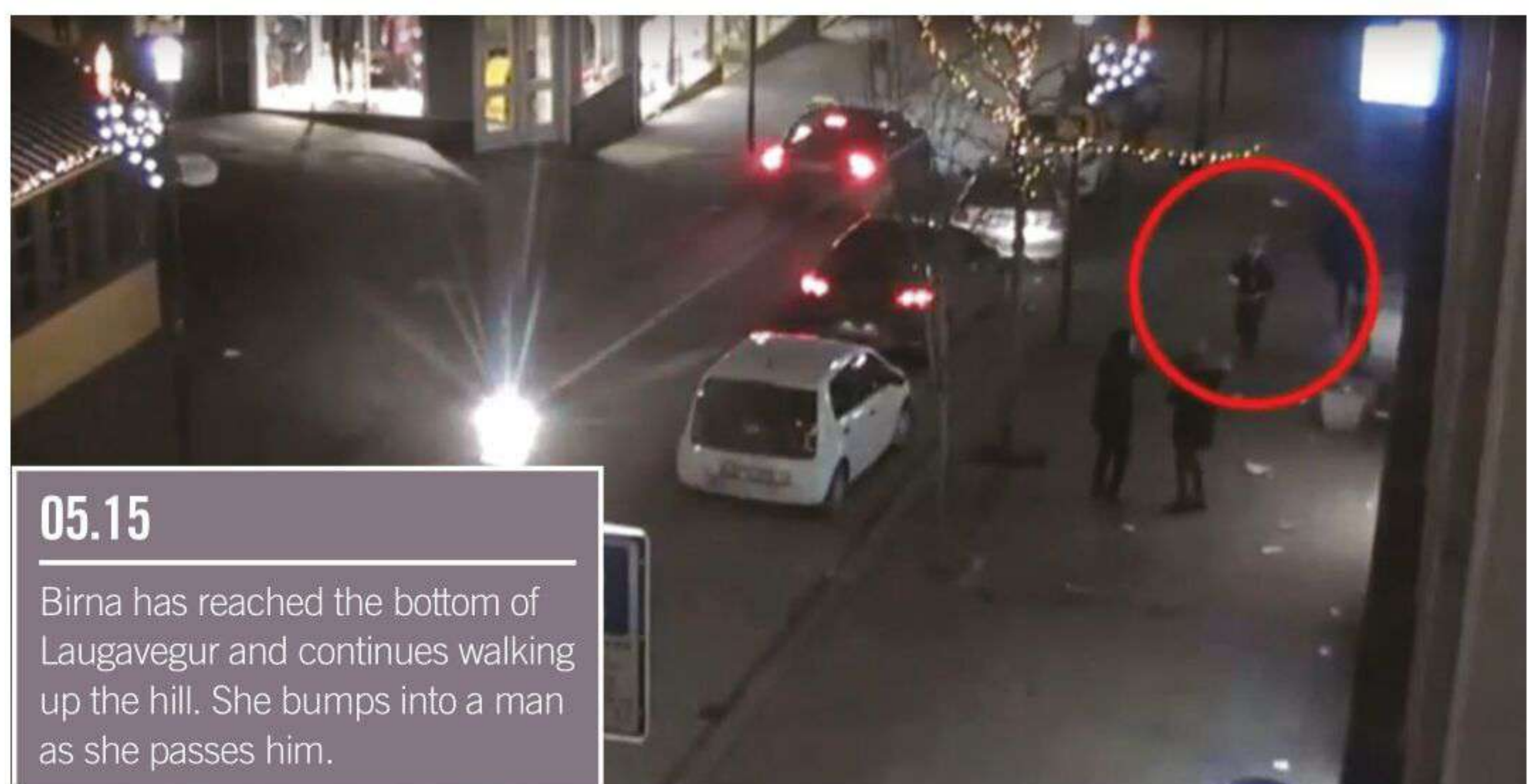
## BIRNA'S WALK HOME

ON CCTV, POLICE WITNESSED BIRNA STAGGERING HOME FROM A BOOZY NIGHT OUT, BEFORE SHE SIMPLY VANISHED



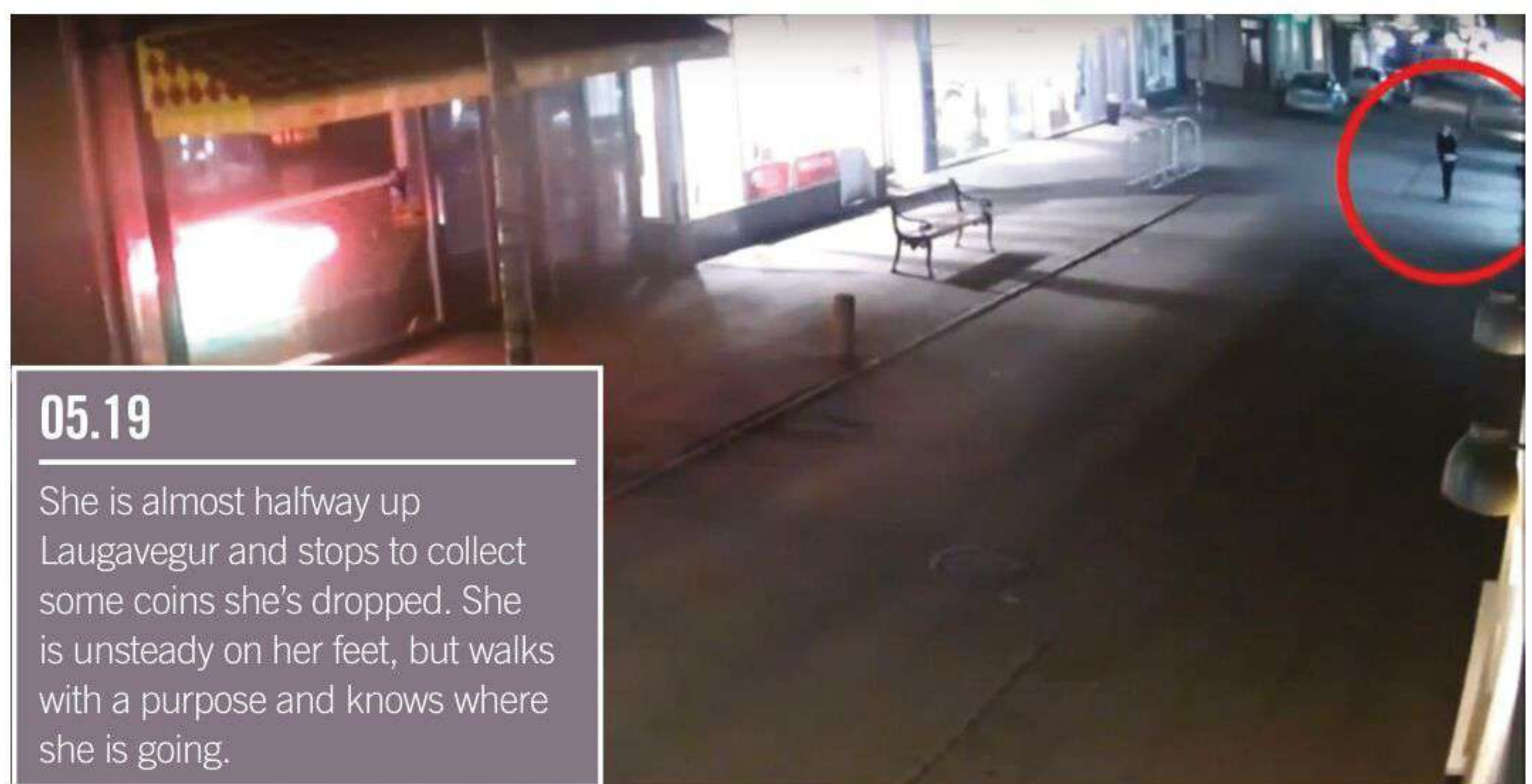
05.12

Birna has just left Húrra and is walking through the well-lit street up towards the main high street, Laugavegur. She's eating some takeaway food as she walks.



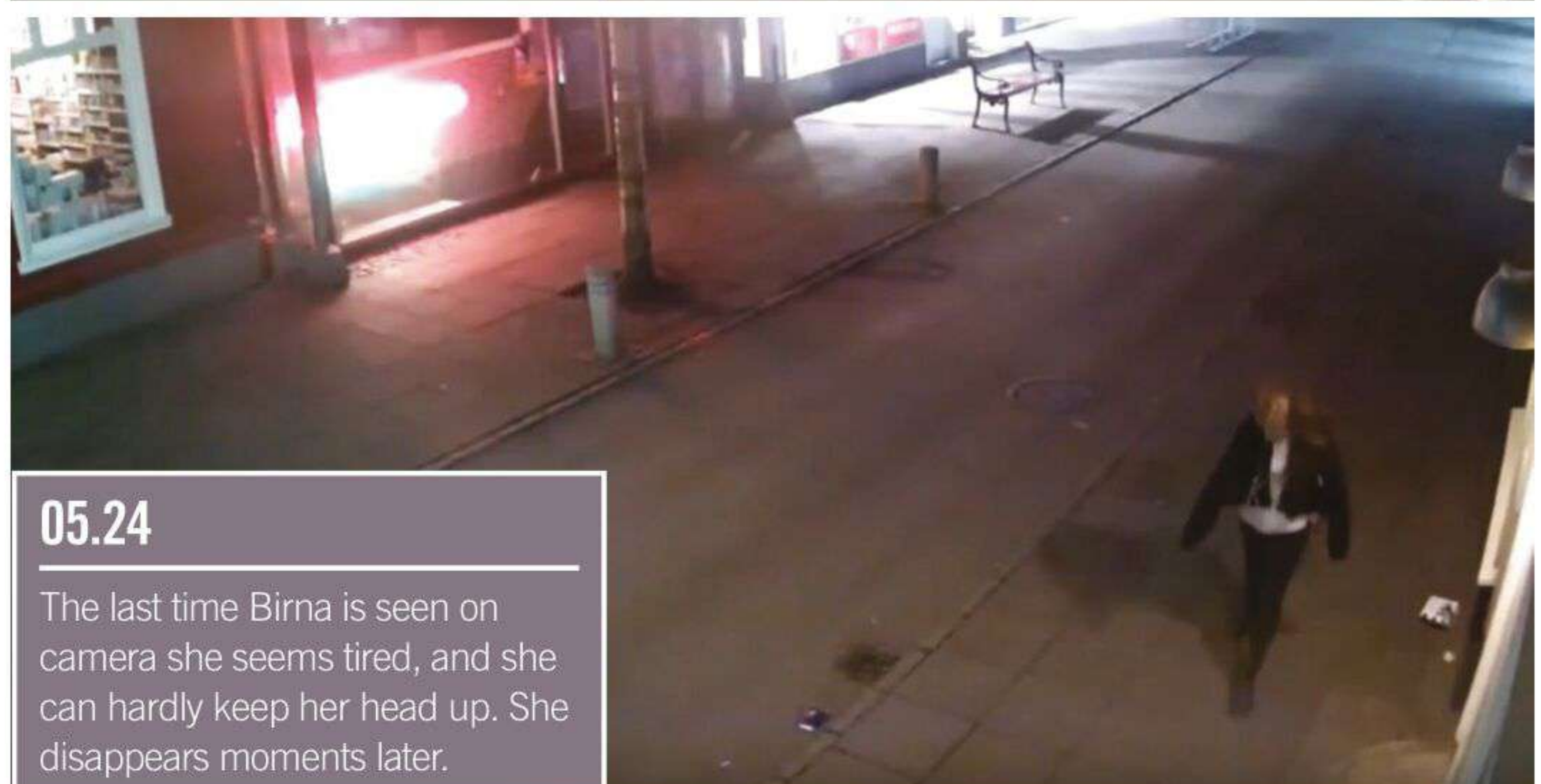
05.15

Birna has reached the bottom of Laugavegur and continues walking up the hill. She bumps into a man as she passes him.



05.19

She is almost halfway up Laugavegur and stops to collect some coins she's dropped. She is unsteady on her feet, but walks with a purpose and knows where she is going.



05.24

The last time Birna is seen on camera she seems tired, and she can hardly keep her head up. She disappears moments later.



# TRACKING THE KILLER

AS THE MISSING PERSON HUNT TURNED INTO A MURDER INQUIRY, THE SEARCH CROSSED FROM LAND TO THE SEA

**05.00**

Birna leaves the bar Húrra after getting separated from her friends. She makes a stop for a sandwich for the journey home. She has been drinking throughout the night and is unsteady on her feet.



**Early evening**

Birna parks her car here at Tjarnargata street, which is a short walk from where she will spend time with her friends that evening.

**13 JANUARY**  
The night of the murder

**05.24-05.25**

Birna last appears outside building number 31 at a crossroads on Laugavegur street. A red Kia Rio drives past seconds later, and Birna is not seen on CCTV footage again.

**05.50**

Birna's phone signal is picked up 18 kilometres away from her last known location by an antenna in Flatahraun in Hafnarfjörður. The distance covered from the city to this town suggests that she is travelling by car.

This route passes through the small fishing town of Grindavík, behind the famous Blue Lagoon. The road is mostly paved and would have been the easiest route to drive and familiar to the fishermen.

This rural road passing via Krysuvík, through the geothermal area and nature reserve, would have been the most direct route, though there are some areas that are difficult to navigate.

The mountain pass would have been the longest and hardest route, as the first half of the road crosses the treacherous highlands.

The lighthouse at Selvogsvita is the only landmark on the lonely beach where Birna's body is found. It is thought that she was thrown into the ocean at the Vogsós estuary, six kilometres to the west of this point.

## ROAD ROUTES

Initially police considered a possible flight across land

the Polar Nanoq, asking three blunt questions: "Are there weapons on board? How long until you reach Iceland? Where will you be harbouring?"

Aboard the trawler sat a few very nervous crew members – in particular Thomas Olsen. He wouldn't know for several days that Birna's body had been found, but he had received a text message from a journalist who had realised the police wanted to speak to him as a suspect. The crew told Thomas that they were turning back because of an engine failure, and the decision was made to switch off the ship's Internet connection. The ship's first mate gave Thomas a sedative pill, telling him, "If you haven't done anything you have nothing to be afraid of." Thomas didn't reply and looked away. As the HDMS Triton closed in on the Polar Nanoq, armed police were flown by helicopter to the trawler. As they boarded, Thomas spoke gravely to his colleague Arnbjörn Bjarnason. He asked, "Wonder if they're here for me?" The Polar Nanoq returned to Iceland, this time to be met by an angry crowd keen for justice. Three crew members were arrested under suspicion of holding information about the death of Birna. One of the men was released shortly after questioning, but Thomas and Nikolaj were held on suspicion of murder.

While forensic investigators were getting closer to the cause of Birna's death, police searched every square metre of the large ship and found a piece of compelling evidence

that pointed directly to the killer: Birna's identification card, discarded in a black bin bag and covered with Thomas Olsen's fingerprints.

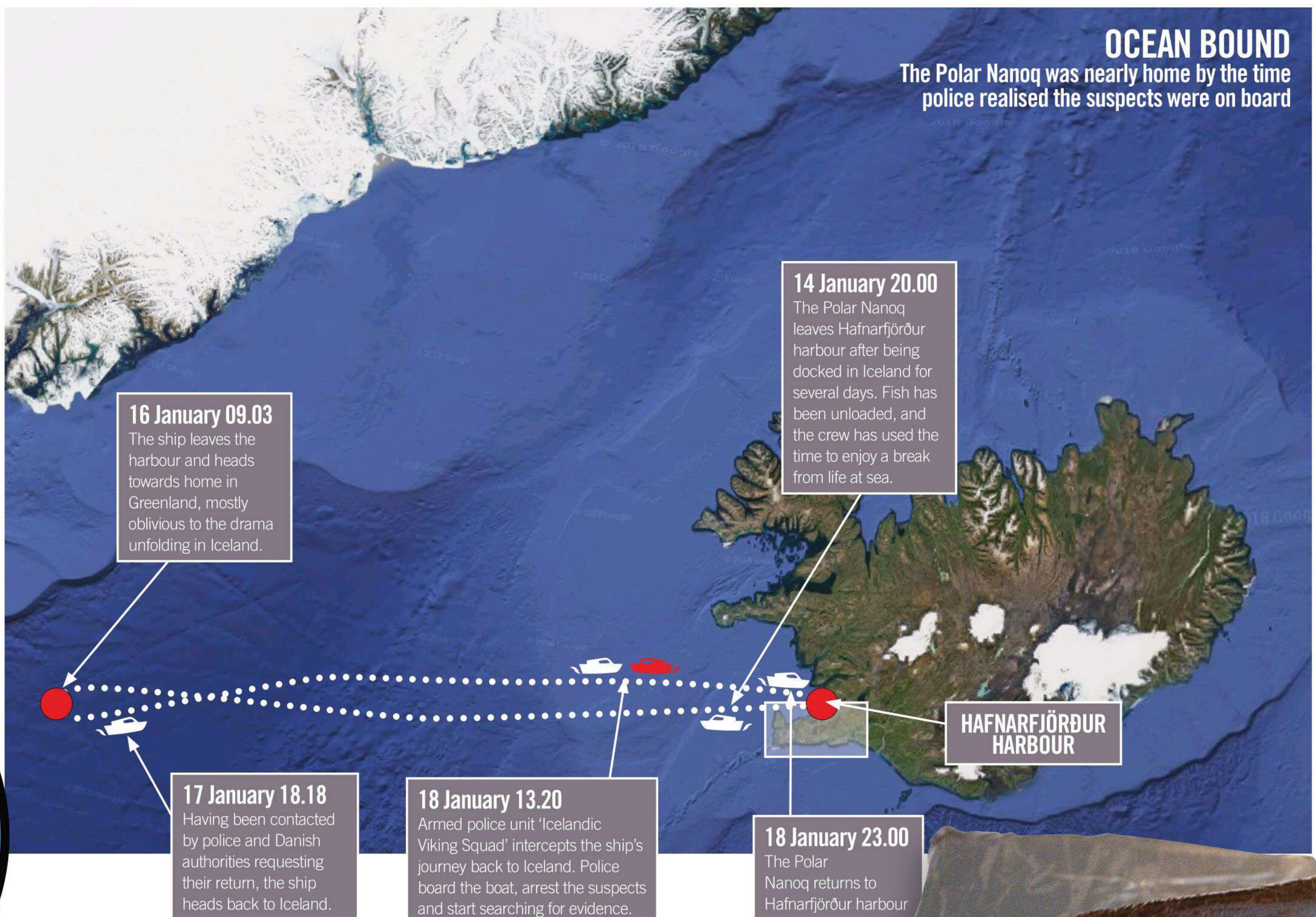
Police seized clothes of the suspects, including some from Thomas's cabin and the anorak of Inuk Kristianssen. Later, during the trial, Kristianssen would testify that his anorak was returned to him washed after it had been left in the back of the rental car. Thomas had told him he washed it because a girl had vomited over it, but DNA analysis revealed traces of Birna's blood. And this wasn't the only DNA evidence that helped to build a case against Thomas Olsen. The data from Birna's black Dr. Marten boots, found on a nearby beach, was back. The results were convincing enough to point to Thomas Olsen as the killer – they were covered in his DNA.

**“ THE WATER DEEP IN BIRNA'S LUNGS TOLD INVESTIGATORS SHE WAS THROWN OVERBOARD WHILE SHE WAS STILL ALIVE ”**



## OCEAN BOUND

The Polar Nanoq was nearly home by the time police realised the suspects were on board



## THE SEARCH BEGINS

As the police sprang into action, so did the public. Across the country people were clicking through news websites and tuning their radios to news stations. Birna was not far from anyone's mind. Life continued as normal as people shovelled snow from their drive and removed the last of their Christmas decorations, but there was a growing undertone of agitation. People felt helpless, unable to find Birna. It was time for the community to pull together.

On 22 January over 120 different specialist search and rescue, coast guard and police units, plus hundreds of volunteers, formed the nation's largest ever search operation. 500 volunteers searched 7,000 square kilometres of land across the lava fields and coastline. Dogs, drones and cars joined the search, with a helicopter overhead. The sea of red and blue uniforms of the search and rescue teams worked relentlessly through the dark winter's day until everything came to a sudden halt. The helicopter had found Birna, washed up in a remote cove. Her naked body nestled between volcanic rocks and black sand, a mustard yellow lighthouse the only feature of the bleak landscape to mark her resting place. The search was over, but the discovery of her body only fuelled the determination to bring her killer to justice.

Birna's body showed bleeding beneath her eyelids and skull and bruises on her neck, in addition to a broken

nose and jaw. Medical examiners determined from her injuries that she had endured at least two hard strikes to her face from a fist. She had been strangled, but the water deep in Birna's lungs told investigators that she was thrown overboard while she was still alive and had drowned in the freezing ocean. The autopsy findings aligned with the evidence of violent assault in the Kia Rio – such a large pool of blood had collected beneath the back seat that one forensic investigator later told the court he had been “shocked” at its quantity.

After several months of investigation, the story seemed to be falling into place. Investigators believed that Birna entered the red Kia Rio at 5.25am. Her phone was tracked to Flatahraun in Hafnarfjörður and was manually switched off. At 6.10am Thomas entered the back seat and Nikolaj left to board the trawler. It's during this time that police believed the brutal assault on the young woman was carried out in the car under the dim lights of the harbour. At 7.00am Thomas returned to the driver's seat and left the harbour. At 10.30am he was captured on CCTV buying cleaning supplies and spending 40 minutes cleaning the car, focussing on the back

**RIGHT**  
20 kilograms of hashish (cannabis resin) was found in Thomas's cabin, with a street value of around £40k





seat. He's then seen taking a large black rubbish bag onto the trawler – which appears to be the same black bag as Birna's identification card was later found stashed in.

Nikolaj was released shortly after the full review of CCTV footage and forensic analysis, as no blood was found on his clothes and none of his DNA was found on any of Birna's possessions. All the evidence pointed to Thomas Olsen.

37 people were called as witnesses in the case when it came to the trial. Nikolaj took to the stand and described the events through his alcohol-hazed memories of the evening, saying that he remembered going to the American Bar after the English Pub had closed. He informed the judge, "I was really drunk" when asked why he couldn't remember some of the finer details. His story soon featured the red Kia Rio, after leaving the final bar of the evening: "I wanted to go back to the ship but Thomas wanted to go for a drive. I don't remember much." Nikolaj's statement included a girl who entered the car on Laugavegur street, though he couldn't remember if the car stopped anywhere on the route from Reykjavik to Hafnarfjörður. He explained that Thomas had left him at the trawler in the early hours and had driven off, though he was unsure if Birna was in the car when he left. Nikolaj's story correlated with the findings on the video footage, but Thomas's recollection of the events contradicted both his colleague's and his own earlier statements.

### CONTRADICTION AND UNCERTAINTY

In court Thomas Olsen continued to deny killing Birna but admitted that she was sitting in the rear seat of the car, where pools of her blood had later been found. There were large parts of the evening that he couldn't explain, including the movements of the red Kia Rio. Originally Thomas described dropping Birna off in Reykjavik at a Reebok gym alive and well, but his story didn't add up. The CCTV of the Reebok gym showed no signs of the Kia Rio. In court he changed his story, contradicting himself, and he was often unable to answer questions. He seemed intent on shifting the focus from himself, suggesting that Nikolaj might have more knowledge about the crime.

Despite Nikolaj being heavily intoxicated (witnessed by some of those standing in court) and having no driving licence, Thomas pointed the blame at his companion that night, claiming that Nikolaj was driving the car. He claimed he had left the car to urinate, and Nikolaj drove away from him with Birna in the car. He spoke in court using a Greenlandic translator, saying, "I see that he drives off away from me and I'm not sure how long he was gone for. I didn't have my phone with me. I was just looking at the stars. Then Nikolaj came back and was alone. I asked him where she was and he told me that her home had been close by and that she had decided to walk back."

When questioned further about the events that evening, he was asked the reason for parking for some time in the area where Birna's shoes were found. He responded, "I had this package to take back so I went to the back of the harbour... I think I fell asleep for a while." When Thomas was questioned about the scratches on his body and forearm he remained adamant that this was not caused by a struggle, as was suggested by doctors. He claimed that he often scratched himself in his sleep. When asked about his shifting story, Thomas was quick to turn the blame onto police pressure.



**LEFT** The two young suspects, Thomas Olsen (top) and Nikolaj Olsen (bottom). While Nikolaj would go on to be released from police custody, Thomas would be charged as the lone killer of Birna

**ABOVE-LEFT** Volunteers from the Icelandic Association for Search and Rescue (ICE-SAR) begin the search for Birna

**ABOVE-RIGHT** A small fraction of the ICE-SAR search party makes its way down to the coast, where clues and eventually Birna's body are found





“They showed me photographs of something I did not do and called me names. They tried to use my girlfriend. They told me they would show her the photographs to show her what a monster I was. I was under a lot of pressure and wanted to help and accidentally lied,” he claimed.

He had no explanation for why so much of Birna’s blood had been smeared around the inside of the car and said he had cleaned it only because she had vomited during the drive. But his story, like many other parts of his defence, wasn’t at all consistent with forensic findings, and there was no evidence of vomit in the car. Thomas was also unable to explain why his DNA was found on Birna’s shoelace on her Dr. Martens boots, or why some of his clothing was missing and wasn’t on board the ship.

After several days of trial, the court made its decision. On 29 September 2017, at the district court of Reykjanes, southern Iceland, Thomas Olsen was sentenced to 19 years in prison for the murder of Birna Brjánsdóttir. He remains unremorseful and has never confessed. The full story may never be known, but in the face of this mindless act of violence, the spirit of the Icelandic people was not broken. Instead of succumbing to fear, the country pulled together to bring Birna’s killer to justice.

**TOP** A pair of black Dr. Martens was discovered by members of the volunteer search team at the Atlantsolia oil tanks by Hafnarfjörður harbour. They were thought to be Birna’s and were covered with snow, despite there having been no snow in the area

## “WE KNEW SHE’D BEEN ABDUCTED”

THE HEAD OF ICELAND’S SEARCH AND RESCUE TEAM TELLS **REAL CRIME** WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR IN THE SEARCH FOR BIRNA BRJÁNSDÓTTIR

### How was the search for Birna organised?

The search for Birna had over 500 rescuers, with everything from boats, drones, super jeeps, ATVs, both tracking dogs and area search dogs. We tried to track her trail on the first day she went missing. That was without success, and we realised over time that this was because she had been picked up in the car. We started searching open areas. We briefed people on what to anticipate, and at that point we knew it was highly likely that she had been abducted – that was the scenario we were working with, so that’s what we told our people.

### What were you looking out for?

We were looking to find places that were easy to come by car and easy to hide a body, where you do not need to carry the body on a long walk, like nearby a gravel road or a track – any movement of dirt – and also [looking] into the crevices in the lava fields. We had a ground team a couple of hundred metres away in that search area, but the helicopter saw her first.

### What impact did this horrific crime have on the community of Iceland?

We are only 320,000. We are quite tight together, being a small nation. Of course, this is a much better community than being in the concrete jungle with millions around you who you don’t know. But a crime like this shakes up everyone, and everyone feels sad. I think it’s important to keep this alive and not forget these horrible things, because that is something that makes us human.

### BIO DAGBJARTUR KR. BRYNJARSSON



#### DIRECTOR OF THE SEARCH AND RESCUE TRAINING SCHOOL

Dagbjartur Kr. Brynjarsson joined the ICE-SAR in 1989 and has participated in multiple search and rescue missions in Iceland. He later specialised in incident management and operational management, and became director of the training school in 2012. During the search, Brynjarsson was responsible for organisation and volunteer training.



“ HE HAD NO EXPLANATION FOR WHY SO MUCH OF BIRNA’S BLOOD HAD BEEN SMEARED AROUND THE INSIDE OF THE CAR ”





Call me  
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# KILLER CALL GIRL

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, SMART AND HAD A CHARMED CHILDHOOD, SO WHAT MADE ALIX TICHELMAN GIVE A GOOGLE EXECUTIVE A LETHAL DOSE OF HEROIN AND THEN CASUALLY WALK AWAY?

Just days before Thanksgiving, on the eve of 22 November 2013, Alix Tichelman and Forrest Hayes stepped on board his luxury yacht, 'Escape'. Hayes was a middle-aged married father of five and a high-ranking Google executive, while Tichelman was an exotic dark-haired hooker, hired for the evening by Hayes. After the pair ducked inside the lavish hideout, they stopped for a quick embrace. They began to talk and laugh, but this story was not fated to have a *Pretty Woman* happy ending.

A short while into their meeting, Tichelman produced an array of drug paraphernalia used for administering heroin. As she cooked up the concoction, Hayes looked on nervously. The 26-year-old call girl then faced her 'sugar daddy' and injected herself with the substance. Feeling

secure in the knowledge the dose was safe, Hayes shone the torch light of his phone onto his arm and the pair searched for a vein to inject.

It didn't take them long to find one, and Tichelman swiftly administered what would be a fatal dose into Hayes' veins. The pair shared a final kiss, and barely seconds later, Hayes clutched at his chest and fell unconscious due to "medical complications".

Tichelman attempted to revive her host by shaking him, but he had gone into a drug-induced cardiac arrest. Did she dial 911? Call out for help? No. Instead, she packed up her equipment, cleaned the sides down and stepped over the dying man to make her way towards the exit. As she left, she stopped to finish the glass of wine that had been prepared





for her earlier, closing the blind on her way. For the next few hours, Hayes' body lay helplessly in B Dock at the Santa Cruz Small Craft Harbor.

Tichelman's lawyers argued that her decision to leave her client for dead was made in panic, but others were not so convinced. After all, this was not the first time a man had overdosed at the feet of the Killer Call Girl.

## SINKING INTO DARKNESS

Tichelman was born into a wealthy upper-class family in Georgia with a mother, father and younger sister. To look at her you would see only a sweet tomboy of a child with a petite blonde bob and a cheeky smile. But Tichelman said her parents found her an "intense" child who showed an interest in horror movies at a very young age.

As she progressed into adulthood, her rebellious ways showed no signs of diminishing. She said during an interview with a fetish magazine in 2012 that she had always been "attracted to a darker side". During her adolescent years she went from experimenting with little white pills to harder substances and fell into hardcore drug abuse. Her parents tried to keep their daughter on the straight and narrow by sending her to high-priced boarding schools designed to straighten out wayward teenagers, one in Georgia and one in Maine, but neither stirred their daughter from her troublesome behaviour.

In 2003, she was carted off to a more stringent programme in Utah. But even here, her rebellious streak could not be tamed. Tichelman would solicit forbidden lesbian trysts in the stairwells and bathrooms, and break the rules. She did not lack education or understanding; the friends she made during her school days describe her as "very smart" and "very deep". She graduated from Georgia State University, having studied journalism.

In 2010, she began to exchange sex for cash, telling friends she was only taking money from men who she was "going to sleep with anyway." Her social media pages were strewn with selfies of the slender beauty in provocative underwear and poses. Tichelman also displayed her body on the poles of strip clubs, performing seductive sequences for ogling customers willing to pay for her attention. Tattoos on her body read, "Hell is Love" and "Till Death Do Us Part," a seemingly ominous foreshadow of what was to come.

Dean Riopelle was a 53-year-old club owner from Atlanta who doted on Tichelman. The pair met while she was working as a fetish model. Riopelle was a member of a rock band called the Impotent Sea Snakes who were known for their shows fuelled by obscene language. The happy couple moved in together at Riopelle's home.

In 2012, the club owner produced a diamond promise ring and it looked as though the twisted Tichelman would get her happily ever after. On her Facebook page she wrote: "Life is great, I am seriously blessed as a motherfucker a great boyfriend, nice house, monkeys, loving family...doesn't get any better than this I don't think."

However, behind this seemingly happy exterior, there were reports of a volatile relationship thanks to Tichelman, who, despite her good looks, would be jealous of other women and would shout at Riopelle's children, accusing them of "getting in between" her and their father.

In September 2013, two months before Hayes' death, her boyfriend was pronounced dead as a result of a lethal overdose. Tichelman claimed she had found him unconscious after getting out of the shower. She

immediately called 911, telling them Riopelle was not responding despite her attempts to revive him. An emergency team was dispatched but Riopelle couldn't be saved. His death was ruled as an accident after the autopsy report showed that he had toxic levels of heroin, alcohol and painkillers in his body.

Khristina Brucker, a former live-in nanny for the club owner, blamed the tension in the household on his girlfriend. Brucker had worked for Riopelle and looked after his children from a previous marriage, but had left the mansion a year before his death. However, she claimed that she had never seen her former employer take drugs or drink excessively. "He was a man who was sceptical of taking aspirin," she claimed.

However, Tichelman's friends have disputed that and claimed that Riopelle drank heavily during their relationship. Nevertheless, his friends were shocked when they learned he had died due to an overdose. Some speculated he had attempted to understand his girlfriend's addiction. Riopelle had wanted to marry Tichelman but found it hard to accept her questionable habits. He told friends that he and Tichelman had picked out her engagement ring and that if she could stay sober for the next 14 months, then the pair would marry on Halloween night. But soon after he disclosed this plan to a friend, he learned that the love of his life was soliciting sex for money to fund her habit. When he discovered this, he was beside himself with rage and threatened to kick her out, instead, though, he hit the bottle and began to drink, just days before his death.

Those who knew Tichelman well said she had truly loved Riopelle and was devastated by his death. She loaded up her black Mustang and went back to her parent's home in the Sacramento suburb of Folsom. While she was there, she met Chad Cornell, a member of a metal band, and the pair fell in love. But Cornell said that the model was a troubled girl. Cornell was aware of his girlfriend's heroin addiction and tried to help her to get clean but it was all in vain. A few months into their relationship, Cornell became aware that his girlfriend was up to something after she would disappear on 'model shoots', later returning without pictures but with a lot of money. He later realised that she was in fact slipping away to meet with clients. He recalled how, when he asked if she was a prostitute, she laughed "like it was the funniest thing she'd ever heard."

On the night of Hayes' death, Tichelman called Cornell in the early hours of the morning. During what he described as a "frantic" phone call, she told him that she had been on a boat party when friends started to do hardcore drugs. She said that as a result she had left the party early because it had made her uncomfortable. The pair dated for several months, but one day when Cornell came out of the shower, he found his girlfriend going through his wallet. He packed her bags and threw her out.

## SEEKING ARRANGEMENT

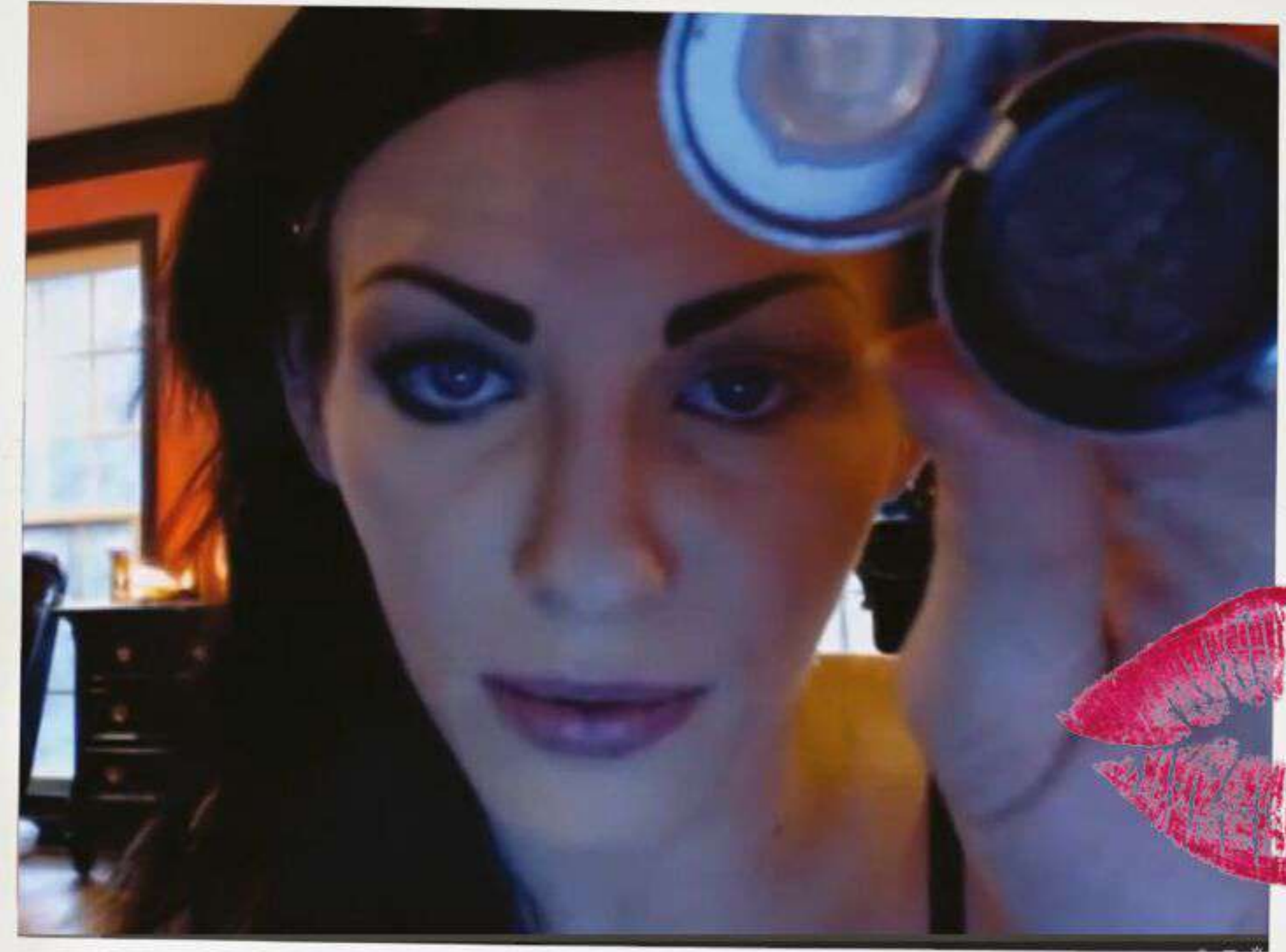
Silicon Valley is well known for its collection of the super wealthy and affluent high-flyers. In 2013, Hayes had moved to a job with Google in their top-secret Santa Cruz office.

**RIGHT** Santa Cruz Police Chief Deputy Steve Clark told the court that investigators had discovered that following Hayes' death, Tichelman conducted online searches, "On how to defend herself after giving a lethal dose of heroin"



**ABOVE** During an interview with a fetish magazine, Tichelman described herself as a model, writer and make-up artist





## GET THE KILLER LOOK

### TICHELMAN HEAVILY PROMOTED HERSELF ON ALL HER SOCIAL MEDIA PLATFORMS

As a millennial with aspirations of being a model, Alix had a heavy social media footprint and had set up web pages dedicated to her shoots. In addition to her 'Seeking Arrangement' profile, she had a Facebook and Twitter account that she posted on frequently and even a make-up tutorial on YouTube. Under the alias of AKKennedy, Tichelman posted a seven-minute make-up tutorial video on how to apply a smokey-eye look. The comments section is strewn with anger; one viewer simply comments: "Evil".

As well as her amateur tutorial, Tichelman also posted a video of Riopelle's monkeys four years ago and expressed her liking of a number of videos, including vlogging sensation Jenna Marbles, a music video for rap artist Iggy Azalea's song *Murda Bizniss* and a National Geographic documentary on heroin. On her personal Facebook page, which has now been taken down, Tichelman wrote: "It's really nice to talk with someone about killing sprees and murdering people in cold blood...and they love it too. No Judgement. Yay!"

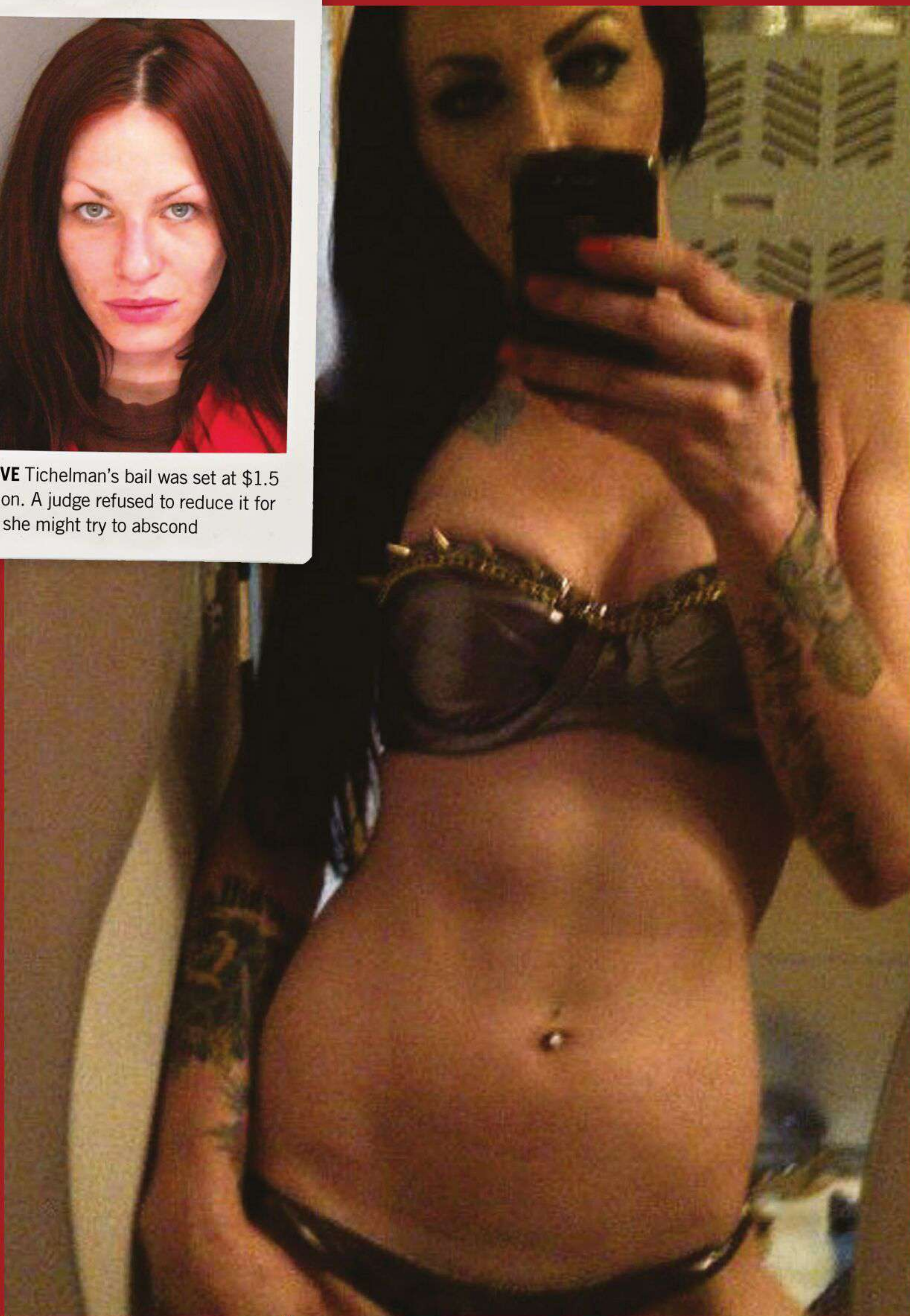


**ABOVE** Judge Timothy Volkman sentenced Tichelman to six years in jail after she pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter





**ABOVE** Tichelman's bail was set at \$1.5 million. A judge refused to reduce it for fear she might try to abscond



**ABOVE** Tichelman admitted she was interested in bondage, dominance, sadism and masochism, or BDSM, and would go to clubs with Riopelle wearing a collar and leash

Hayes had started out working in the automotive industry while in native Michigan. Over the years he worked his way up the corporate ladder landing himself a string of senior titles at Apple and Sun Microsystems. He was, at the time of his death, working in Google's 'moonshot factory' projects such as Google Glass and self-driving cars were just some of the ventures developed.

He had been married to his wife Denise for 17 years and lived in a multi-million dollar home in the area. He had bought his boat, which was his pride and joy, and had spared no expense in kitting it out, including an \$8,000 captain's chair and a state-of-the-art security system worth \$200,000 with high-definition cameras. But behind the family-man lifestyle he was perceived to have had, he would also solicit other females.

**“AS HAYES SUFFERED MERCILESSLY, HIS DARK-HAIRED, HEAVILY TATTOOED GUEST MADE LITTLE EFFORT TO SAVE HIS LIFE”**

Tichelman was just one of many women he had been seeing in the months before his death. He had found the exotic dancer-turned-prostitute on a dating website known as 'Seeking Arrangement', where the rich 'invest' in their latest slice. According to police, Tichelman had boasted that she had a client base totalling 200 men, including other lucrative clients from Silicon Valley. By the time of their deadly encounter on 22 November 2013, Tichelman and Hayes were already well acquainted, according to Santa Cruz detectives.

The morning after the party for two on board *Escape*, Hayes' wife was concerned that her husband had failed to make an appearance. She called the boat's captain looking for him. When he searched *Escape*, he found her husband's cold body on the floor.

Police discovered a prominent injection mark on his arm and two used wine glasses at the scene of the crime. "Crime scene 101," Steven Clark told Maureen Maher during an episode of American news show *48 Hours* on ABC, "someone else has been there."

Police immediately targeted Hayes' phone to look for clues as to who he had arranged to meet that night. They quickly established that Hayes had a profile set up on the 'Seeking Arrangements' website and that he had been speaking with Tichelman. They also began to look into the video footage on board *Escape*, but were told by the ship's captain, who worked for a number of wealthy clients, that the surveillance camera at the scene did not work.

It took police three months to figure out that this was a lie, and the camera had captured the whole of the deadly meeting. The footage had been stored on a remote server in a media cloud. The police spoke with the media company that had set the camera up and managed to secure the footage. When they watched the ordeal unfold in front of them, they were shocked to discover that Hayes' death was a possible murder investigation.

They watched Hayes clutch his chest in distress and slump over onto the cabin floor. Those who have seen the video claimed that for seven minutes, as Hayes suffered mercilessly from the effects of the heroin, his dark-haired, heavily tattooed guest made little effort to save his life. They watched on as the only person who could have called for help strolled out the door without so much as a backwards glance. Hayes' obituary in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* read: "Forrest will be remembered above all as a loving husband and father. More than anything else he enjoyed spending time with his family at home and on his boat. His brilliant mind, contagious smile, and warm embrace will be missed and cherished in memories by his friends and family."

## ESCAPE

Police studied the shocking footage in an attempt to discern the identity of Hayes' guest. They compared the girl on the video to his list of online companions. Tichelman's distinctive tattoos and dark hair made it easy for police to match her to a profile on 'Seeking Arrangement'. However, it would be months before police managed to capture and question her. The founder of 'Seeking Arrangement' told *48 Hours* that although Tichelman's profile had been approved, it was unknown to the company that she was using it as a platform to advertise her prostitution.

Months after she had left the Google executive to die, Tichelman contacted Cornell and told him she was planning on moving back to Atlanta. She attempted to meet up with



**BRAIN**

As the user falls asleep or loses consciousness, the respiratory system may shut down due to the body's extreme relaxed state. The user can stop breathing as a result.

**HEART**

Heart failure, induced by a drop in blood pressure, can stop the heart completely. Death follows swiftly without medical intervention. Tachycardia, an irregular heart rate and rhythm, can cause an insufficient blood supply to the brain and other vital organs as the body attempts to distribute its scarce and irregular blood supply.

**LUNGS**

Pulmonary oedema – an accumulation of fluid in the lungs, particularly in the air sacks – can lead to the inability to breathe and/or kidney failure as the lungs lose their ability to exchange vital gases.

**STOMACH**

Heroin is an extremely powerful drug and too much of it can even make a hardened user sick. If this happens when they're asleep or unconscious, which commonly happens to someone who's just ingested heroin, they can choke and drown in their own vomit.

**KIDNEYS**

Studies have shown that the use of heroin has been associated with high levels of protein in the urine. As a result, the kidneys may be exposed to bacteria or viral contaminants in heroin, or toxins in the substance used to dilute the drug that lead to kidney failure.

**BLOOD**

As a result of the drug, blood pressure drops significantly. This can lead to heart failure as the organ fails to receive enough oxygen. If bacteria enters the bloodstream via the site of the injection, it can travel straight to the heart and may cause an infection of its inner lining known as endocarditis, causing inflammation and damage to the heart's valves.

# WHEN HEROIN KILLS

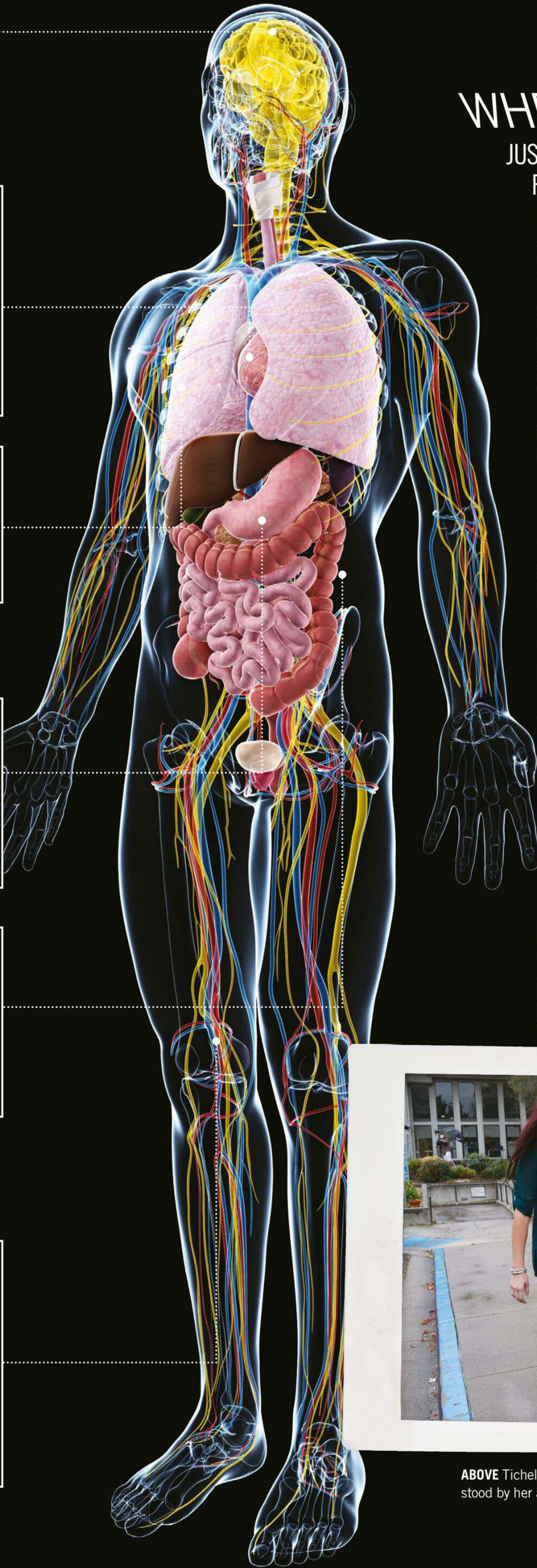
JUST ONE INJECTION OF HEROIN CAN HAVE FATAL CONSEQUENCES. HERE'S HOW AN OVERDOSE AFFECTS THE HUMAN BODY

Heroin is an opium drug derived from morphine, a medicine used to relieve pain from medical procedures. On the street, it is typically sold as a white or brownish powder that is cut with sugars, starch, powdered milk or quinine. In its purest form, heroin is a white powder with a bitter taste that is commonly produced in South America and south-east Asia. Brown heroin can be smoked or snorted as opposed to injected. Black tar heroin is sticky like roofing tar or hard like coal and is mass-produced in Mexico.

Impure heroin is usually dissolved and diluted before being injected into veins, muscles, or under the skin. Users typically experience a high when the opium-based substance blocks pain receptors in the brain, leaving the user with a euphoric feeling of relaxation and a decreased feeling of pain.

Once hooked, the user can experience some horrific withdrawal symptoms if they can't get their next fix within about a day. These include severe anxiety, depression, diarrhoea, vomiting, cramps, chills and more, typically lasting between 24 and 72 hours. Heroin relaxes the user because it is a depressant that slows messages travelling between the brain and the body. In overdose cases, the user can forget to breathe as it shuts down the respiratory system. Many users die when they relapse after a period of abstinence, administering a dose that their body is unable to handle as it would have previously.

In the last five years, the number of people in the US who have died from a heroin overdose has almost quadrupled (approximately 11,000) compared to a five-year period that ended in 2010 (more than 3,000), with men accounting for the vast majority of deaths.



**ABOVE** Tichelman's sister Monica (left), mother Leslieann and father Bart stood by her as she faced manslaughter charges





**RIGHT** After Tichelman's arrest, the media dubbed her the 'Harbor Hooker' and 'Call Girl Killer'



**ABOVE** After her arrest for Hayes' death, Tichelman initially pleaded not guilty to voluntary manslaughter





him one last time. Cornell was surprised to see that his ex-girlfriend appeared to have thawed out after their breakup. He claimed that when their relationship had ended, she had reacted badly to the news and made a number of callous remarks towards him. But at the time of their reconnecting, she appeared friendly and sincere. The pair discussed her plans to move across state lines. But a broke Tichelman needed one last encounter with a rich stranger to be able to afford the moving costs.

Unknown to her, the police were in the process of setting an irresistible trap. Undercover cops had seen on her social media profiles that she was planning to leave the state and the fear that they might miss the opportunity to arrest her set in. They set up a fake profile on the dating website where she and Hayes had met. The ‘customer’, who went by the alias of Sebastian, struck up a conversation with her and requested that she meet them at a Santa Cruz hotel. ‘Sebastian’ was willing to pay for the privilege and deposited several hundred dollars into her account, with the promise of more when she met him.

Tichelman initially mocked her customer, calling them a “cheapskate” and telling them that some men were willing to pay “double that”. Nevertheless it would be enough to get her home, so on 4 July, Tichelman left the safe haven of her parent’s home in Folsom where she was hunkering down

## “A BROKE TICHELMAN NEEDED ONE LAST ENCOUNTER WITH A RICH STRANGER TO BE ABLE TO AFFORD THE MOVING COSTS”



and walked into the hotel expecting to meet her latest meal ticket. Instead, she was arrested by Santa Cruz police, who discovered a loaded heroin needle in her bag. When she realised she had been busted, she burst into tears.

### ADMINISTERING JUSTICE

When asked by the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* if the overdose was accidental or intentional, Santa Cruz Police Chief Deputy Steve Clark, who had been on the case since day one, said the evidence showed a “level of guilt” that reached second-degree murder rather than involuntary manslaughter.

Tichelman’s trial took place in Santa Cruz in May 2015, several months after Hayes’ death. Outside the courtroom, Tichelman’s public defender Athena Reis said: “Everything we’ve reviewed confirms that Forrest Hayes wanted to do heroin that night, and that he died as a result of an accidental overdose. Both Ms Tichelman and Mr Hayes expected nothing more than pleasure from their consensual and mutual drug use.”

Her defence attorney Larry Biggam argued that his client had no reason to kill Hayes as he was a long-term source of viable income to her, and that by killing him she would be worse off than if he were alive. But back inside the building, Tichelman pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter and administering drugs. She also pleaded guilty to misdemeanour prostitution, possessing drugs, and destroying or concealing evidence.

A Superior Judge sentenced Tichelman to six years in jail. However, it was agreed by the judge that she would serve her time in the Santa Cruz County Jail, and that she would be credited the year she had already served. At the end of her sentencing, she apologised to the Hayes family via her defence team for the hurt and destruction that she had caused by her actions, telling them what happened was an accident and that she had not meant to hurt anyone.

Biggam called the death of the Google exec an, “accidental overdose between two consenting adults.” Santa Cruz Deputy District Attorney Rafael Vazquez told the media that the charges against Tichelman were filed despite objections from the Hayes’ family, who feared that such a public trial would further embarrass his wife and children who had been left traumatised by exposure of his double life. “They just wanted this to go away,” Vazquez said. “But we had a duty to pursue the case.” Vazquez said none of Hayes’ family attended the hearing but an attorney representing them did. Since the trial, the Hayes family has stayed out of the limelight and have moved to a different state. Tichelman’s family has stood by her throughout her incarceration, but refused to speak to the media. She was released in April 2017 and immediately detained by ICE officials before being deported to Canada.

Charges have never been filed over Riopelle’s death in 2013, which was ruled as an accident. However, given the similarities of the two deaths, police have opened it up for investigation once again. Milton police compared notes and files with police in California, and saw possible similarities in the two deaths. Milton Police are currently, “Going back through the case, making sure that nothing was missed, making sure that there was no foul play involved.”

**LEFT** In preparing for trial, Tichelman’s attorneys Athena Reis (left) and Larry Biggam (right) told the media that their client had no motive for the murder of Forrest Hayes. However, she went on to enter a guilty plea on several charges including involuntary manslaughter



LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, 12 FEBRUARY 1993

# JAMES BULGER'S FATAL STEPS

WHILE HIS MOTHER IS DISTRACTED, THE TWO-YEAR-OLD IS ABDUCTED AND ABUSED

In this chilling still taken from CCTV footage, young James Bulger is led from the shopping precinct where minutes before he had been at his mother's side.

Taking hold of the toddler's hand is 11-year-old Jon Venables.

Venables and his accomplice Robert Thompson, also 11, led Bulger from the busy shopping centre and along the road, ignoring the two-year-old's cries as they took him down to the canal and under a bridge. There, the youths began to joke about pushing him into the water, before picking him up and dropping him on his head.

Still cautious, Thompson and Venables fled from the wailing Bulger. Shockingly, a passerby simply assumed that this tearful two-year-old with the bruise and cut on his forehead was part of a group of other children nearby, and left the boy to his fate.

Thompson and Venables re-emerged; their courage and sadistic purpose had returned.

"Come on, baby," Venables cooed, and the battered Bulger tottered obediently after him.

38 witnesses in total had seen the trio on their walk, and few had thought anything of it. One of them even saw Bulger punched and shaken violently, like a ragdoll, but this voyeur simply closed their curtains and returned to their day.

The final witness, an old woman, was unable to ignore the bruised infant. Striding toward the three she demanded to know what the problem was.

"We just found him at the bottom of the hill," said the boys, and when she pointed them toward Walton Lane Police Station, they took off in the opposite direction.

Bulger was found on 14 February. He had been tortured, beaten to death, and left on the railway track where a train had sliced the infant in half.

"I wish now I had done something," the old woman told the police.







## THE MURDER OF JOANNA YEATES

# STRANGLED BY HER NEIGHBOUR

DANGER WAS TOO CLOSE TO HOME FOR YOUNG ARCHITECT JOANNA YEATES, WHO DISAPPEARED AFTER A WEEKEND ALONE IN HER FLAT OVER CHRISTMAS 2010. WHAT DROVE HER APPARENTLY DECENT AND HONEST NEIGHBOUR TO ATTACK AND KILL A WOMAN HE HAD NEVER MET BEFORE?

If you met Vincent Tabak, it's likely you'd think the almost two-metre-tall engineer was somewhat reserved, intelligent and ordinary in many ways. But his actions on 17 December 2010 were anything but ordinary – and time stopped from that night for the family and partner of a happy young woman with the world at her feet.

Joanna Yeates was a 25-year-old landscape architect who had set up home in a flat in Bristol with her boyfriend, Greg Reardon. The couple had been in a relationship for two years. Both worked at an architecture firm called Building Design Partnership (BDP).

The ground floor flat was located within a large converted Victorian house on Canynge Road, Clifton, an attractive suburb of Bristol, England. The couple rented the flat from retired schoolteacher Christopher Jefferies, who lived in an apartment on the first floor of the building. They moved into the flat in early November 2010. There was another ground-floor flat, also owned by Mr Jefferies, and Vincent Tabak and his girlfriend Tanja Morson rented this. In all, the house had been converted into six apartments.

Tabak worked at a Bath architecture firm called Buro Happold as a people flow expert, essentially looking at the way people move around buildings and public spaces. It was the topic of the PhD he gained in the Netherlands. Tanja worked as a financial analyst at Dyson in Malmsbury. Tabak had moved to England in 2008 and met Tanja online when she contacted him through the Guardian Soulmates dating website. The relationship was serious and friends of Tanja's recall she felt that she would marry Tabak. The neighbours' lives seemed to be similar, though the couples did not know each other. Tabak had been working in Los Angeles at the



Jo Yeates was well-educated and had a bright future as a landscape architect ahead of her

After Vincent Tabak's arrest, a childhood neighbour described him as an "introverted" loner







time that Jo and Greg moved into the flat, and he'd only returned to the UK on 11 December.

On Friday 17 December, Jo's boyfriend Greg Reardon left to visit family in Sheffield. When he returned from his weekend away on the Sunday evening, he found no trace of Jo, however, all her personal items including her winter coat, keys and mobile phone were still in the flat. It was completely out of character for her to leave without these things, and to not let Greg know where she was. She'd been looking forward to his return and had mentioned to friends she's been a bit nervous about being on her own that weekend. There was definitely something wrong.

When Greg arrived in Sheffield on the Friday night he tried to phone the flat but got no answer. Then he texted Jo: "Made it okay. Good traffic. Car wouldn't start. Had to get neighbour to start it, okay now. Did you have a good time in the pub?" Jo never replied. With the lack of contact over the weekend and unable to locate Jo, Greg phoned the police and reported her missing at 12.45am on Monday 20 December. Police arrived at the address four hours later and, as you would expect, door-knocked the neighbours, starting with the next-door flat. Vincent Tabak answered the door and claimed he'd heard and seen nothing suspicious over the weekend.

Recalling the first report, Avon and Somerset Detective Inspector Joe Goff said in a *Crimewatch* interview that, "The circumstances as they were reported, and as I read them, automatically led me to feel, with this particular missing person, there was something wrong."

Police had very few leads in the first few days of investigating Jo's disappearance. There were a handful of clues left in the flat that set out a potential timeline for her disappearance. There was a Tesco receipt for a pizza that Jo had bought on the Friday night after she'd left her friends at the pub. However, there was no trace of the pizza packaging. Police were able to retrace Jo's steps that night and find footage of her on CCTV. She'd left the pub and visited a few stores, including the Tesco Express and an off licence where she bought a couple of bottles of cider. The last sighting of Jo shows her walking past The Hophouse public house in Clifton, not far from her flat. A local priest was the last person to have confirmed seeing Jo that evening. A large-scale search was launched of areas including the Bristol Downs and Avon Gorge. Jo's parents, David and Teresa, and Greg appeared alongside police in separate appeals to the public for any information.

## CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE

On Christmas Day, a couple out walking their dog spotted something in the snow, just five kilometres from Jo's flat. It was Jo. Her body was fully clothed and almost completely covered in snow, frozen.

In the wake of the discovery, police warned women in the area to be careful and to avoid walking alone at night, but the danger for Jo had been right at her doorstep. She had been murdered by her neighbour, Vincent Tabak. However, it would not be until the new year – 20 January – that police would swoop on the Dutchman. Meanwhile, Tabak was cultivating the impression that he had nothing to do with

**“ IN HIS EFFORTS TO BLAME SOMEONE ELSE FOR THE MURDER, TABAK AROUSED THE SUSPICIONS OF A POLICEMAN ”**



**ABOVE** Jo Yeates was a sociable young woman who'd not long set up a home with her boyfriend, Greg, when she was murdered by her neighbour, Vincent Tabak

Jo's murder – and there was no real reason to suspect him at first. Tabak tried to stay one step in front of the investigation. Right from the point that he texted his girlfriend not long after he'd murdered Jo, Tabak tried to ensure he diverted police attention away from his door. Jo's body was in the boot of his Renault when he drove to his local Asda, where he bought food and texted Tanja that he was "bored and cannot wait to pick you up". At 1.30am on 18 December, Tabak picked up Tanja, who'd arrived back from her office party.

When Jo's disappearance hit the news, Tabak carried on as normal. The police visited the flat on 23 December, as a routine check to search for Jo. Creepily, it was reported in newspapers, including *The Guardian*, that Tabak "...joked to friends that they must have thought he had stashed her in a drawer." Then he and Tanja travelled to Cambridge to spend Christmas with her family.

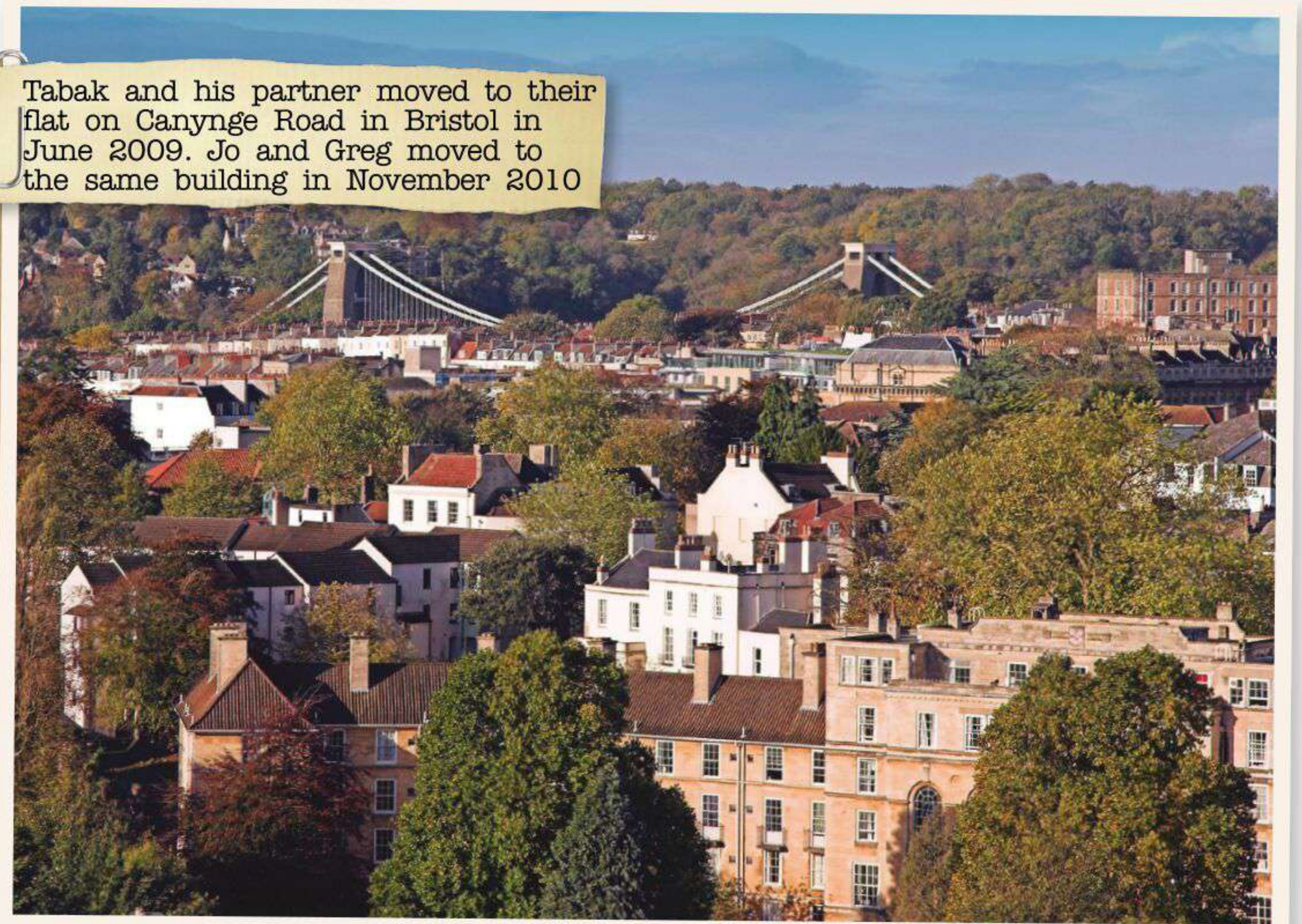
The intense attention on the case by the media led to many theories of what happened to Jo. There was the missing pizza, the missing sock and the two bottles of cider. Police had a tough enough job to catch the killer, let alone feed the voracious media who, in turn, wanted to keep the transfixed public informed of developments.

Enter Chris Jefferies. An obvious person to start questioning heavily was the landlord, Mr Jefferies. He was arrested on 30 December and questioned by detectives for two days before being released without charge. He





Tabak and his partner moved to their flat on Canynge Road in Bristol in June 2009. Jo and Greg moved to the same building in November 2010



**ABOVE** Vincent Tabak and his girlfriend, Tanja Morson, pictured at Stonehenge in happier times

was, however, released on the condition of police bail. Which meant he could not return to his home. The police investigation continued but sections of the press had determined that this was Jo's killer and hounded him, splashing his image on the front pages of their newspapers.

### WICKED GAME

Seeing that Jefferies had been arrested and questioned gave Tabak an idea. He was in the Netherlands and the story was making headlines across Europe. Tabak decided, with Tanja, to phone the police with new information. This was how police eventually ended up with Tabak's DNA sample. It appears in his efforts to blame someone else for the murder – namely Mr Jefferies – Tabak aroused the suspicions of a policewoman, Detective Constable Karen Thomas, who travelled to Amsterdam to get his statement. They could not wait for Tabak to return to England because there was so much pressure to find the killer.

"He could remember that Chris Jefferies' car had been parked on the driveway at Canynge Road in a particular position the evening before Jo went missing, and the next morning the car was facing in the opposite direction," DC Thomas recalled to *Crimewatch* for a special episode on the case. DC Thomas grew suspicious of Tabak over the several hours she spoke to him. His version of events differed from

the story he had told when he originally spoke to police. He also seemed overly interested in the forensics investigations being undertaken. Inquisitive mind aside, it seemed odd to DC Thomas that he wanted to know so much about what they were doing, and what had been found in regard to forensic evidence. "His reluctance to give his DNA at the end of the process again obviously started to ring some alarm bells," she said.

Tabak was now firmly on the police's radar, and eventually they were able to obtain a DNA sample from him. What happened next was not revealed at the time to the public, and police were approaching the case with extra caution because of the ordeal the innocent Mr Jefferies had endured at the hands of several news outlets. An anonymous phone call to the police via the *Crimewatch* telephone line tipped police off about Tabak. There was speculation in the news that the anonymous caller – reportedly a "sobbing woman" – was actually his girlfriend, Tanja, and that the call came as a direct result of Jo's parents' emotive plea not to shield the killer and prolong the family's misery.

The evidence detectives found on Tabak's computer was compelling. Six days before Jo's body was found he had been using Google Street View to search Longwood Lane, in particular the section where the body had been dumped in the snow. And in the boot of his Renault car, small traces of Jo's blood were found.



**8.50PM**

Neighbours at a party opposite Jo's flat report hearing screams, and police believe she was murdered moments later.

**8.40PM**

A local priest, Father George Henwood, sights Jo at the corner of her street.

**8.45PM**

Jo arrives at 44 Canynge Road and enters her flat. Tabak could well have been waiting next door for her arrival, in the knowledge she was on her own.

**8.35PM**

Jo buys a pizza at the Tesco Express; this is captured on the store's CCTV. The pizza was never found at her flat.

**8.30PM**

Jo buys two bottles of cider from an off licence. Around the same time she uses her cell phone to call her friend Rebecca Scott, to arrange to meet on Christmas Eve.



## JO'S FINAL HOURS

POLICE PIECED TOGETHER JO'S MOVEMENTS THAT NIGHT USING THE FEW CLUES AVAILABLE, INCLUDING THE PIZZA RECEIPT

Tabak was charged with Jo's murder on 22 January 2011. He had been held in custody for 96 hours and questioned, while investigators scoured his flat, belongings and car for evidence. A DNA match was found after painstaking analysis. The tests were undertaken by LGC Forensics and Lindsey Lennen, a body fluids and DNA specialist who told *The Guardian* newspaper in a 2012 interview that tiny DNA samples were found on tapes and swabs from her breasts and jeans that matched Tabak. However, these samples had to undergo rigorous testing using a highly specialised method to purify the DNA.

"We couldn't say whether the DNA was from saliva or semen, or even touch. But we could say that the probability of it not being a match with Tabak was less than one in a

billion," Ms Lennen told reporter Jon Henley for the article, which was titled 'CSI Oxford: behind the scenes at Britain's top forensic lab'.

When news broke of Tabak's arrest, those who knew him were in shock. The media descended on his childhood town of Uden. Shocked neighbours recalled an introverted boy who was the youngest of four children and had few friends. "He didn't play with children in the neighbourhood. He was very on his own," neighbour John Massoeurs told the BBC.

A female solicitor acquaintance of Tabak and his girlfriend said she'd been at a dinner party with the couple a few weeks after Jo's murder and said he'd seemed calm, even as the conversation had turned to the case. The woman recalled Tabak commenting that, "Someone would have to be a totally



**10PM**

Vincent Tabak's car is captured on CCTV in Bristol. He told investigators he was out that night to take photos of the snow and to go to Asda.

**10.28PM**

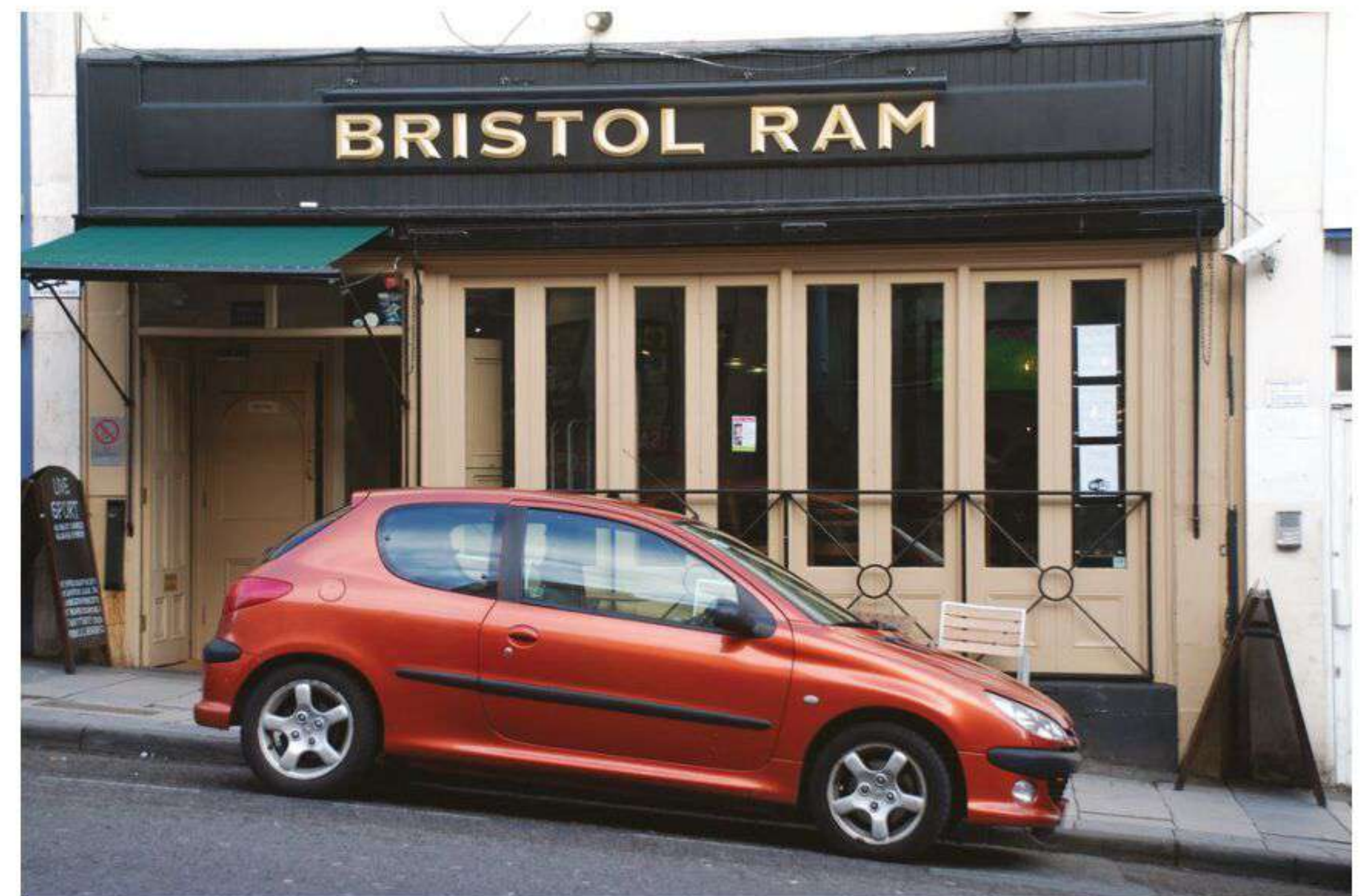
Tabak is recorded on CCTV at an Asda store in Bedminster. He buys crisps and beer. It's believed Jo's body was in the boot of his car at this time.

**8.10PM**

Jo is seen on CCTV near Waitrose, just minutes away from the Bristol Ram. She enters the supermarket but appears not to buy anything, leaving empty handed.

**6PM**

Jo spent time with friends at the Bristol Ram pub in Clifton and left two hours later. She would walk home alone.



**“ EXPERTS DETERMINED THAT TABAK HAD LOGGED ON TO A PORNOGRAPHIC WEBSITE ON THE MORNING OF THE DAY HE MURDERED JO ”**

detached, crazy person to be able to act normally after doing something like that.”

In a scary twist, the woman revealed she'd told the dinner party guests she'd felt nervous about walking home after the party and Tabak had offered to accompany her on the walk. A work colleague, who remained fairly tight-lipped when contacted at the firm by *The Mirror*, only said: “We're all stunned by his arrest. He seems like a decent bloke.”

## DARK FANTASIES

What Tanja did not know – and what would unfold as police searched the four computers that Tabak had access to – was that he was a heavy viewer of online porn, and this

included violent content that featured women being choked. As reported in *The Telegraph*, experts determined that Tabak had logged on to a pornographic website on the morning of the day he murdered Jo. He also accessed porn sites depicting strangulation and choking of women in the weeks after the murder.

Police also found several images of a blonde woman pulling up a pink top to expose her breasts on Tabak's computer. This image was chillingly reminiscent of what Jo's body looked like when it was found frozen in the snow. Jo was wearing a pink top, which had been pulled up to expose her bra. Tabak's DNA was found on her chest area, indicating he had pulled her top up, possibly to re-create the picture from his computer.



## TRICK TEXT MESSAGES

AFTER JO'S MURDER, TABAK SENT A SERIES OF CALCULATED AND SELF-PITYING MESSAGES AND EMAILS TO HIS GIRLFRIEND

Miss you loads. It's boring here without you V xx.

17 December

This message was sent at 9.25pm, less than one hour after Tabak murdered Jo, intended to create the impression that he was in his flat the whole time.

How are you, I am at the Asda buying crisis (**sic**). Was bored cannot wait to pick you up.

17 December

Tabak sent this at 10.25pm while Jo's body was in the boot of his car and he was en route to dump her in the verge of a country lane.

**21 December**

Hi gorgeous... Missing you, hope you are able to do some work. I am not sure what, if I am, going to tell my colleagues. Don't want to upset them too; it's such a horrible thing to be thinking of.

Maybe I'm just going to tell them that I'm not feeling okay which is somewhat the truth.

**21 December**

Wish we could leave for Cambridge this evening and leave the mess behind. Missing you loads.

**21 December**

Let's hope nothing bad happened and she is discovered healthy and well today/tomorrow.

This email was in response to Tanja's email reply: "I don't feel funny about our home but I don't want to walk home alone or me at home alone."

**21 December**

The whole situation is very mysterious. What happened with the pizza but of course, more importantly with her????

Tabak was clearly trying to convey a sense that he was following the developments of the case, hoping that Jo would be found.

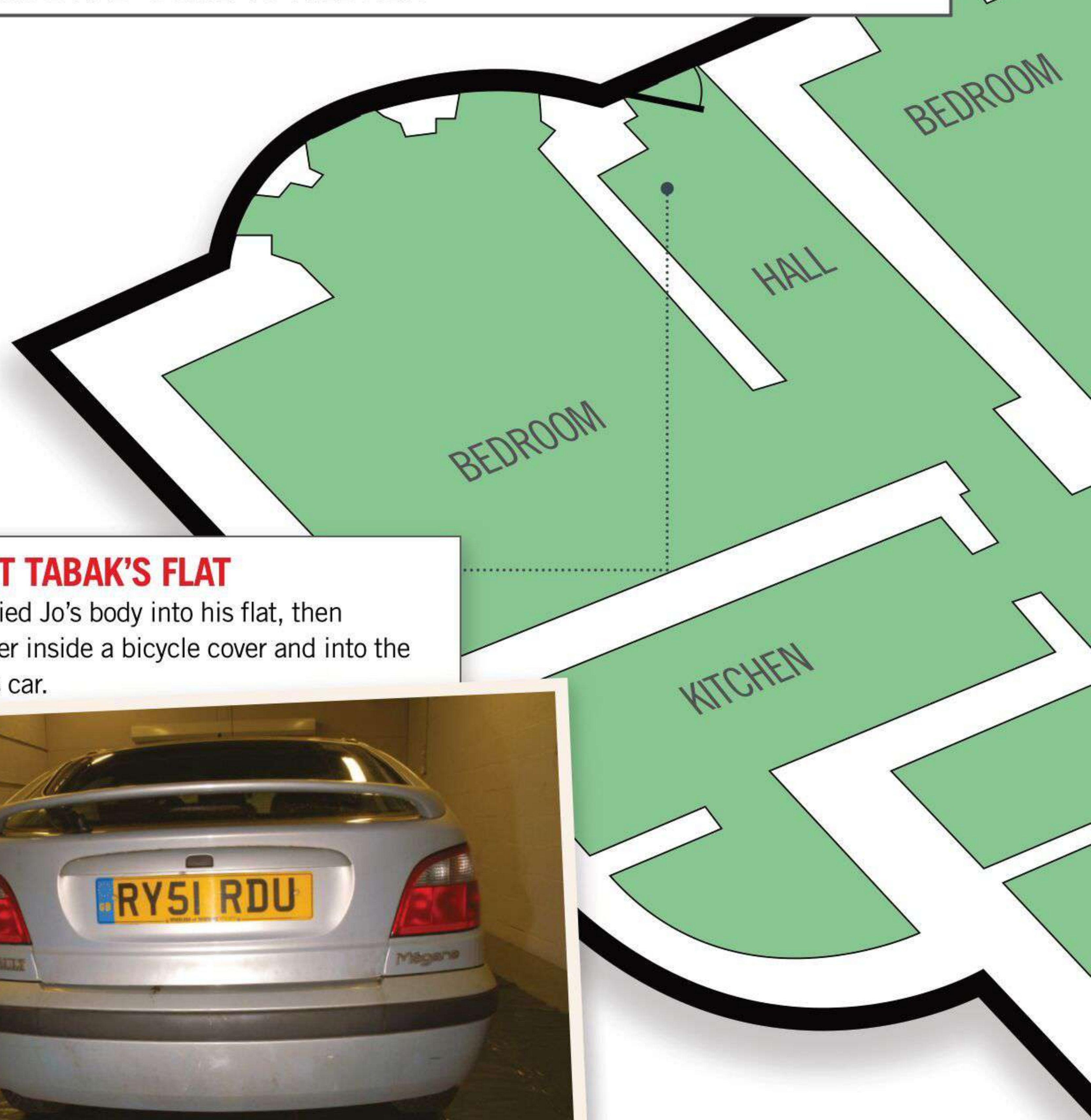
**22 December**

Shall we try minimise talking about it tonight? It really overwhelms me today and I wouldn't mind some distraction from it. If you want to talk about it, then that's of course fine.

Here Tabak is creating the picture of a concerned neighbour, quite upset by Jo's disappearance.

## NEXT DOOR TO DEATH

JO THOUGHT THAT SHE WAS ANSWERING THE DOOR TO HER NEIGHBOUR. SHE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN THAT THE MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE HAD COME TO KILL HER



### VINCENT TABAK'S FLAT

Tabak carried Jo's body into his flat, then bundled her inside a bicycle cover and into the boot of his car.



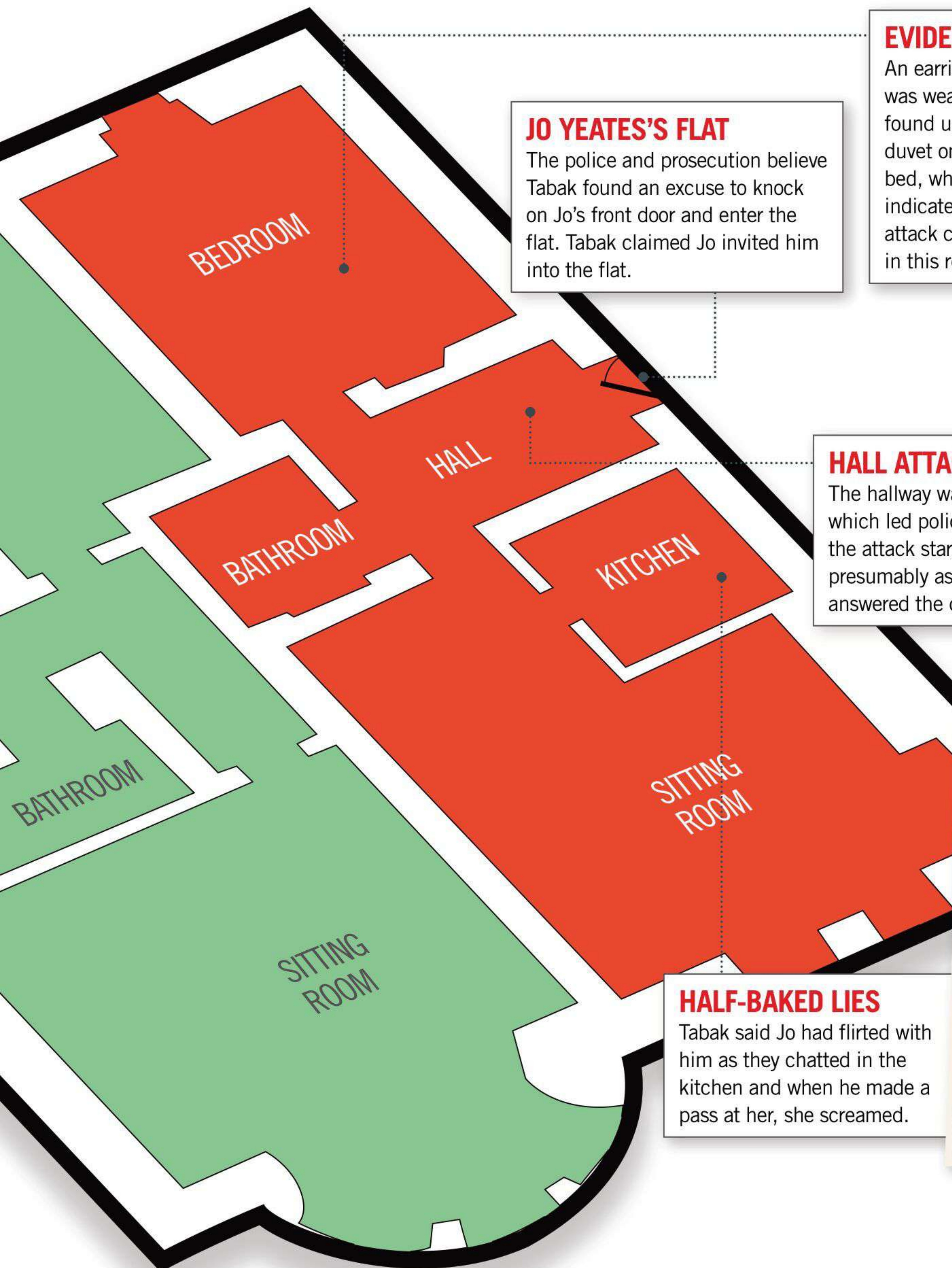
Detectives also discovered that while in LA, Tabak contacted call girls and searched graphic, violent porn online. Tanja had no clue that her boyfriend – the man she hoped to spend her life with – had such depraved sexual tastes.

Tabak, who'd answered no questions to police before he was charged, finally confessed to a prison chaplain that he'd killed Jo, but he claimed it was an accident. He pleaded guilty to manslaughter but the police were resolute that he'd murdered Jo and had been driven by his depraved sex fantasies to cross the line from porn watcher to killer.

His trial took place at Bristol Crown Court in October 2011 and lasted three weeks. Tabak's story was that Jo had invited him into the flat and he'd mistaken her friendliness for flirting. So when he leaned in to kiss Jo, she panicked and screamed. Tabak claimed he was trying to quieten Jo and accidentally suffocated her.

His barrister, William Clegg, QC, told the court that it was by chance that Tabak ended up in Jo's flat that night. *The Guardian* reported Clegg's opening statement to the jury: "He (Tabak) had been on his way out when the pair had glimpsed each other through her kitchen window and she beckoned him for a friendly drink. Joanna was being sociable as many neighbours would be, particularly at Christmas. He misread



**JO YEATES'S FLAT**

The police and prosecution believe Tabak found an excuse to knock on Jo's front door and enter the flat. Tabak claimed Jo invited him into the flat.

**EVIDENCE**

An earring Jo was wearing was found under the duvet on the bed, which could indicate that the attack continued in this room.

**HALL ATTACK**

The hallway was in disarray, which led police to believe the attack started there, presumably as soon as Jo answered the door to Tabak.

**HALF-BAKED LIES**

Tabak said Jo had flirted with him as they chatted in the kitchen and when he made a pass at her, she screamed.



her friendliness towards him and made a move towards her as if he was about to kiss her on the lips."

However, Clegg did not deny the fact that his client had acted with "disgusting" behaviour afterwards, in concealing Jo's body and attempting to cover his tracks.

"I got the impression she wanted to kiss me. She had been friendly," Tabak said when questioned by his lawyer in court. "I panicked and I put one of my hands over her mouth," he told the court. "I said something like 'I'm sorry, it's okay. Please stop.' I wanted to calm her down. I can't believe I did that, I was not thinking straight."

This was painful for Jo's family and partner Greg to hear in court. The jury and gallery also heard of the slew of injuries Jo suffered at the hands of Tabak. In all, there were 43 injuries on Jo's body including a fractured skull, broken nose and extensive bruising. The prosecution believed that the murder was a targeted sex attack and Tabak, who was a foot taller than Jo, had pinned Jo down and strangled

## “ SHE PANICKED AND SCREAMED. TABAK CLAIMED HE WAS TRYING TO QUIETEN JO AND ACCIDENTALLY SUFFOCATED HER ”

her. Prosecutor Nigel Lickley, QC, said: "Death was not instantaneous... He might have let go but he did not. He knew that Miss Yeates was in pain and struggling to breathe."

What the jury did not hear was what had been found in Tabak's computer history – the evidence that he accessed violent porn and the uncanny similarity between how Jo's body was found (with her pink top pushed up to expose her bra) and several pictures on Tabak's computer of a blonde, petite woman exposing her breasts.

In fact, Tabak veered from obsessively checking the internet for news on the investigation to viewing pornographic films with images of women being held by the



throat just minutes later. The trial judge, Mr Justice Field, did not allow the evidence of Tabak's porn use to be heard in court because it would prejudice his defence. Tabak, who'd revealed himself to be a master of hiding his true self until the night he murdered Jo, was emotional during his trial, weeping and apologising to her family for dumping her body.

"I'm so sorry for doing that. I know I put Joanna's parents and Greg through hell for a week. I still can't believe I did it," Tabak said. He revealed he'd considered jumping from the Clifton Suspension Bridge and self-medicating with sleeping pills and alcohol. This was of no comfort to Jo's family.

The jury returned a 10-2 majority guilty verdict and Tabak was sentenced to life imprisonment with a minimum term of 20 years. On sentencing, Mr Justice Field told Tabak: "When you entered her (Jo Yeates's) flat on the evening of December 17th last year, you did not even know her name and had had virtually nothing to do with her. You proceeded to strangle her, intending, in my judgement, to kill her. A dreadful, evil act committed against a vulnerable unsuspecting young woman in her own home. That wicked act ended the life of a young woman who was entitled to expect a life of happiness and fulfilment."

Ann Reddrop from the Crown Prosecution Service spoke to the media after the guilty verdict was returned. "Tabak thought his cleverness and deceit would prevent him from being convicted of a brutal murder. He was wrong," she said.

Avon and Somerset Police Detective Chief Inspector Phil Jones also addressed the media after Tabak's guilty verdict. "This was an incredibly resource-intensive and painstaking investigation. The DNA retrieval and forensic analysis was meticulous and, as a consequence of that, time consuming," DCI Jones said. "This work was critical in building a strong evidential case against Vincent Tabak and ultimately securing his conviction." In the video of his statement, shown on news broadcasts all over the UK, DCI Jones was visibly moved, pausing between sentences to compose his words.

Up until the murder of Jo Yeates and the subsequent investigation and trial of Tabak, DCI Jones had only ever had dealings with local and regional press, just a handful of times each year. Now he'd had to deal with national and international media inquiries at a persistent level as newspapers, websites, television and radio scrambled to keep up with every detail of the case.

"It has taken ten months to bring this investigation to a positive conclusion, and to provide Joanna's family and Greg with some closure. Their ordeal is every parent's nightmare but David and Theresa have shown great patience, courage and dignity throughout. The man who killed their daughter will be behind bars for a considerable time, but they still have to face each Christmas with the memory of a daughter taken from them."

Jo's family said they were sorry capital punishment was no longer a sentence that could be given to Tabak. Reading out the Yeates family's statement after the sentencing of Tabak, family liaison officer Russ Jones said: "We came here with little hope or expectation of hearing what happened on the 17th of December but needed to see him and hear what he had to say first hand. We saw no emotion or remorse or regret for what he did to Jo. We felt that all emotions

**RIGHT** Flowers left at the Longwood Lane site where Joanna Yeates's body was found eight days after she was killed

expressed by him were false. All we heard were words of self pity. For us it is with regret that capital punishment is not a possible option for his sentence. The best we can hope for him is that he spends the rest of his life incarcerated, where his life is a living hell being the recipient of all the evils, deprivations and degradations that his situation can provide."

Tanja, who'd at first supported her boyfriend, unable to believe he could show such violence, offered her deepest sympathies to Jo's family in a statement read out after Tabak's sentencing by her father, Geoffrey. For Tanja, the revelations of Tabak's porn use and visits to prostitutes were devastating and she went overseas during the trial.

Jo's dad, David, said his family recognised that she was a victim too. "We feel that if it was not Jo now, it would have been somebody else in the future," said Mr Yeates. "Who knows whether Tanja had a lucky escape? Tanja has been through a very hard time with all this stuff coming out. She is probably in total shock and probably feels if she had done something particular or said something particular he may have reacted in a similar way to how he reacted to Jo."

## TRIAL BY SOCIAL MEDIA

Tabak's defence lawyer, Dean Armstrong, was interviewed on BBC Radio 4 about the impact of social media in the case. "I've been involved in some very large high-profile cases but this one captured the public's imagination and the media's imagination like no other," he said. "This was probably the first big case where live twitter feeds were allowed... The public felt close to this case... The fact that you are representing someone who, on the face of it, is accused of a heinous crime, it means that you are, in a sense, fair game."

He said the case was ground breaking in the sense of the coverage on social media. "In this age of instantaneous communication that we're now in, I think many of the concerns that many lawyers have had about how do we deal with Twitter, how do we deal with Facebook, were probably assuaged really by virtue of our case because it was dealt with properly, it was dealt with responsibly. Now of course that ultimately depends on those who are doing it. An irresponsible individual can derail the trial process."

In 2014, ITV aired a television film that focused on the public vilification of Christopher Jefferies. The filmmakers described the reason they made *The Lost Honour Of Christopher Jefferies* as a defence of being different. "I was concerned that the right to be an eccentric was under siege," said director Roger Michell to *The Guardian*. "We have always been good at eccentrics in England. I felt that was a cause worth fighting for."

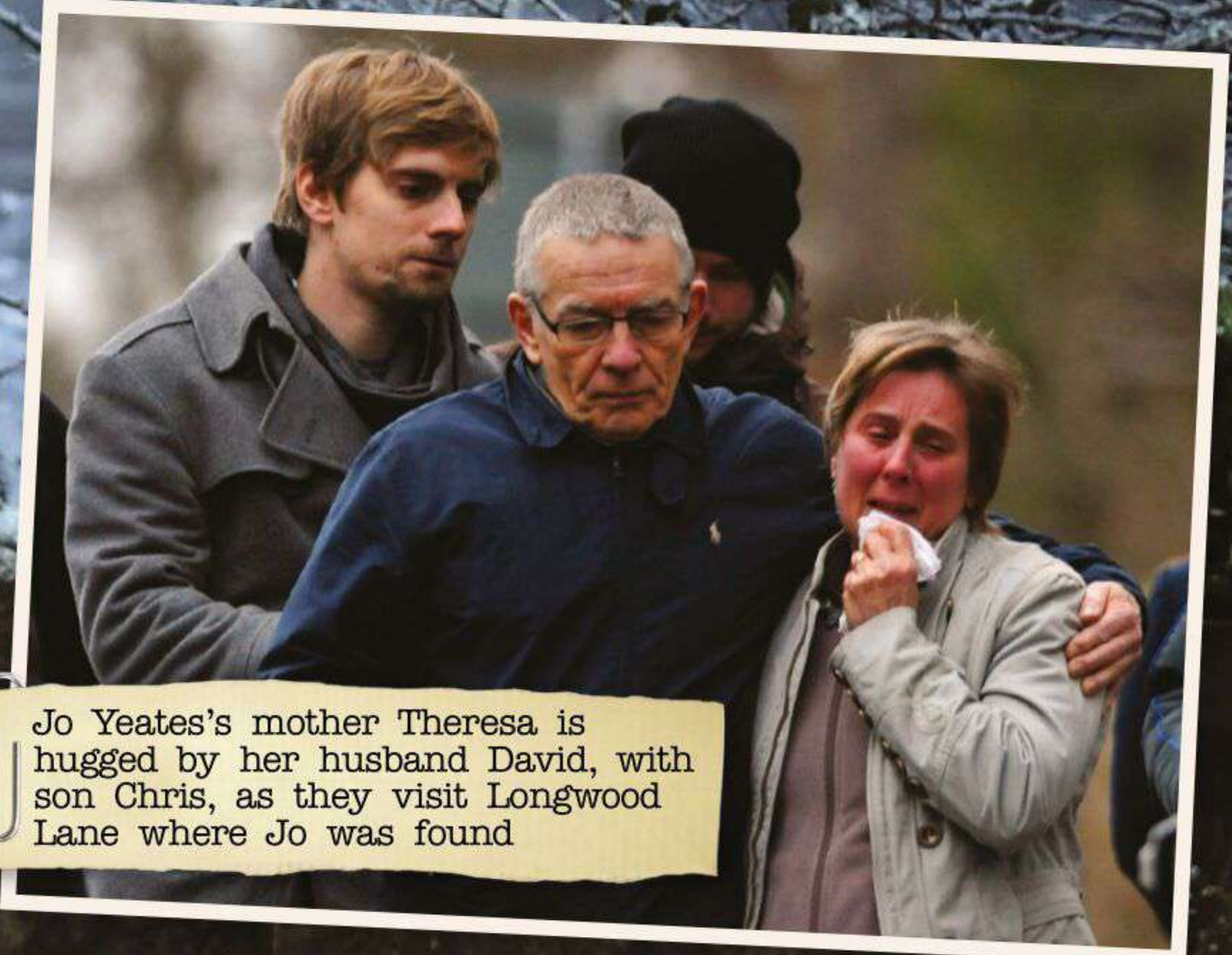
In 2015, Tabak also admitted possessing indecent images of children – teen and prepubescent girls. These images were found on his laptop as part of the investigation into Jo's murder. Police analysts found 145 indecent images of children. As if being a sex offender and convicted murderer wasn't shocking enough for his friends and family, Tabak is now a convicted paedophile.

**“TABAK, WHO'D REVEALED HIMSELF TO BE A MASTER OF HIDING HIS TRUE SELF UNTIL THE NIGHT HE MURDERED JO, WAS EMOTIONAL DURING HIS TRIAL, WEEPING AND APOLOGISING”**



**ABOVE** A grey ski sock similar to the one Joanna Yeates was wearing when she was found. Her other sock was missing





Jo Yeates's mother Theresa is hugged by her husband David, with son Chris, as they visit Longwood Lane where Jo was found



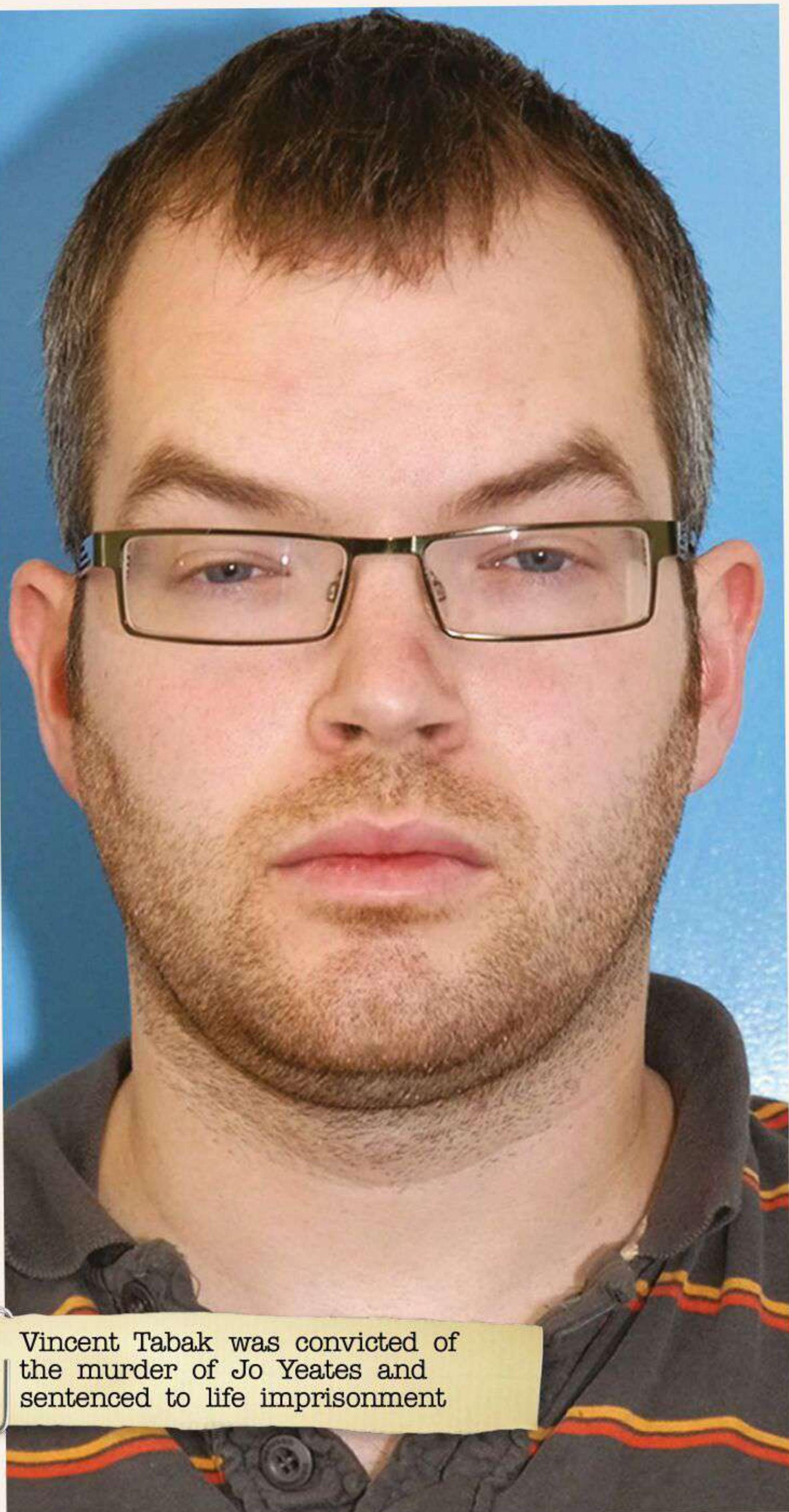
## GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT

LANDLORD CHRIS JEFFERIES WAS NOT ONLY A VICTIM OF TABAK'S LIES, BUT ALSO OF THE UNSCRUPULOUS TABLOID PRESS

When news broke that police had arrested Chris Jefferies, Jo Yeates's landlord and a retired schoolteacher, the media made up its mind that this was the killer. Despite being released with no charge, the wrongly accused man's appearance and manner – his white hair was unkempt and he seemed to fit the stereotype of the English eccentric – was raked over by the tabloid newspapers and he was labelled, among other things, a 'peeping Tom'. In 2014, Jefferies won apologies and damages from eight newspapers, including *The Sun*, *The Daily Mail* and *The Mirror*, for their lurid headlines and false stories about him. In 2013, the then chief constable of Avon and Somerset, Nick Gargan, sent an official apology to Jefferies for this treatment by police. "I accept unequivocally that you played no part in the murder and that you are wholly innocent of the crime," Gargan wrote. Jefferies is now in demand as a privacy advocate and public speaker, and gave evidence at the Leveson Inquiry into the culture, practices and ethics of the British press.



**ABOVE** Jo Yeates's landlord Christopher Jefferies was questioned over her murder and hounded by the press, despite not being a suspect



Vincent Tabak was convicted of the murder of Jo Yeates and sentenced to life imprisonment







# THE TRUE AMITYVILLE HORROR

IT STARTED WITH A NIGHT OF UNIMAGINABLE CARNAGE AND CREATED THE ULTIMATE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE. BUT WHY ARE SO MANY QUESTIONS LEFT UNANSWERED? WE GO BACK TO THAT NIGHT IN AMITYVILLE TO TRY TO UNCOVER THE TRUTH BEHIND RONALD DEFEJO JR'S LIES

Some houses are just born bad. Shirley Jackson was describing her fictional Hill House in 1959 when she wrote those words, but if one address is known as truly evil, it's 112 Ocean Avenue in Amityville. Whether you believe in the existence of the supernatural or not, that house has been the home of horror that blurs the line between fact and fiction. Especially when the parties involved can't keep their stories straight.

Tenants have come and gone, but two families will forever be linked to that spacious Dutch Colonial three-storey lakeside property with a boathouse and those famous windows: the DeFeos and the Lutzes. One fell victim to an unthinkable act of violence. The other gave birth to a story that became the stuff of legend. Their stories are now intertwined, a combination of flesh and blood nightmares and hotly contested paranormal theories. Haunting or no haunting, it all started with the very human crime of murder.

"You got to help me! I think my mother and father are shot," exclaimed Ronald DeFeo Jr, aka Butch, as he burst into Henry's Bar on the evening of 13 November 1974. That would be the first the townspeople of Amityville would hear of the unspeakable events that took place at the house. It would not be the last.

The locals of the sleepy small town would not have been surprised to hear that Butch was in trouble. He had a bad reputation, and it was one that had followed the DeFeo family from Brooklyn to their new lakeside locale. The move to Long Island had been aspirational for the family. Ronald Sr was making good money and Louise had child number five on the way, but this would not be the answer to their problems. Butch was a violent bully at school, and his problems only became worse as he grew older.

## PROBLEMS AT HOME

By the time he was in his late teens, he had a ferocious drug habit that included an incredible combination of heroin, speed and LSD, not to mention a raging drink addiction that saw him put a fifth of scotch on top of those narcotics on a daily basis by the time of the murders. His relationship with his father was toxic. Ronald

Sr seemed to both indulge his wild behaviour by giving him a monthly allowance, not to mention a speedboat, but would brutally punish any perceived infraction.

"My father was a very rough person... he was a violent man," DeFeo stated in the 2006 documentary *First Person Killers*. "I got beat up since the day I was born." DeFeo Sr would routinely physically and verbally abuse his family. He was renowned for his hair-trigger temper and there was no way of predicting what was going to set him off. At the age of 23, Butch was able to give as good as he got, but his violence was not limited to Ronald Sr. On one occasion, he beat his sister Dawn (who reportedly had a temper to match the rest of the DeFeos) so badly that his family sent him to a therapist. That didn't help. He frequently threatened to kill his old man, even attempting to shoot his father with a 12-gauge shotgun. The misfire saved his father's life and, incredibly, the family continued to live under one roof.

**“ HE FREQUENTLY THREATENED TO KILL HIS OLD MAN, EVEN ATTEMPTING TO SHOOT HIS FATHER WITH A 12-GAUGE SHOTGUN ”**



At the end of October 1974, Ronald Sr asked his son to transport \$20,000 in cheques and \$1,800 in cash to the bank to deposit. Instead, Butch staged a robbery, arranging for his friend to stick him up and take the money for himself. It didn't take long for the police to suspect him, especially when he reacted violently to being questioned. Any attempt by Ronald Sr to ask his son about the crime ended in more threats.

The DeFeo house became increasingly toxic. "My father broke a pool stick over my head, November 3rd," DeFeo said in *First Person Killers*. "My mother cheered him on... That was the last thread. The man was trying to hurt me bad; he was trying to kill me!" Finally, at 3.15am ten days later on 13 November, Butch took the action he had been threatening.

## THE FATEFUL NIGHT

The scene that confronted the men who accompanied Butch from Henry's Bar to the house on Ocean Avenue was the stuff of nightmares. With the exception of Ronald Jr, every single member of the family had been shot in their beds. Both DeFeo parents, his sisters, 18-year-old Dawn and Allison, aged 13, and his brothers Marc, aged 12, and nine-year-old John, were lying face down on their beds in their bedrooms, seemingly killed while asleep. The police were called at 6.40pm.

"[He] was crying, saying, 'They rubbed out my whole family!'" remembered Detective Gaspar Randazzo in *First Person Killers*. "I asked him to sit down and calm himself, and he kept on insisting it was a Mafia rub-out. That didn't sound right to me because of the fact that they would have rubbed him out also."

However, circumstances dictated that the police take Butch into protective custody, setting up a temporary command post in the house next door, where he began spinning the first of several stories. He told the police that his family had been killed by a Mafia hitman. He even gave them a name: Louis Falini. "He said some Mafioso's nickname, and I asked him why would they kill his family," said Detective Gerard Gozaloff in *First Person Killers*. "He said because they used to come into the Buick dealership and he called him a cocksucker, and that's like a mortal sin, to call this supposed Mafioso a cocksucker. Then we got a call that they found the gunbox."

According to Butch, he had been unable to sleep and stayed up watching the film *Castle Keep* that night. He left for work early in the morning, and had every reason to believe that his family was still alive. Before he made the dramatic entrance into Henry's Bar, he'd taken his girlfriend Mindy Weiss shopping and taken more heroin. He made a big show of not being able to get into the house, finally announcing that he would have to break a window to get in. At this point, he found the bodies. The evidence would soon say otherwise.

The family had been killed with a .35 Marlin, and sitting in Butch's room was an empty box of .35 shell casings. Despite claiming to know nothing

about the guns, witnesses claimed that Butch had bragged that he knew how to put the gun together and take it apart with his eyes closed. The detectives had put him in with a room with a two-way mirror, where he had fallen asleep straight away. "So while he's sleeping he rapidly became the chief suspect," said Gozaloff in *First Person Killers*. "He was a piece of work. I don't know the psychological term, what is it when someone has no conscience whatsoever?" As the time of the murders was narrowed down to a point between 2am and 4am, it also became very clear that Butch was lying about hearing his brother using the bathroom when he'd left the house that morning.

These were the facts that Butch was confronted with when he was woken up by the detectives and read his rights. At this point, Butch changed his testimony. He said that Falini had arrived at 3.30am with another unknown mobster, and had made him go around the house with him, watching as this Mafia hitman dispatched his family one by one. When he mentioned that he picked up the used shells, the police asked why, given that Falini had fired the gun.

Not surprisingly, this story didn't find a sympathetic ear in the Amityville police department, nor with DeFeo's grandfather, Michael Brigante Sr. "Both [DeFeo] grandfathers

were very heavy in the Mafia, and he says, 'No way. We don't touch family'," said Detective Randazzo in *First Person Killers*.

## VERSIONS OF THE TRUTH

"I wasn't telling them the truth then! I was lying!" DeFeo said in *First Person Killers*. "I didn't care who they blamed as long as it wasn't me." Finally, he confessed. "Once I started, I just couldn't stop. It went so fast." His confession was so complete that he even took the detectives to where he'd ditched his bloody clothes and gun.

DeFeo's court-appointed lawyer William Weber was keen to plead insanity, backed up by testimony from Dr Daniel Schwartz. "Dan gave a professional opinion that Ronnie was in another state of mind, he didn't understand the nature of his actions," Weber remembered in *The Real Amityville Horror* documentary. "[Ronnie] said that initially he thought he heard members of his family in another room conspiring to kill him. The one thing that he said, and sometimes he said it with a smirk, so I wasn't sure if it was truthful, but he said that, 'A female with black hands gave me the rifle and I went ahead and shot everybody'."

Schwartz proffered that DeFeo's condition was a dissociative disorder, but the prosecution's

**“ HOW COULD ONE KILLER DO ALL THIS WITHOUT ANY OF THE CHILDREN GETTING UP TO FLEE? ”**







**OPPOSITE** The collection of weapons taken from the DeFeo home after Ronald reported his family had all been shot dead

**LEFT** Suffolk County Police take the gun they believe to be the murder weapon used by Ronald for ballistics testing

**BELOW** The House at 112 Ocean Avenue has become instantly recognisable thanks to the popularity of the book about the Lutzes' experiences that were then made into a highly successful film



## RAISING THE ALARM

THIS WAS THE FIRST THE POLICE HEARD ABOUT THE AMITYVILLE CASE, SHORTLY AFTER THE SHOCKING DISCOVERY WAS MADE AT 112 OCEAN AVENUE

Police officer: "Where're you at? Ocean Avenue and what?"

Man: "In Amityville. Call up the Amityville Police and have someone come down here. They know the family."

Police officer: "Amityville?"

Man: "Yeah. Amityville."

Police officer: "Okay. Now, tell me what's wrong."

Man: "I don't know. Guy come running in the bar. Guy come running in the bar and said there his mother and father are shot. We ran down to his house and everybody in the house is shot. I don't know how long, you know. So, uh..."

Police officer: "Uh, what's the add... what's the address of the house?"

Man: "Uh, hold on. Let me go look up the number. All right. Hold on."

Man: "Hello. Hello?"

Police officer: "Yes."

Man: "One 12 Ocean Avenue, Amityville."

Police officer: "One what?"

Man: "One 12 Ocean Avenue, Amityville."

Police officer: "Is that Amityville or North Amityville?"

Man: "Amityville. Right on... south of Merrick Road."

Police officer: "Is it right in the village limits?"

Man: "No, it's uh... you know where the high school is?"

Police Officer: "Yeah."

Man: "It's in the village limits, yeah."

Police officer: "Yeah. That's the village limits, right?"

Man: "Yeah."

Police officer: "Eh, okay, what's your phone number?"

Man: "I don't even have one. There's no number on the phone."

Police officer: "All right, where're you calling from? Public phone?"

Man: "No, I'm calling right from the house, because I don't see a number on the phone."

Police Officer: "You're at the house itself?"

Man: "Yeah."

Police officer: "How many bodies are there?"

Man: "I think, uh, I don't know. Uh, I think they said four."

Police officer: "There's four?" (They hadn't found the girls, yet)

Man: "Yeah."

Police officer: "Alright, you stay right there at the house, and I'll call the Amityville Village PD, and they'll come down."



psychiatrist, Dr Harold Zolan, countered that what he actually displayed was a severely antisocial personality disorder. His muddled attempts to lie to the police hadn't demonstrated a mind that was unaware of what he had done, it had simply shown a poor attempt to mislead. DeFeo was given six consecutive life sentences – one for each guilty count of murder.

However, there were still questions, and several issues with the way that DeFeo was interrogated and represented. As much as DeFeo had already changed his version of events, there have always been rumours about whether or not his confession was beaten out of him, as well as whether he was railroaded by his lawyer into a doomed insanity plea. Even more compelling is the question of how on earth DeFeo was able to shoot each member of his family without any of them getting out of their beds and running. The Marlin is an incredibly loud weapon. How could one killer go about this terrible business without any of the children getting up to flee?

The discovery of gunpowder residue on Dawn gave rise to one of the more popular theories, and it's one that DeFeo himself has returned to several times in his various accounts of what happened. Maybe she had fired the gun as well? At his parole hearing in 1999, DeFeo claimed that he had been in the basement with a friend when he heard a gunshot from upstairs. He ran past his sister's bedroom and saw blood, and when he reached the top of the house, Dawn had told him: "Oh my God, Butch, you're not supposed to be here," and then he grabbed the gun, at which point there was an "altercation". He confessed to shooting Dawn, but when it came to his parents, he said: "I didn't see anybody do it. I will not speculate and say who did it. It is impossible for one person to do this."

Compare that to his testimony in the *First Person Killers* documentary, which aired in 2006. There, speaking to psychiatrist Dr Howard Adelman, he said that he shot his parents with Dawn watching. "I went in there to scare 'em. I didn't go in there to kill them," he said. "What had happened was Dawn said something smart. I said, 'If you want to get rid of mommy and daddy... I'll go get you a gun'... I grabbed their gun... So she said something smart, me and her started arguing, I said, 'Listen, this ain't getting us anywhere, what do you want to do?' So I said, 'Come on, come on, I'll show you how to handle this,' like an idiot I went downstairs. And everybody was sleeping except her and me. His door was like three-quarters closed, I went in there, I said, 'Hey fat man! Fat man, get up!' And he started to get up; I'll never forget that, I got scared. My sister looked at me, she says, 'Do it, do it!'... So then when I seen his body getting ready to make the move, I just pulled the trigger. After I pulled the trigger, I hit the lever, shot him again, my mother yelled, 'Oh my god, Butch!' Now my mother went with her hand towards the side of the bed. My mother had a .38 revolver. I saw that, I said, 'Oh.' My sister looked at me, I said, 'Are you happy now? Are you happy now?' She looked at me; she said, 'Oh

# HOUSE OF HORROR

WILL WE EVER KNOW WHAT REALLY WENT ON INSIDE THE HOUSE THAT NIGHT OR WHY RONALD DID IT?

The stories may have changed but the brutal facts of the crime scene have remained the same throughout the years. All of the victims were found in their beds, lying on their stomachs. Ronald Sr and Louise had both been shot twice. While Butch DeFeo claims that he was not the one responsible for the deaths of (most of) his siblings, each one died from a single shot.

The incredibly loud noise of the Marlin rifle has meant that there has always been some conjecture about whether or not Ronald Jr was able to commit all these crimes alone, but the simplest answer to that may have been that his siblings may have been too scared to move. Butch himself has several versions of events, some blaming his sister Dawn for everything but the death of his father, others blaming an unnamed third party, and others blaming a demonic force possessing him. Whatever the truth was, the tragedy of this night remains unchanging.

## 1 RONALD DEFEO SR, 44

### Relationship: Father

Butch shoots his father DeFeo Sr first, but he's able to get to his feet. A second bullet puts him down for good.

## 2 LOUISE DEFEO, 42

### Relationship: Mother

Momma DeFeo wakes as her husband is shot and shouts at Butch, before he shoots her too. He puts another bullet in her and finishes the job.

my good, look what you did!' I said, 'Look what I did?' I said, 'This was your idea, not mine!' I said, 'Mommy got shot on top of it!' I left the house and I told my sister, 'I'll be back, don't do nothing, there's things that got to be done but I've got to get out of here because I can't deal with this. Leave everything alone.' That's what I told her. I left the house." When he returned to the house, he claimed to have found that Dawn had killed their brothers and sisters. In the ensuing altercation, he shot her. Both stories are different, but both find ways to paint him in a better light.

There's even still some rumours surrounding the mob element, with one story claiming that Weber had been intimidated into keeping his mouth shut about the gunpowder on Dawn and being pushed

**“ HE WAS A  
PIECE OF WORK. I  
DON'T KNOW THE  
PSYCHOLOGICAL  
TERM – WHAT IS IT  
WHEN SOMEONE HAS  
NO CONSCIENCE  
WHATSOEVER ”**

**- DETECTIVE GERARD GOZALOFF**



## 6 DAWN DEFE0, 18

### Relationship: Sister

Butch returns and is furious that Dawn has killed his siblings. He wrestles for the gun, overpowers her and knocks her out cold, before delivering a fatal shotgun blast to her head.

## THE TRUE AMITYVILLE HORROR

## 3 JOHN MATTHEW DEFE0, 9

### Relationship: Brother

With Butch having stormed off, sister Dawn continues the carnage by walking into the boys' room and ordering them to lie face down. John is shot first, through the back.

## 4 MARC DEFE0, 12

### Relationship: Brother

Marc had very limited mobility because of a recent football injury, so Dawn logically makes the older of her two younger brothers the second target.

## 5 ALLISON DEFE0, 13

### Relationship: Sister

Dawn doesn't even speak to her sister: she stands in the doorway and shoots Allison in the head, killing her instantly.

into going for an insanity plea by the members of the family for whom reputation was everything. These stories have echoed down the years, but there's one family still to discuss, who would give Butch his most infamous story: the Lutzes.

## THE AMITYVILLE HORROR

On 18 December 1975, George and Kathy Lutz moved into the old DeFeo house with their children. They left 28 days later, and created a story that would capture the imaginations of people around the world. The legend of the Amityville Horror was born.

According to the Lutzes, the spirits of the dead family made themselves known almost



A policeman using a metal detector yesterday in a search of the grounds of the home in Amityville, L. I., where Ronald DeFeo and five members of his family were slain.

The New York Times/Meyer Liebowitz

## Son Held in Slaving of 6 in I. I. Famil

News of the killings shocked the community, who would only go on to hear more and more about the secrets inside the house



immediately. Although they were fine with the idea of moving into a house where such an appalling incident had taken place, a friend advised them to ask a priest to come by and bless the house. At the time, all Father Ray Mancuso told the Lutzes was that they should not let anybody sleep in the upstairs bedroom. Although this may have given other people pause, the Lutzes didn't seem too fazed by it.

What happened next depends on who you believe. The first account of the so-called haunting appeared in *Good Housekeeping* magazine in April 1977, titled 'Our Dream House Was Haunted'. The second, and wildly successful, version of events appeared in the Lutz-approved Jay Anson book *The Amityville Horror*, which was released in October 1977. The former told the story of a house slowly exerting its insidious evil on a family. The latter was a no-holds-barred ghost story with all the bells and whistles. Swarms of flies, oozing goo, a dog that tried to kill itself on the first day, and a demon pig named Jodie.

First of all, as much as the Lutzes disavowed the tamer version of events, it is important to note that a lot of the more outlandish details in the book do have their basis in the *Good Housekeeping* story. There's even mention of "red glowing eyes" appearing six feet off the ground, and the fact that Kathy Lutz reportedly transformed into an old woman in front of George's eyes while they were in bed together.

However, most important of all when considering whether these stories are truth or fiction is the fact that the man responsible for taking down the first version of the story was William Weber. He arranged a press conference for them while organising an appeal for DeFeo, having been approached by freelance journalist Paul Hoffman, who told him that the Lutzes wanted to meet. Weber already wanted to make a movie and book deal for his client and, seeing dollar signs, gave them details about the DeFeo murders.

"We were there from about nine or ten in the evening 'til three in the morning, drinking wine, and I can't tell you how many bottles of wine we had but it was many," remembered Weber in *The Real Amityville Horror* documentary. "I had photographs of the crime scene, and based upon the photographs and other facts that I had related, we developed what ultimately turned out to be part of the Lutzes' version of the possession aspect of the case."

So, for example, the substance used to gather fingerprints became the oozing goo of the book. But Lutz fell out with Weber once the idea of a contract with DeFeo was raised, and he and Kathy went to author Jay Anson. Anson was not a believer, and when confronted with the fact that he had sold lies as truths, Anson reportedly replied

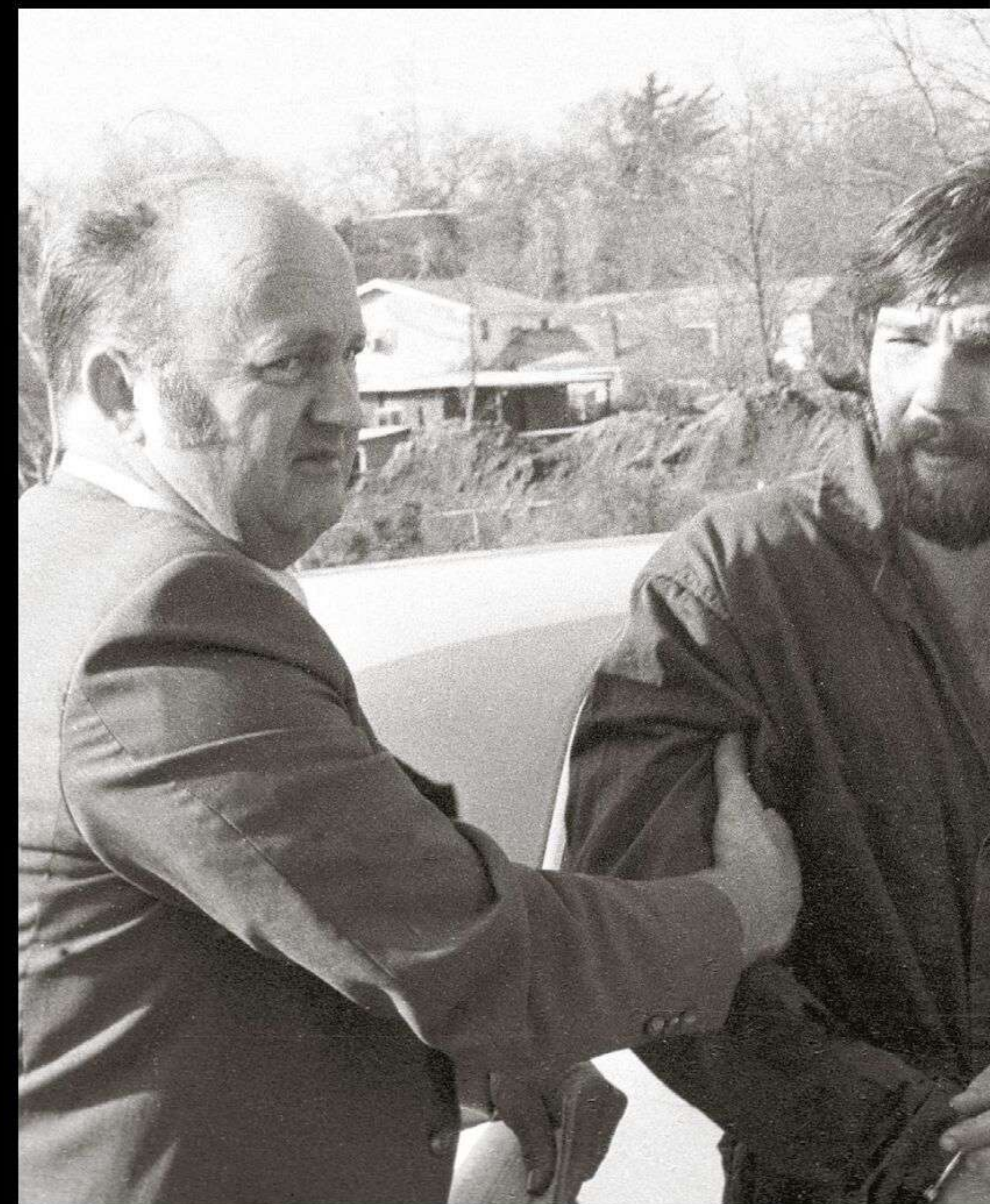


that he was in the business of writing ghost stories to make money, and that he would be sitting on a tropical island with a boatload of cashmere sweaters. The book was a runaway success, and a movie was quickly put into production.

However, there was a flurry of interest even before the book. On 6 March 1976, a camera crew went in with a team of demonologists, including the famous husband and wife duo of Ed and Lorraine Warren. They quickly became convinced that there was an evil presence inside, even claiming that Butch's spirit was with them during the séance. They claimed this presence had undoubtedly exerted an evil force over the DeFeos.

Unsurprisingly, Butch was more than happy to adapt his story to this version of events depending on who was talking to him. If people wanted to believe the house was haunted, that suited him fine. In 1977, he told parapsychologist Professor Dr Hans Holzer that he had been possessed at

**“ DEFEO CLAIMED THAT HE HAD BEEN IN THE BASEMENT WITH A FRIEND WHEN HE HEARD A GUNSHOT FROM UPSTAIRS ”**





# THE OTHER KIND OF FAMILY

JUST HOW SERIOUS WERE BUTCH DEFEO'S TIES TO THE MOB?

Ronald DeFeo Jr's first claim when the police arrived was that his family had been murdered by the mob. At first glance, this seems like another wild accusation from the man who at one point claimed a hooded entity gave him the gun and told him to kill his family, but for Butch, this wasn't an entirely outlandish suggestion. The DeFeo family was definitely tied to the mob, and they were the kind of people who scared even Ronnie. His maternal grandfather was Michael Brigante Sr, who owned the family Buick dealership. His father's uncle was Pete DeFeo, who would eventually become one of the Genovese crime family's caporegimes. The police would have been aware of the line of work these men were in. Although there may be no truth to Butch's original claim that a "Louis Falini" had carried out the killings, his undeniable Mafia connections have lent credence to rumours about the pressure on William Weber to push for an insanity plea to make sure the whole business got swept under the rug as soon as possible, especially as Brigante visited Butch in custody to tell him to stop talking and confess.



**ABOVE LEFT** Six bodies were carried out from the DeFeo house, as police wondered how and why Ronald DeFeo Jr was the only survivor. His wild story of a Mafia hit would not last

**ABOVE** The High Hopes sign hangs forlornly in front of the legendary Amityville house, which would quickly enter the public consciousness as the home of real and possibly supernatural evil

**LEFT** Ronald DeFeo's alibis and explanations quickly crumbled and he was the prime suspect in a matter of hours. His insanity plea was rejected and he faced the maximum sentence

the time of the murders, and the story that he told in *Amityville: The Final Testament*, while steering clear of full possession, fully indulged host Jackie Barrett's belief in the supernatural. "I've been having problems since December '75, but I kept my mouth shut all these years, because there was no sense saying anything about it," he said. "There's some kind of entity, I don't know what it is, I've never seen it but it's real... It's torturing me! I think it could make somebody kill, get killed, kill themselves. That's what I believe. This thing has got power to influence people... The problem was Ronald DeFeo Snr. My father. He's the cause of all of this. The only way to get rid of him – he's got to go back to hell. He used to tell me you can't kill something that's already dead, I never understood that. I understand it now."

One thing is for certain. There are still questions that remain in the Amityville case, and the only person who can answer them is Ronald DeFeo Jr. With so many stories and so many lies, will he ever give the real version of events? Or is the truth the most brutally tragic of all, that a man murdered his entire family while they lay in bed, too terrified to move as he stalked from room to room?





**THE DEPRAVED DUNGEON OF**

# **JOSEF FRITZL**

FOR NEARLY 25 YEARS, ELISABETH FRITZL WAS LOCKED AWAY IN A CRAMPED BASEMENT, WHERE SHE WAS REPEATEDLY BEATEN AND RAPED BY HER OWN FATHER. THE QUESTION ISN'T WHY, BUT HOW DID THIS TWISTED PERVERT GET AWAY WITH IT FOR SO LONG?





## THE DEPRAVED DUNGEON OF JOSEF FRITZL

**T**uesday 28 August 1984 started out just like any other summer day in Europe. In the small lower Austrian town of Amstetten – about an hour's train ride, 120 kilometres from Vienna and with a population of around 22,000 – people went about their business. It was a fortnight and a couple of days after the Los Angeles summer Olympics had ended, although Austria had not basked in glory, winning only one gold, one silver and one bronze despite the absence of the Soviet bloc countries.

No one gave a second's thought to Josef Fritzl, an electrical engineer. He had a good job with a respected company, an ostensibly happy marriage and seven well-behaved children.

He was 49 years old and had been born in Amstetten, an only child, at the family home, a modest but comfortable three-storey house at 40 Ybbsstrasse, on 9 April 1935. The population that year was fewer than ten thousand people and they lived in nine hundred and ninety houses. The published accounts of Fritzl's early life are contradictory to say the least. Even the names of his parents are in dispute.

One account has his mother, Maria (or Rosa), disabled and getting by on food given charitably to her by neighbours. Others have her a widow, after Karl Nenning, her husband, died in November 1927. In this version, she was illegitimate and got herself pregnant deliberately to spite the men who had spurned her, and to upset her mother. To make ends meet, the family home was converted into a doss house, with rooms rented out to anyone who could pay.

As to Josef Fritzl's father, again there are differing stories. He was called Franz and regularly beat up Maria, little Josef hiding under the blankets trying to stifle the sounds of the violence. He left when the boy was four and Josef never saw him again. He joined the army and was killed in 1944. There is a 'Franz Fritzl' listed on the plaque commemorating the war dead in Amstetten, but whether this was Josef Fritzl's father or not is not known. It seems unlikely.

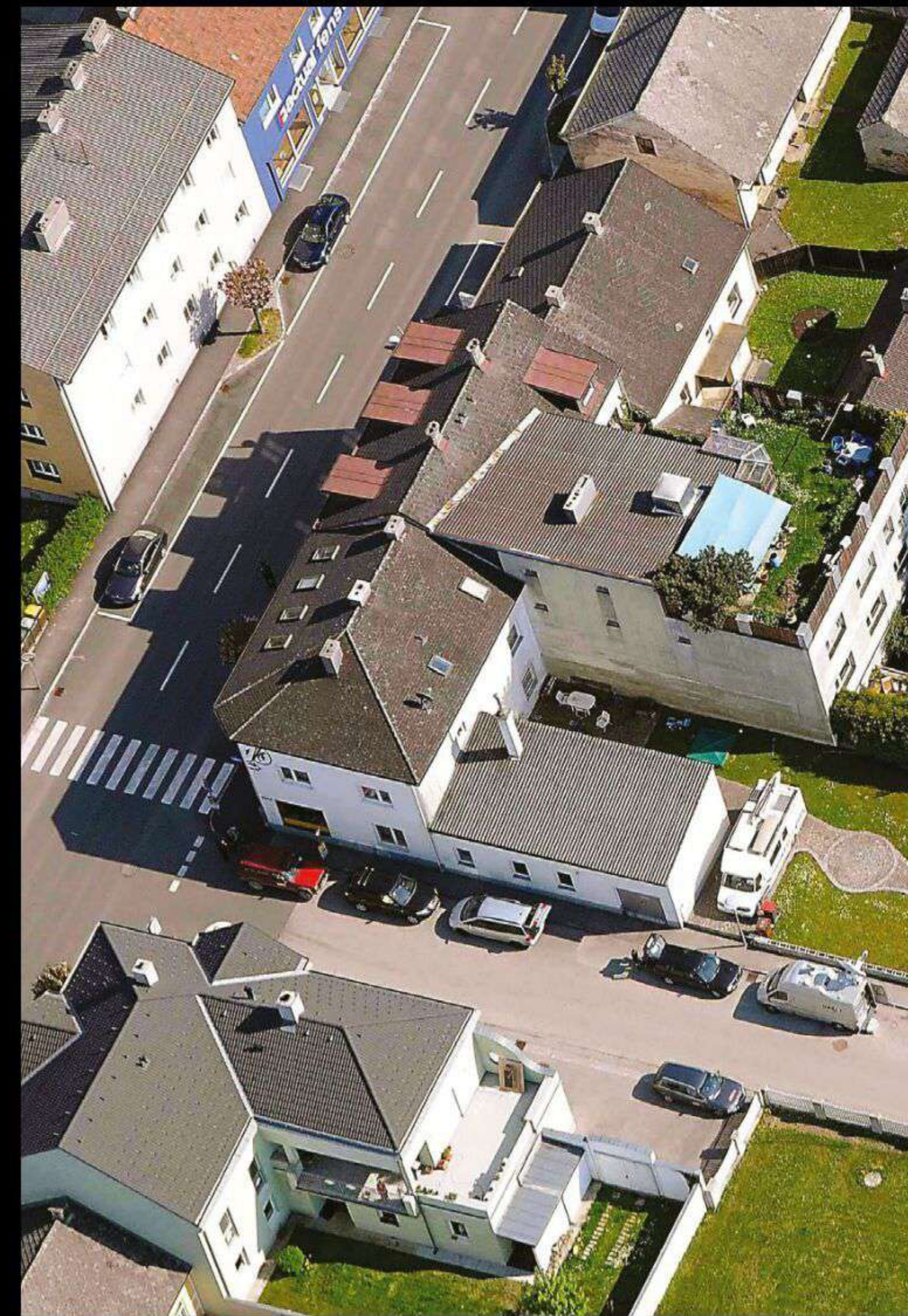
The other candidate for fatherhood is also called Josef, and he was one of the passing trade who happened to stay at 40 Ybbsstrasse as a paying guest.

In March 1938, Austria was annexed in the Anschluss, becoming a part of Germany. Hitler was driven through the town on his way to Vienna and, as the story goes, young Josef was made to salute the Führer as he passed. The town was anti-Semitic, and by the summer of that year Wolfgang Mitterdorfer, the mayor, proudly announced that all of Amstetten's 28 Jews had been expelled. And so Josef Fritzl grew up fatherless and under the influence of the Nazis.

As an adult after college, he went to work at Voestalpine in Linz. He married at the age of 21 and fathered seven children by wife Rosemarie, who was four years his junior. The fourth child was a girl named Elisabeth, born three days before her father's 31st birthday. Those who knew him well were aware that Fritzl was no saint – in late October 1967 he had been sentenced to 18 months in prison for rape. He had broken

**“ THOSE WHO KNEW HIM WELL WERE AWARE THAT FRITZL WAS CERTAINLY NO SAINT – IN LATE OCTOBER 1967 HE HAD BEEN SENTENCED TO 18 MONTHS IN PRISON FOR RAPE ”**





**ABOVE** The front of the innocuous-looking Fritzl household in Amstetten, Austria. The basement has since been filled with concrete

**ABOVE RIGHT** Fritzl's renovations on 40 Ybbsstrasse began in late 1978, his dungeon was finished by the end of 1983 and Elisabeth was incarcerated in August 1984

into the Kleinmünchen, Linz, home of a 24-year-old nurse, while her husband was away and attacked her as her baby slept in a cot. He was also the prime suspect in the case of an attempted rape. Released in 1969, however, Fritzl's record was later expunged under Austrian law.

On receiving his freedom, he found a job with a building firm in his hometown and in 1972 he bought Seestern, a hotel at Lake Mondsee, which he ran with his wife until 1996. It was huge – 40 rooms in a converted barn over three storeys, three terraces, a bar and a restaurant. It was Fritzl's way of apologising to his wife for the rape.

Back at 40 Ybbsstrasse: the house still had tenants and it was against Austrian law to evict them, so Fritzl waited until they died or moved on. To encourage this, he refused to do any repairs to the rented rooms in the building except replacing a couple of windows. Tenants had no electricity or hot water. It was not until the mid-Sixties that the three eldest children got their own room when old Mrs Klammer died. It would be another ten years before the Fritzls had the house to themselves and his mother.

On 6 November 1978, he got permission from the local council to make substantial alterations to number 40. Among the changes would be a cellar (supposedly a nuclear shelter, a requirement for new houses under Austrian law until 1977).

It would be fair to say that Elisabeth hated her father, and with good reason. Quiet and shy with thick blonde hair, he mistakenly believed that she had some of his characteristics and, as a result, thought that there was a connection between them. He took to spying on her. In 1977, when she was just 11 years old, he raped her for the first time. Rosemarie had

taken Ulrike, Rosi and Harald to Italy on holiday, but Fritzl refused to let Elisabeth – known as 'Sissi' in the family – go with her mother and siblings. He had plans for her.

Elisabeth, always an average pupil prone to illness, left school in April 1981 when she was 15 – she had received five grade Ds in an exam – and began studying to become a waitress. At school she had had few friends and was rarely seen out and about in Amstetten. Her father's parsimony meant she was unable to buy the latest fashions – something else that probably alienated her from those at school.

In 1980, the renovations at number 40 well in hand, Fritzl moved into a self-contained flat. He was 45, Sissi was 14, and there was no one to stop him abusing her whenever he wanted, touching her and masturbating in front of her.

There were two discrete sections of the house where Fritzl could play the pater familias and engineer, while the remainder he rented out to tenants to make money. At any given time, there might be up to 30 people living in the apartments at the back of the house. Fritzl's preferred tenants were short-term stayers, the flotsam and jetsam of Austrian life. People who asked no awkward questions and were in receipt of state benefits. Fritzl was a hands-off landlord. It would be Rosemarie who would tell the tenants if they were making too much mess, or if their music was too loud. There were rules: no pets, no photographs to be taken inside and no one was allowed in the garden. Josef's mother, Maria, grew a vegetable patch there and did not trust the other tenants not to steal her home-grown produce.

On 28 January 1983, when she was 16, Elisabeth had run away from home with Brigitte, a friend from her course, and went to Vienna. Fritzl sent Harald to track down his sister, but he returned his mission unaccomplished. On 16 February, the police caught up with the pair when they were called to a noisy party and returned the girls to their parents.

Only months later, on 14 November 1983, a man from the council came to inspect Fritzl's handiwork in the cellar. No

**“FRITZL HAD CHAINED THE GIRL AND PADLOCKED THE CHAINS, ATTACHING IT TO A FIVE-FEET-LONG DOG LEAD”**





two rooms there were alike. “Five years it took me to do this,” boasted Fritzl. The inspector returned to his office, wrote his report and the cellar passed his inspection. Then Fritzl decided that he needed two more rooms. Paperwork was filed but forgotten about, but not by Fritzl. In 1988, a council worker telephoned him and asked about the two extra rooms. Fritzl told the bureaucrat that it had been too complicated and he had abandoned the work. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

Elisabeth rejoined her course, yet by the summer of 1984, now 18, she again planned to escape. She wanted to work as a waitress in Linz and waited for the right moment to escape.

Oddly, it was only in May 1984 that Josef Fritzl came up with the idea as to what to do with the extra rooms. At his trial, the prosecution could not provide any evidence that the crime was premeditated by more than three months.

On the last Tuesday in August 1984, the house empty, Fritzl told Elisabeth that he needed her help to carry a heavy door down to the garage. Fearful of angering her father, she agreed. They struggled to get the door to the garage and leant it against a wall. The garage had a slope and was connected by a door to the cellar.

Suddenly, Fritzl remembered something that he had to tell Elisabeth but in private. He unlocked the door and ushered her inside and told her to take a seat. He left her for a few minutes and she looked around – after all, none of the family had been in there before. It was always kept locked and Fritzl had the only set of keys.

She wondered how much of a telling off she was in for and then she noticed a small handgun on a shelf. Without warning, she felt his cloth-covered right hand cover her nose and mouth and breathed in a pungent odour. Thus began a terror that lasted 8,516 days – almost 25 years.

When Elisabeth did not appear on the following day, Josef Fritzl went straight to the police station to report her missing. The policeman took notes and asked questions. Fritzl said

## WHAT DID ROSEMARIE KNOW?

### WAS IT POSSIBLE FOR FRAU FRITZL NOT TO KNOW WHAT HER HUSBAND WAS DOING?

Rosemarie Bayer was still a teenager when she married Josef Fritzl. She was timid, naïve, incurious, afraid of her husband, afraid of saying or doing the wrong thing, afraid of his fearsome temper and naturally afraid of his fists. She did not ask about their missing daughter in the same way that Sonia Sutcliffe did not ask or suspect that Peter, her lorry-driving husband, was a serial killer of prostitutes. When Sissi was put in the dungeon, Fritzl stopped sleeping with his wife, cruelly telling her, “You’re too fat for sex.” Rosemarie was indiscreet, liked a gossip and constantly moaned about her husband – his meanness, his cruelty and the shame he had brought on the family for raping the woman in Linz. After his arrest in 2008, Fritzl begged Rosemarie to not divorce him, but for once, she showed some strength of character and filed papers. When the full enormity of his abhorrent crimes was eventually revealed, Rosemarie would sit in Elisabeth’s basement cell and cry uncontrollably for days on end. Rosemarie was deceived not once but twice by her husband. Following his imprisonment the state seized all his assets and she was left completely penniless. She was not even allowed a stick of furniture from the house. However, the courts accepted that Frau Fritzl had no knowledge of her husband’s abominable behaviour and she was not charged with any crimes.

**ABOVE** Austrian police began searching Fritzl’s house in April 2008, nearly 24 years after Elisabeth’s imprisonment



Rosemarie Fritzl, shown here on a camping holiday with Josef, knew nothing of her husband’s secret



yes, he had had cause for concern about Sissi – her drinking, smoking, late nights and possible solvent abuse had worried him. It was likely, he thought, that she'd run off to join a cult.

The policeman nodded sympathetically and opened a case file. He told Fritzl to not worry too much. Girls like Sissi turned up – usually. And in the meantime, the police made no real effort to find her. Their incuriosity was shocking – they didn't wonder why a teenage girl had run away from home. They didn't question her father or any members of the family.

When Elisabeth woke up she was disoriented. The cellar was dark and smelled of mildew. More worrying, Fritzl had chained the girl and padlocked the chains, attaching it to a 1.5-metre-long dog lead.

Elisabeth was on a bed – not a mattress thrown on the floor, but a king-sized bed – and behind the foot of the bed an iron post had been screwed into the floor, her chain fastened to that. Her movements were limited.

The cellar was 4.5 metres by 4.5 metres in diameter and the ceiling was 1.6 metres high. As well as the bed, there was a Grundig television, a video recorder, fridge, freezer, washing machine, a sink and cramped bathroom facilities, although her cord did not allow her to reach them. She later noticed there was an electric hotplate. The cutlery was plastic and the doors could only be opened from the outside. It was also soundproof.

Fritzl returned to the cellar and tightened the chains around his daughter. He spoke little, only to tell her that it was her fault and that he had never wanted things to escalate to this. Left alone for 24 hours, Sissi's thoughts rushed through her mind. What had she done to deserve this? How long would he keep her there?

Fritzl had moved his daughter into the secret cellar, the one that he had told the local council he had abandoned construction on. It was protected by a steel-and-concrete door, which weighed a third of a ton.

On the second day of her imprisonment, Fritzl untied his daughter's wrists, but not before putting an even heavier chain around her waist. The chain allowed her to visit the lavatory, but before she could use it, he launched an attack – punching, kicking and gagging her – that lasted for around 40 excruciating minutes. She screamed but he told her, "They can't hear you so there's no point."

Sissi lay on the bed, beaten, bruised and bloody. He taunted her: "If you don't do what I say it will only get worse. You can't get out of here, anyway."

It was on that second day that Fritzl raped her for the first time during her imprisonment. The ordeal lasted for hours. When she thought that the horrific ordeal was all over, he raped her again and again, prolonging the torment, which lasted for an equally horrific time.

During the sexual assaults, Fritzl did not talk to his daughter. She later told prosecutors, "He could do whatever he wanted... He was acting out sexually everything that had built up in him."

For the two years after she'd returned from her escape to Vienna, Fritzl had left Elisabeth alone, but now he gave free rein to his desires and perversions.

It happened on the third day and on the fourth and on the fifth and every day for months on end – the father raped his daughter twice daily. It became a routine. It is estimated that Fritzl raped his daughter around 3,000 times.

Some time before he locked Elisabeth away, Fritzl had bought some pornographic films. He watched the flicks and then bought dildos and whips that he

# DADDY'S DUNGEON

THE UNDERGROUND HOME THAT JOSEF FRITZL BUILT AS A PRISON FOR HIS DAUGHTER AND GRANDCHILDREN

From the outside, the house looked perfectly normal, but Fritzl had designed the inside so that it was easy to become disoriented and lost in its confines, with staircases appearing suddenly in the middle of rooms.

It was in the room with the shelves that Sissi was first taken. Her father then squeezed her through the small 1m-high door on the left.

The sleeping areas at the far end were part of the secret cellar that the local council knew nothing about.

The narrow corridor leading towards the bedrooms was added in 1993.

The bedroom shared by the children, Kerstin, Stefan and Felix.

Elisabeth's bedroom, featuring a bed, a television and video player so that Fritzl could watch porn films with her. She had her own room so he could rape her in privacy, away from their three children.

A narrow passageway led to Elisabeth's bedroom. Fritzl often warned his daughter that shouting for help was futile as the passage was soundproofed.

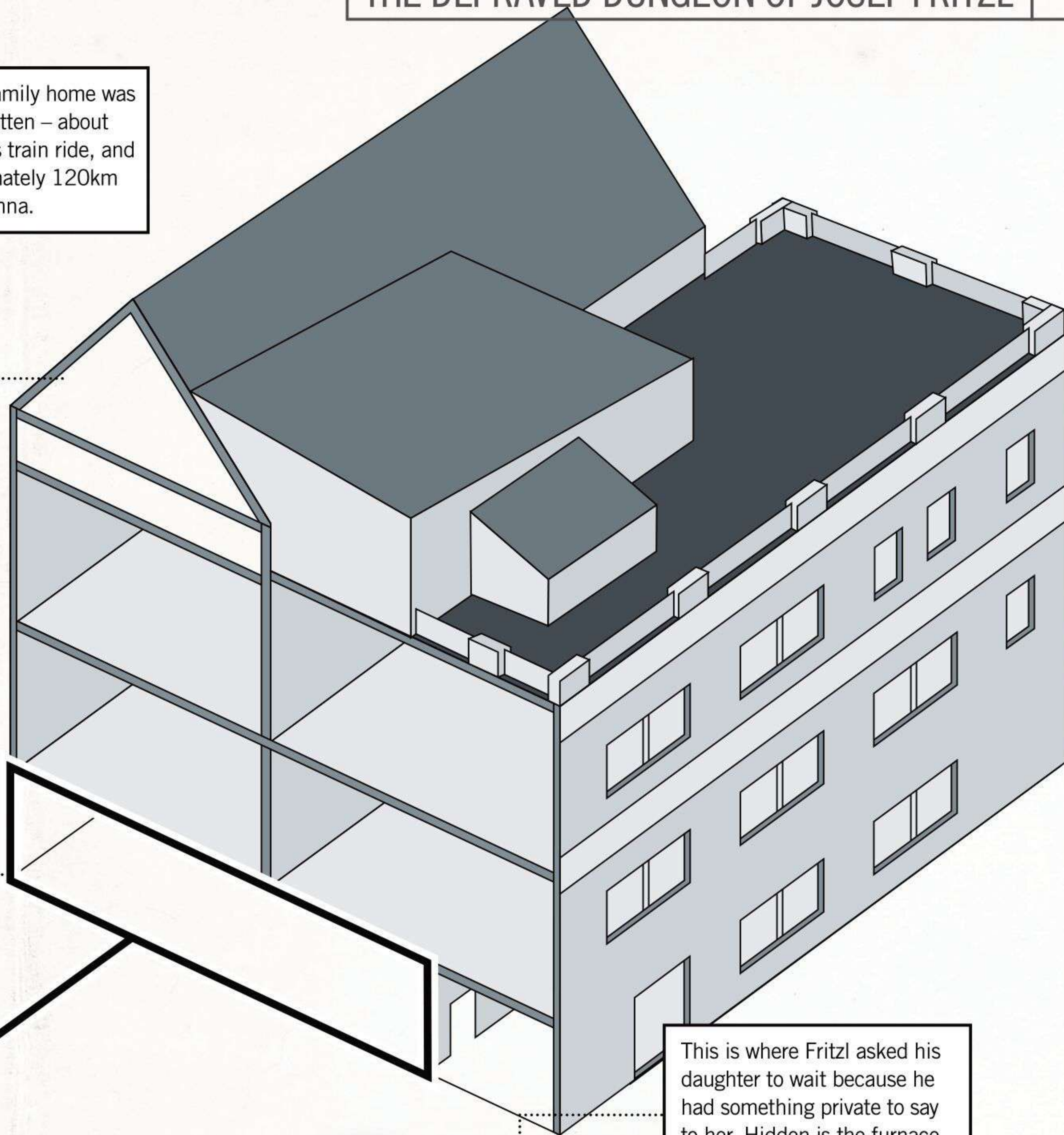






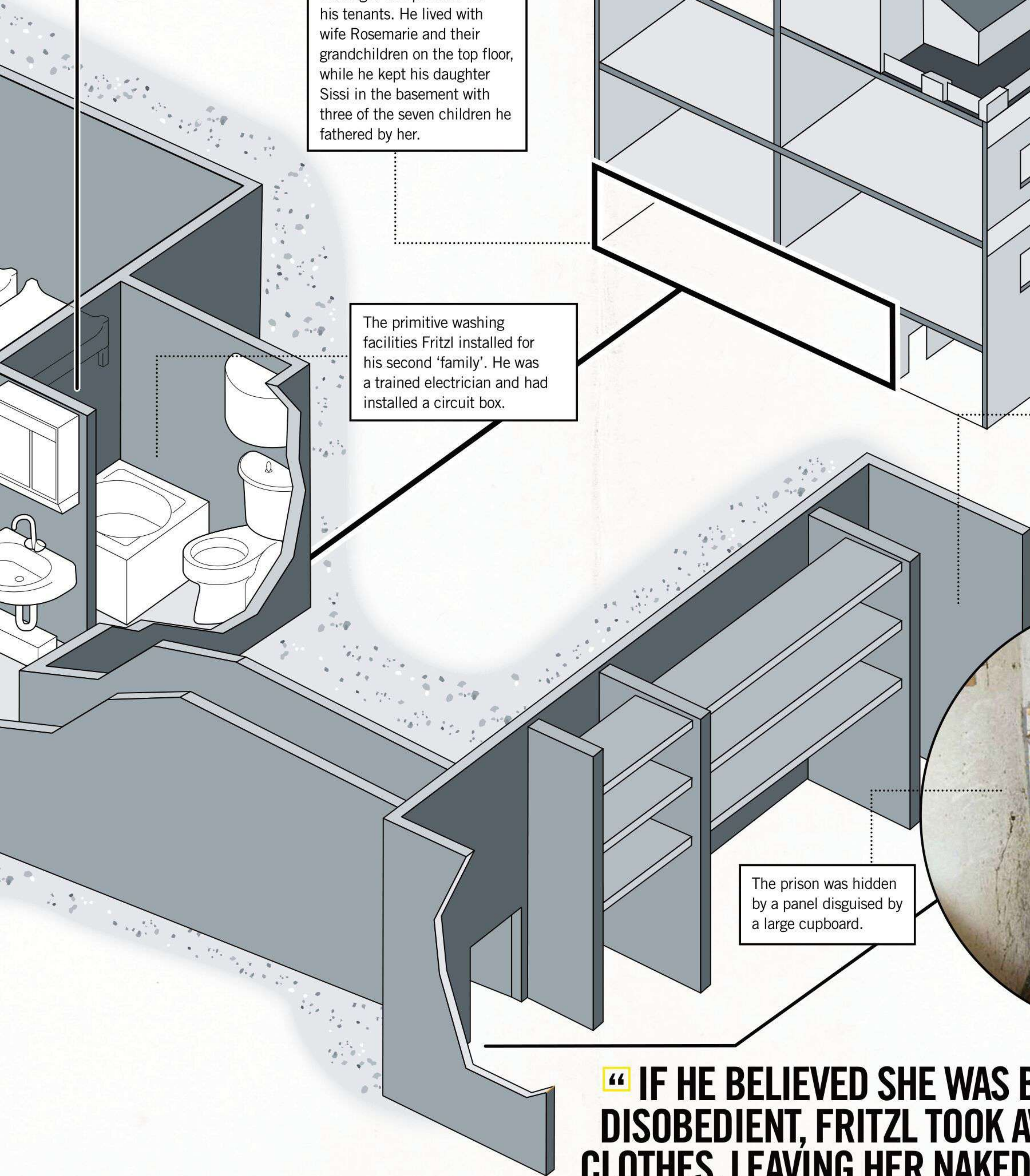
Fritzl's family home was in Amstetten – about an hour's train ride, and approximately 120km from Vienna.

Fritzl redesigned the house, making it complicated for his tenants. He lived with wife Rosemarie and their grandchildren on the top floor, while he kept his daughter Sissi in the basement with three of the seven children he fathered by her.



The primitive washing facilities Fritzl installed for his second 'family'. He was a trained electrician and had installed a circuit box.

This is where Fritzl asked his daughter to wait because he had something private to say to her. Hidden is the furnace in which he burned the corpse of three-day-old Michael. He also contemplated cremating Kerstin there if she died in spring 2008.

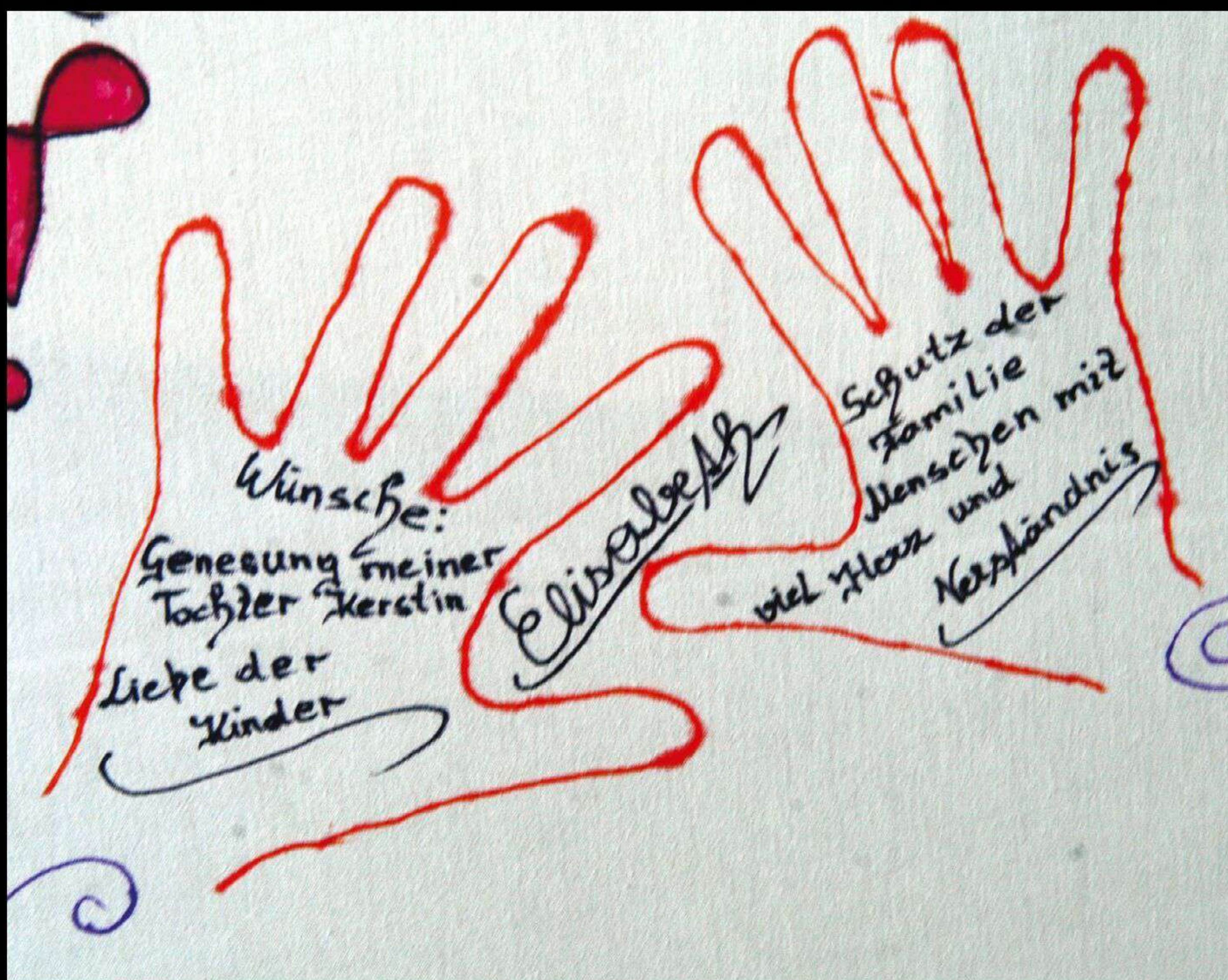


The prison was hidden by a panel disguised by a large cupboard.



**“ IF HE BELIEVED SHE WAS BEING WILFUL OR DISOBEDIENT, FRITZL TOOK AWAY ELISABETH’S CLOTHES, LEAVING HER NAKED AND SHIVERING ”**





**ABOVE** Part of a poster made by the family of Josef Fritzl (including Elisabeth's signature), in a shop window in Amstetten

**ABOVE RIGHT** Josef Fritzl paces in the exercise yard of Stein prison, serving a life sentence for murder (by denying Elisabeth's child medical care), rape, coercion, incest and deprivation of liberty

had seen the actresses in them use. That was why he had provided a television and video recorder – it was not to allow his daughter some respite and to pass the time. As with everything in Fritzl's life, it was about his pleasure, his selfishness.

Fritzl took the films and the sex toys into the basement and made his daughter watch the films with him and use the dildos on herself while he pleased himself.

In September, he took pen and paper into the cellar and ordered Sissi to write a letter to her parents. She refused.

A week later on 21 September – after seven brutal days of beatings, starvation and no light – Fritzl drove 160 kilometres to Braunau an Inn, the birthplace in 1889 of Adolf Hitler, the man that Fritzl had saluted in the street more than 40 years earlier, and posted it.

It arrived the next day and Fritzl tore it open. In the letter, Elisabeth reassured them that “I am with people who care about me and I am safe. Please do not worry about me or come and look for me.” He showed it to his wife before taking it to the police.

If he believed that she was being wilful or disobedient, Fritzl took away Elisabeth's clothes, leaving her naked and shivering in the secret cellar. He would leave her in the dark for days. The slightest infraction could set him off on another round of punishment beatings.

In May of 1985, he removed the chain from around her waist. It was not to make life easier for her, but for him. After all, the chain was getting in the way when he raped her.

He left the chain off but told her that there were hidden sensors in the doors and if she tried to open one, it would

gas and electrocute her. It wasn't true but it added to her relentless psychological torture. Sometimes the beatings that he administered left Elisabeth seriously ill, and on more than one occasion he feared she might die. His solution was to bring her aspirin.

She looked for a chance to escape whenever he entered her domain but he, too, was always on his guard and an opportunity never arose. Fritzl always referred to the cellar as a “bunker”, perhaps after the shelters that he had spent many hours in during the Second World War avoiding Allied bombing. This bunker offered no shelter for Elisabeth, however, and she became pregnant by her father eight times.

August 1986 saw her become pregnant for the first time. Fritzl was pleased and told Sissi that she should be grateful that he had given her what every woman wants – a baby. In November 1986, she miscarried the baby in the tenth week. Not long after, with a broom she killed a rat that had entered the cellar looking for food. The vermin was almost 20 centimetres in length.

By January 1988, Elisabeth Fritzl was once again pregnant. On 30 August she gave birth to Kerstin – all alone. There was no midwife, no medical assistance of any kind. Naturally fearful that something might go wrong – particularly giving birth for the first time – the 22 year old was terrified.

Stefan soon followed in February 1990, with a second daughter named Lisa born on 29 August 1992. Fritzl and Rosemarie adopted Lisa after Elisabeth supposedly gave her up on 19 May 1993.

On 26 February 1994, Monika was born. Elisabeth's next birth produced twins, Alexander and Michael, on 28 April 1996, but Michael died three days later under mysterious circumstances. Hiding his existence, Fritzl cremated Michael in the household furnace, while he and Rosemarie raised both Alexander and Monika upstairs with their older sister, Lisa. Fritzl's last incestuous child was Felix, who was born in December 2002.

**“THE BEATINGS THAT HE ADMINISTERED LEFT ELISABETH SERIOUSLY ILL, AND ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION HE FEARED SHE MIGHT DIE”**



# THE FRITZL FAMILY TREE

In June 1956, Josef Fritzl married 17-year old Rosemarie Bayer. They had seven children: two sons and five daughters – Ulrike (b. 17 June 1957), Rosemarie (b. 11 May 1960), Harald (b. 7 September 1963), Elisabeth (b. 8 April 1966), twins Josef and Gabriele (b. 5 January 1971) and

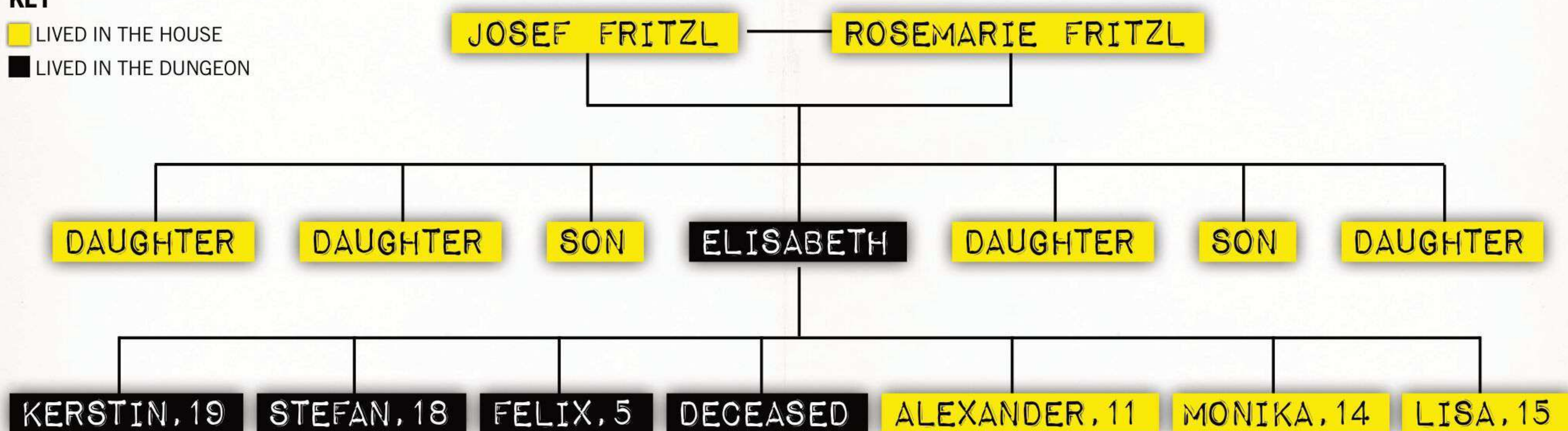
Doris (b. 28 December 1972). By his daughter, Fritzl fathered another seven children, beginning with Kerstin after his daughter's confinement. In May 1993, their daughter Lisa was found in a cardboard box outside the family home, supposedly left by Elisabeth. There was a letter

asking for the child to be cared for. Rosemarie adopted her granddaughter and unknowingly her step-daughter. Lisa was nine months old, but weighed just 5.4kg and measured only 60cm. Two more children would join their grandmother upstairs.

## KEY

■ LIVED IN THE HOUSE

■ LIVED IN THE DUNGEON



As the brood increased, the prison grew in size. Fritzl made his daughter carry out the work. Her reward was that he would rape her in one of the new rooms rather than in front of their children. Fritzl used his skill to install electronic locks on each of the rooms' doors, and locked the main door with a remote code. Months turned into years and it seemed as if the torment would never end. Then suddenly it did.

Kerstin, 19 years old at the time, fell seriously ill. She was having a fit, blood pouring from her mouth, before she quickly fell into a coma. Elisabeth pleaded with her father to take their daughter for medical treatment. Fritzl waited until Rosemarie was on holiday at Lake Maggiore and then, in the early hours of 19 April 2008, Kerstin left the cellar for the very first time in her life. Fritzl, by now aged 73, could not carry her alone, and so Sissi also left the cellar for the first time since 1984. However, once Kerstin was in the house, Elisabeth was ordered back to the cellar. An ambulance was quickly summoned and Kerstin was taken to the Mostviertel-Amstetten State Hospital.

Fritzl stayed at home to rehearse his story. When he finally arrived at the hospital, he said that his daughter had joined a cult and, for the fourth time, had left one of her offspring on her parents' front door. Dr Albert Reiter did not believe Fritzl's tale for one second. Kerstin was not just ill – she was malnourished and virtually toothless.

At 10.37am on 20 April, the police were called. Kerstin's body had shut down, and she suffered major organ failure. She was put on a respirator and a kidney dialysis machine and given the Last Rites.

Dr Reiter persuaded the hospital's PR department to put out an urgent call for Kerstin's mother to come forward and provide information about her daughter's medical history, and the team even published the photograph of Elisabeth that Fritzl had provided 24 years earlier when she originally went 'missing'. It was on this occasion, however, that the police took the case seriously.

## “FRITZL CLAIMED THAT HE WAS “BORN TO RAPE”, BUT PLEADED GUILTY TO THE CHARGES OF MURDER BY NEGLIGENCE OF MICHAEL”

A week later, Fritzl let Elisabeth, 42, but grey-haired, toothless and looking 20 years older, as well as her three children, leave the cellar for good. Upon release, Elisabeth was arrested on suspicion of maltreating her daughter.

For a time, she stuck to her story that she had run off to a cult. Finally, when the police promised that she and her children would never have to see Fritzl again, Elisabeth broke and told them the whole sordid story.

On 14 November 2008, Josef Fritzl was charged with the murder of his son, Michael. His trial began at 9.30am on Monday 16 March 2009 and Fritzl covered his face with a blue binder as he took his seat in the St Pölten courtroom. Judge Andrea Humer was in charge of the four-day event. Defending his actions, Fritzl claimed that he was “born to rape”, but pleaded guilty to the charges of the murder by negligence of Michael, and the enslavement, incest, rape, coercion and false imprisonment of Elisabeth.

Dr Adelheid Kästner, a psychiatrist who interviewed Fritzl many times before the trial, said that he believed that Fritzl's terrible experiences as a child at the hands of a brutal and unloving mother had driven him to want to “control somebody completely”. Fritzl was sentenced to life imprisonment. In 2009, he began writing to Elisabeth asking for sympathy, understanding... and money.

Elisabeth and her six children now live under assumed names in a brightly painted two-storey house a few kilometres from Amstetten. She was given the house worth £680,000, a £54,000 lump sum and a pension in the region of £3,400 a month. She shuns all media interviews and has turned down lucrative book offers to tell her story.



UZYNAGASH, KAZAKHSTAN, DECEMBER 1980

# LEFTOVERS OF METAL FANG'S LAST MEAL

After discovering a cannibal operating in the area, police found some shocking evidence about a seemingly ordinary man to sink their teeth into

**W**hen police searched the home of Nikolai Dzhumagaliev they dreaded what they might find hidden away among his possessions. They had arrested Dzhumagaliev on suspicion of murder, but it soon became clear that the man had more than just murder on his mind. Police had been alerted and called to his home in Uzynagash, Kazakhstan, after two friends had been invited back to Dzhumagaliev's home for 'snacks', where they found the head and intestines of a woman on the kitchen counter ready for cooking.

Dzhumagaliev's cannibalistic ways, police soon discovered, involved luring a young woman to his favoured spot – a dark and desolate corner of the town near a riverbank. Concealed, he would use this opportunity to stab and rape her, often sexually assaulting the stab wounds, before butchering the victim with the tools that he carried with him. The body was then taken home to be eaten.

With the desired parts of the cadaver carved and cooked, he would invite his friends over to unknowingly feast with him on the flesh of the freshly killed victim. The media dubbed him 'Metal Fang' due to the white metal dentures that had been affixed after his original teeth had been knocked out in a fight.

After months of investigation, police gathered enough evidence to secure seven murder charges against him. A previous diagnosis of schizophrenia meant he was found not guilty by reason of insanity. He was sent for compulsory treatment at a closed mental hospital in Tashkent, Uzbekistan.









# Hello Kitty

## MURDER

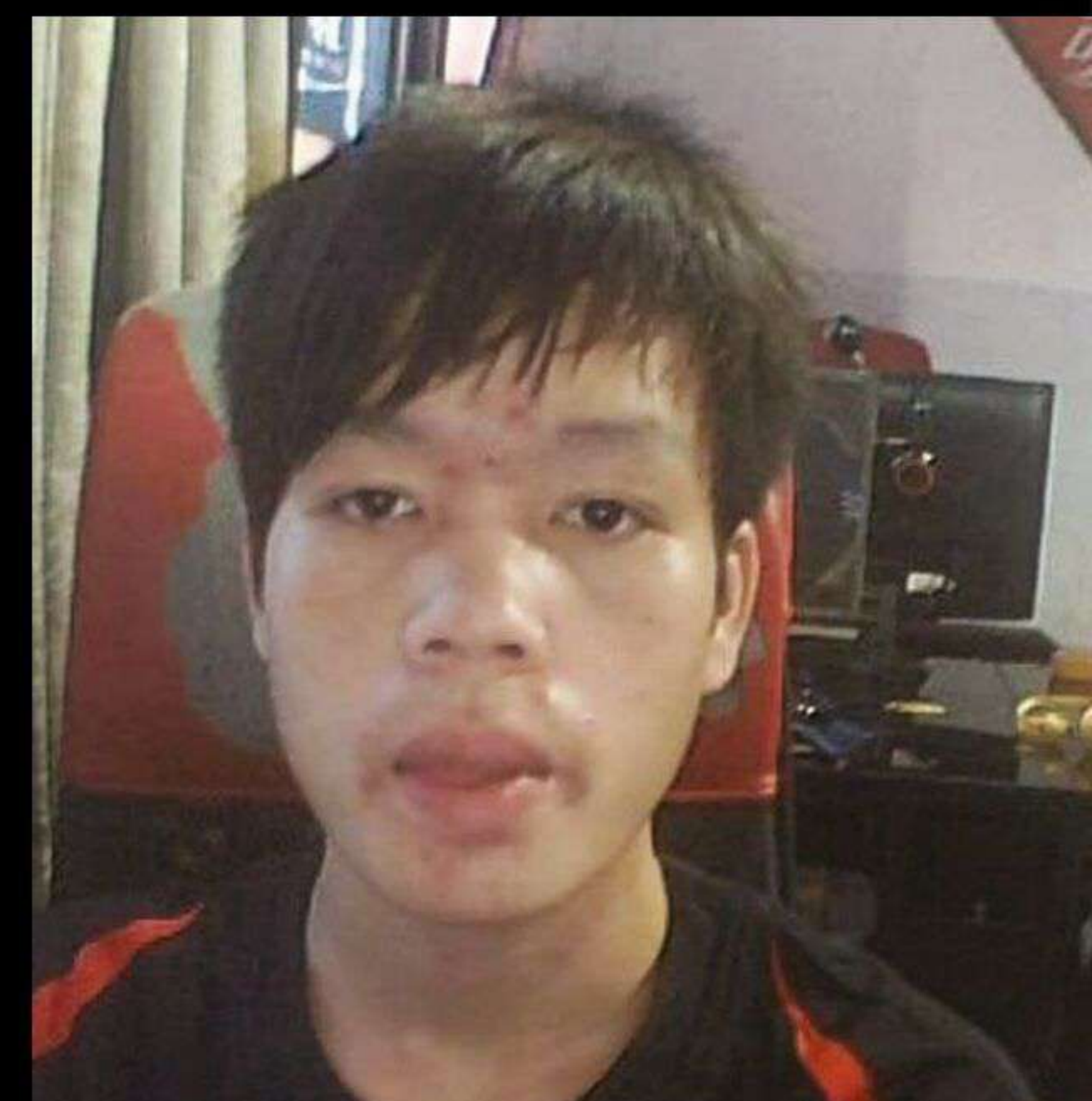
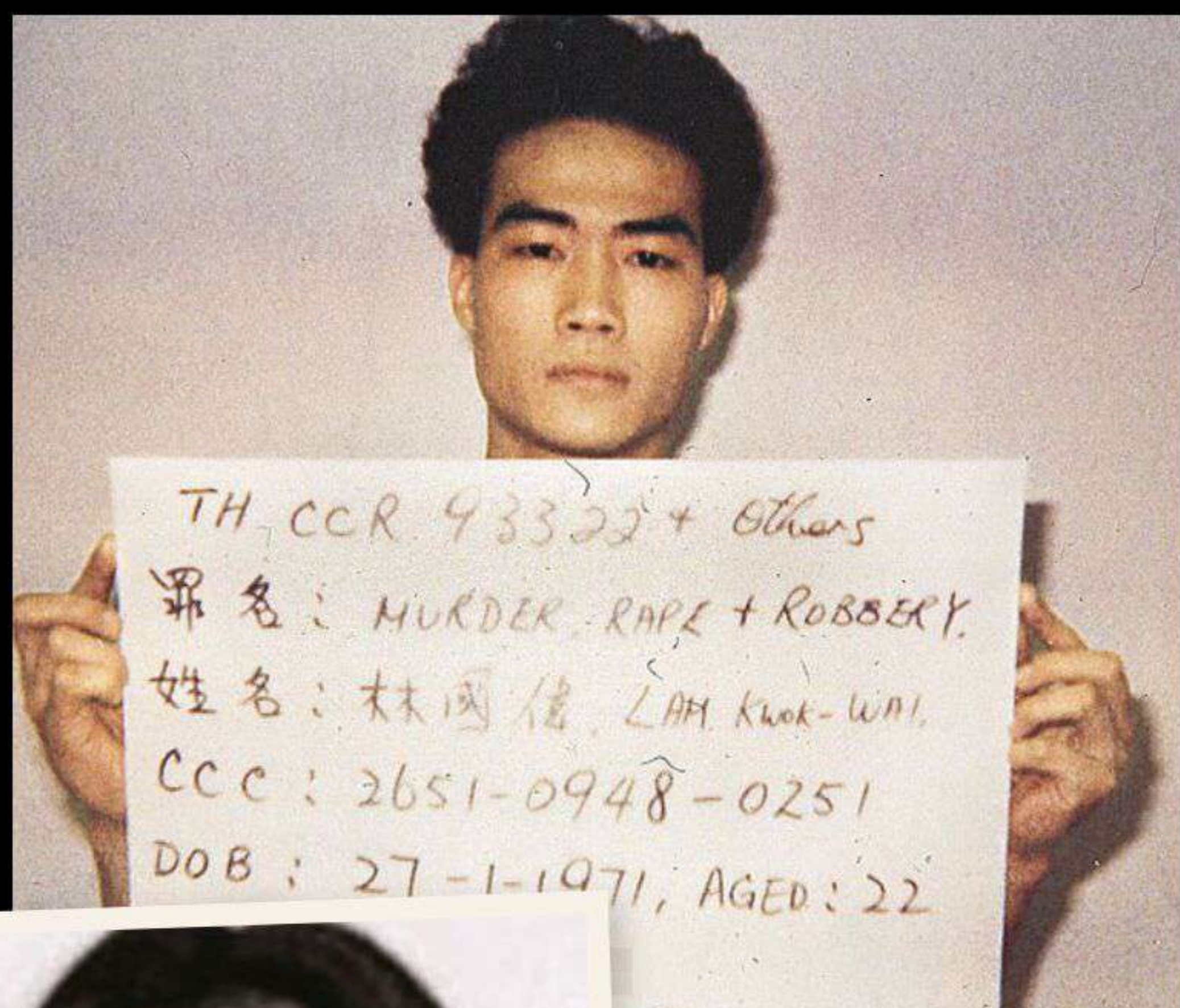
THE TRAGIC DEATH OF PROSTITUTE FAN MAN-YEE BECAME KNOWN AS THE HELLO KITTY MURDER AND IS INFAMOUS IN THE ANNALS OF HONG KONG CRIME HISTORY

Tsim Sha Tsui (Sharp Sand Mouth in Cantonese) sits on the very tip of the Kowloon peninsula, overlooking the stunning Victoria Harbour. Chances are, whenever you've seen a photograph of Hong Kong Island lit up at night in all its shimmering electric glory, it was taken from the waterfront in Tsim Sha Tsui. The area is one of Hong Kong's busiest and most tourism-focused areas. It is packed with regal hotels, designer-label shops, history-packed museums and the finest restaurants. Yet like every major metropolis in the world, there is a darker side – an alternate kingdom hidden in plain sight during daylight hours that comes to life once night falls. It is equally a world awash with dollar bills and a certain sense of glamour, but it's built on criminal enterprise and illegal activities. Its denizens live violent lives









or are victimised by associations with underworld figures and their goons. Many find succour in booze or drug addiction, sometimes both. It's how they get by and how they survive.

Tsim Sha Tsui is a tourist trap packed with art and culture, but it's also one with a fair share of brothels, karaoke bars (with extras) and traditional massage parlours. Teenaged girls and women are also known to engage in the practice of 'compensated dating'. The concept 'enjo-kosai' hails from Japan, but it's made its way across the East China Sea to places such as Taiwan and Hong Kong. Girls offer a range of services in exchange for gifts or money: from keeping blokes company while they get drunk in bars, complain about their home lives and drunk-sing on a karaoke machine, to hand jobs and oral sex to full intercourse.

Hong Kong has incredible sensations on offer. The neon lights above the bars and sex joints burn with mesmerising, guilt-free allure. Yet an environment filled with dazzling signage boasting pleasures of the flesh can also be ugly. It is in Tsim Sha Tsui that one of the most sickening misfortunes ever to befall a street walker occurred. What happened to 23-year-old Fan Man-yee is a cautionary tale of initial foolishness (on her part) turned into one of utter derangement. Drugs and drug-induced behaviour played a major part in what occurred, for sure, but that would introduce the idea of mitigating circumstances for outrageous, pitiless bestial acts.

The human capacity for cruelty and malice should never surprise us, but in the case of what was sensationalised in the media as the 'Hello Kitty murder', an unfortunately comical-sounding tag, a nightclub hostess and prostitute died at the hands of tweakers who decided to kidnap and torture a vulnerable woman. High as a kite on crystal meth or not, their lack of conscience and remorse astonished and nauseated authority figures. When put on trial, the three Triads involved remained unrepentant about their activities. What they did to Fan Man-yee beggars belief. She was not only abused and humiliated daily, she was dismembered, her skin boiled off, bones crushed to nothing, and her skull, missing the lower jaw, placed in a Hello Kitty mermaid doll. It is this detail from which the name of the case is derived.

In a seven-room apartment on Granville Road, the name place a reminder of Hong Kong's colonial past, Fan Man-yee

endured a catalogue of abuse and torture. It is unknown whether she died of her injuries or took a deliberate overdose to end her suffering with a desperate attempt at finality. The case, when it emerged, thanks to a witness and occasional participant in the saga, shocked the country and became infamous. The Hello Kitty murder served as a key inspiration for several Category III movies, with titles such as *Human Pork Chop* (2001) and *There Is A Secret In My Soup* (2002). Reporters even held seances at the property where Fan Man-yee died and detailed the conversations in the papers. As in countless cases of murder, respect for the dead and sorrow for the victim is ignored in favour of revelling in the gory details of the crime, as new details emerged from testimony during the court hearings. The demise of Fan Man-yee is appalling and a recounting of it is not for the faint-hearted.

The path to what occurred at Granville Road was laid in 1997, when Fan Man-yee was unfortunate enough to cross paths, in a client capacity, with Triad member Chan Man-lok. He was a flashy guy, by all accounts, wearing faux Armani suits and a knock-off Rolex, who liked to flash the cash. He was a heavy drug user and a big-time Charlie: a recipe for disaster for any woman he took a shine to. Fan Man-yee was working in a brothel called the Romance Villa, and he became a regular john. Also during the years between 1997 and 1999, Fan Man-yee gave birth to a son and played unhappy families with her drug-addicted husband. Their stormy relationship was beset with domestic violence. The details of Fan Man-yee's biography read like a cross between a Charles Dickens and Hubert Selby Jr novel. She was left to fend for herself as a child, practically raised an orphan, and brought up in a home for girls. By the time she was 15, Fan Man-yee was involved in criminal activities such as petty theft and prostitution.

It wasn't until 1999, however, that she made a gross error: stealing Chan Man-lok's wallet and taking more than HK\$20,000. Enraged, he ordered the young woman to pay back every cent, but he kept adding interest upon interest, and suddenly the situation was increasingly desperate. He had pretty much rendered her helpless, despite paying back the money she had pocketed, as well as the exorbitant and ludicrous amounts of added interest. On 17 March 1999, he ordered two fellow Triad members to kidnap Fan Man-yee and took her to his place on Granville Road. The two helpers, 27-year-old Leung Shing-cho and 21-year-old Leung Wai-lun, carried out their friend's bidding without question. Chan Man-lok's plan was to hold Fan Man-yee captive, work her as a hooker for as long as he wished and keep all the money she made. It was a lesson in complete and systematic humiliation.

**ABOVE** Fan Man-yee (known as Ah Map) could not have anticipated how her petty theft would escalate into her torture and death

**TOP** Chan Man-lok and his two accomplices were lucky they didn't commit their crimes on mainland China, where they would have faced the death penalty

**“HIGH AS A KITE ON CRYSTAL METH OR NOT, THEIR LACK OF CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE ASTONISHED AND NAUSEATED AUTHORITIES”**



# INNOCENCE LOST

HOW 14-YEAR-OLD AH FONG BECAME DRAWN INTO A WORLD OF DRUG-FUELLED SADISM

**“CHAN MAN-LOK’S PLAN WAS TO HOLD FAN MAN-YEE CAPTIVE... IT WAS A LESSON IN COMPLETE AND SYSTEMATIC HUMILIATION”**

## 1. PLASTIC STRAW TORTURE

I watched them melt plastic straws and drip them onto her feet and body. When those ran out, we burned her with cigarette lighters and then smeared food and other things into the wounds, just to see what happened and the look on her face.

## 2. BEATEN WITH BARS

They got bored and then used their fists at first, but this graduated to table legs and metal bars. They forced her to laugh and smile as they beat her. If Fan Man-yee didn't comply, they made things even worse until she looked like she was enjoying herself. It was a fun atmosphere.

## 3. THE HUMAN PUNCHBAG

Somebody had the idea to string her up and so we found some electric cord. Tying her arms with the cord and using a hook in the ceiling, they found it much easier to hit her. After the beatings, she was left hanging there for hours on end.

## 4. ALL CHOPPED UP

After Fan Man-yee died, we went out to an arcade and played video games while we decided what to do with her body. When we came back, Chan Man-lok said we had to get rid of her body. “Now she must be destroyed,” he said. We cut her up in the bath with a wood saw.

## 5. THE BOILED HEAD

Chan Man-lok was worried about the smell. He decided the flesh and organs must be boiled. He put the head in a pan and the flesh came off easy. The boys were hungry, so made noodles on the hob next to the pan with the head in it. They didn't care.





Chan Man-lok's flat and centre of his Triad racketeering could be found in Tsim Sha Tsui, Hong Kong

# TRIADS ON TRIAL

AS DISGUSTING AND REPREHENSIBLE THE CRIME OF FAN MAN-YEE'S KILLING WAS, THE CASE WAS FAR FROM CLEAR CUT

The prosecution at the trial had a major obstacle to face when considering what charges to bring. Firstly, it was unknown exactly how Fan Man-yee had actually passed away. There was no body left, so there could be no autopsy, no coroner's report or cause of death determined. It was not obvious whether she had died from a single blow, from her sustained wounds over a single period of torture or if she ultimately withered away from a month of punishment and neglect. Secondly and perhaps more importantly, the prosecutors had no proof that Chan Man-lok, Leung Shing-cho and Leung Wai-lun had wilfully set out to commit a murder, or if they had inadvertently (albeit somewhat predictably) killed Fan Man-yee during the course of her extended torture. It would be very difficult to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the scumbags in the dock had killed their captive in a premeditated fashion. So instead, the prosecution decided to bring manslaughter charges against them. Unlike mainland China, Hong Kong does not use the death penalty, so the maximum sentence the judge could guarantee would be 20-year stretches. In that, the trio were very lucky. On 21 November 1999, the convicted three were given life (meaning 20-year) sentences and informed that they may never be released, such was the severity of their actions. Almost as despicable was the portrayal of the case in the Hong Kong media that, instead of focusing on the perpetrators and the plight of their victim, printed voyeuristic, computer-generated images of Fan's torture and ran with headlines like "Girl eats shit and drinks piss" – a sad indictment of societal attitudes that may have contributed to Fan's death in the first place.

With the three drug-addled Triads out of their minds every hour of the day, they thought it would be a fun way to pass the time by doling out beatings to Fan Man-yee. In between these sessions, they'd play video games or go out to clubs and party hard. When they were bored or just feeling the need, they'd go back to their human punch bag. As Fan Man-yee bruised and her wounds scabbed, her captors realised that nobody would be willing to pay for her services. As she was no longer earning, she was therefore deemed surplus to requirements. But they couldn't let her go, not with what she'd experienced and what she knew about Chan Man-lok's setup: his apartment was a drug den, a centre for his loan-sharking operation and full of stolen goods.

How the crime came to be exposed, and the killers of Fan Man-yee brought to justice, is straight out of a horror film. In this revolting and sordid tale was a fourth person. It is largely from this person's testimony that the Triad trio were arrested, made to stand before The Man and sent down for life. She was the 14-year-old girlfriend of Chan Man-lok, known by the pseudonym Ah Fong. One day, Ah Fong walked into a Hong Kong cop shop and informed officers she was being haunted by a ghost. Ah Fong went on to say how she had suffered nightmares and feelings of guilt over the death of a young woman in her beau's apartment and that she had participated in torture sessions. Initially baffled by what they were hearing, the police investigated Chan Man-lok's home on 27 May 1999 and made a gruesome discovery. In exchange for immunity, Ah Fong was willing to testify against her lover and his accomplices.



The Hong Kong apartment block where Fan died was shut down and subsequently demolished



“THE TRIO TOOK THINGS UP A NOTCH BY TAKING TURNS TO URINATE ON HER... THEY THOUGHT IT WOULD BE HILARIOUS IF FAN MAN-YEE ATE AH FONG’S EXCREMENT”

Fan Man-yee’s ordeal was described as a descent into a living hell, one that outshone any of life’s slings and arrows she’d endured previously. What Ah Fong described makes for tough reading. The sadists beat, burned, tortured and humiliated her. Ah Fong related how they poured chilli oil into Fan Man-yee’s wounds then forced her to smile and laugh her head off, suppressing the agony and withering pain. The trio took things up a notch by taking turns to urinate on her and in her mouth. With that came the next thing: they thought it would be hilarious if Fan Man-yee ate Ah Fong’s excrement. The girl did her business into a plastic box and they fed it to their captive. Again, they forced her to react as if she was having a good time.

There are two theories regarding Fan Man-yee’s demise. The first scenario is that she took an overdose and deliberately committed suicide. The second is that she died from injuries sustained from repeated torture by the men. The jury accepted the three men did not murder Fan Man-yee with deliberate intent, but that they caused her death. Judge Peter Nguyen summed up the feelings of the public and media when he stated: “Never throughout the years in Hong Kong has a court heard such cruelty, depravity, callousness, brutality, violence and viciousness, perpetrated by a human being, or human beings, on another human being. Even an animal would not have been maltreated in the same way as that received by the deceased.”

If Fan Man-yee’s experiences in the month before her death were not vicious enough, how the trio disposed of the body was equally macabre, gruesome and unhygienic. They

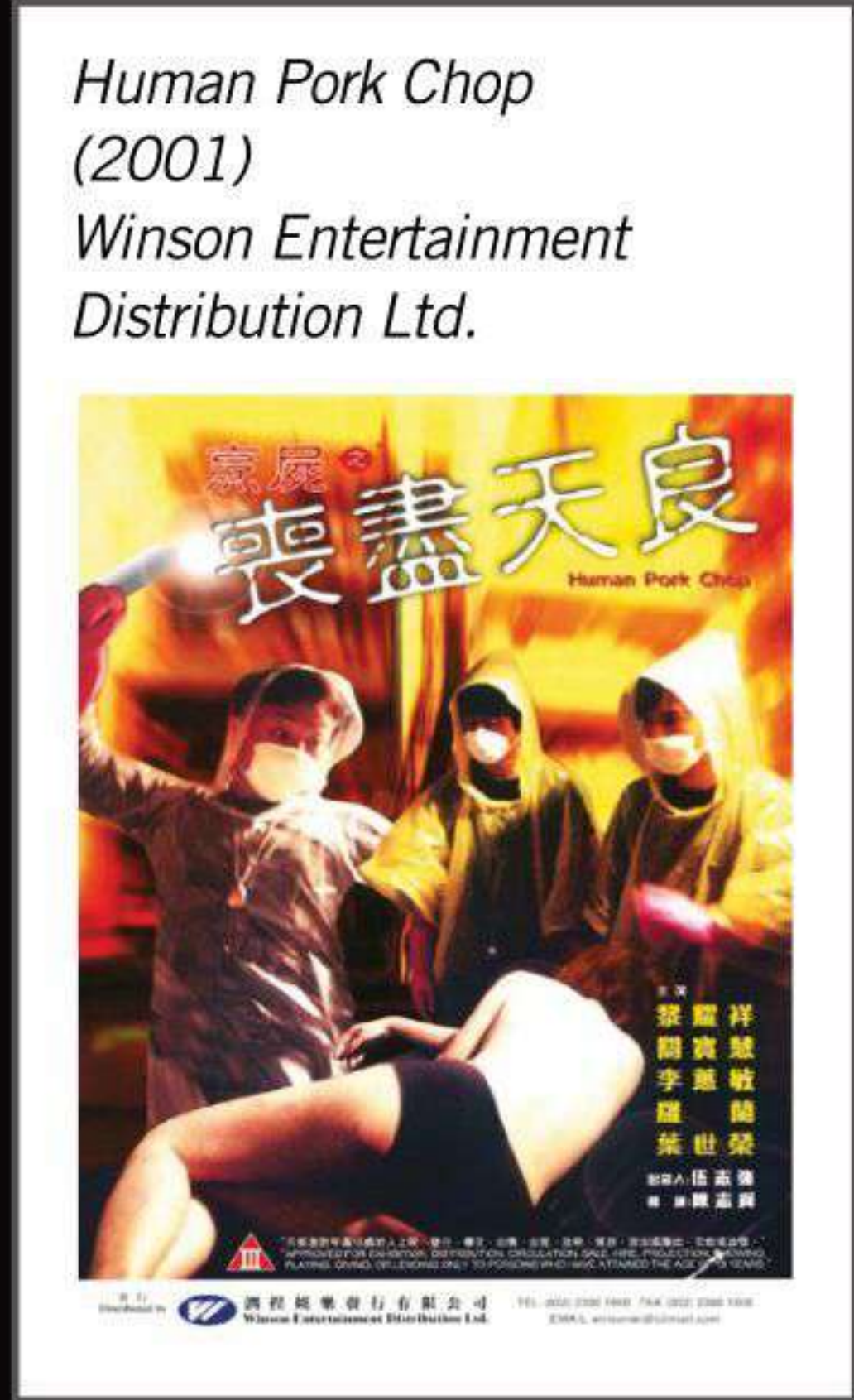
let the corpse rot for a few days, because they were too busy getting wasted on ice and playing video games. Had a sense of collective madness invaded the trio’s thinking? Chan Man-lok was clear-headed enough one day to realise that the body would need to be removed. Cops had spooked them earlier on, when they had entered the building on other business (investigating a rape), so he ordered a clean-up operation.

They put Fan Man-yee’s corpse in a bath and began to saw off limbs. Using the kitchen cooker, they boiled down the body parts and the now-severed head. It was said that while they did this, they cooked noodles on the opposite hob and stirred the boiling head and their dinner with the same utensils. So whacked out of their minds, they didn’t care or understand the insanity of what they were doing. Placing the skull of Fan Man-yee inside the Hello Kitty mermaid doll was to be the last ghoulish touch. The beloved fictional character designed by Yuko Shimizu is an international fashion icon and toy. The brand range has incorporated everything from diamond necklaces to theme parks. The association with an infamous crime has not done Hello Kitty any damage, but it did leave the case with a gonzo sobriquet, by which it will forever be known.

“EVEN AN ANIMAL WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN MALTREATED IN THE SAME WAY AS THAT RECEIVED BY THE DECEASED”



TOP *Human Pork Chop* and *There Is A Secret In My Soup* are films that cashed in on the Hello Kitty murder following the 2001 media hype surrounding the case



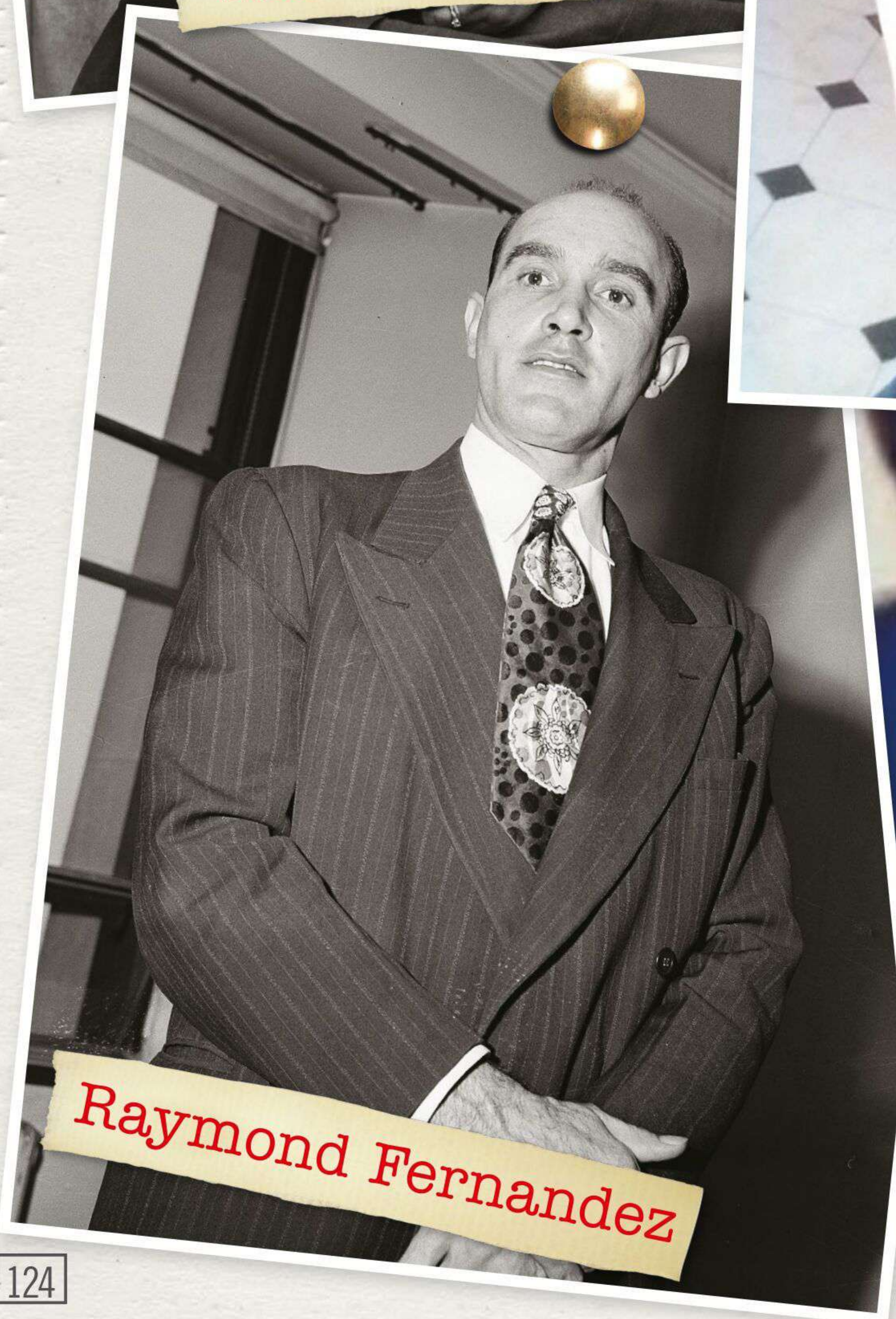




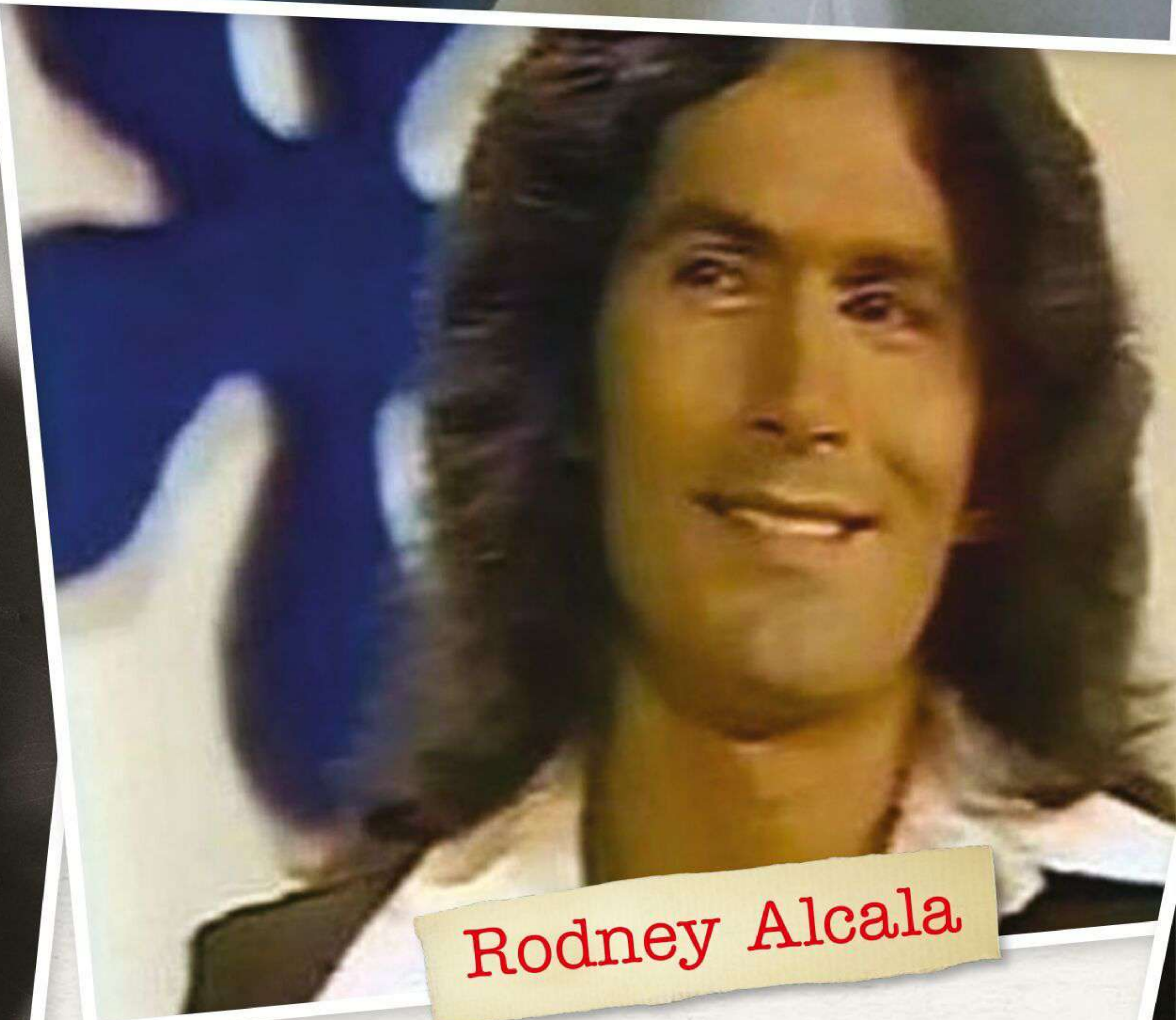
Nannie Doss



Stephen Port



Raymond Fernandez



Rodney Alcala

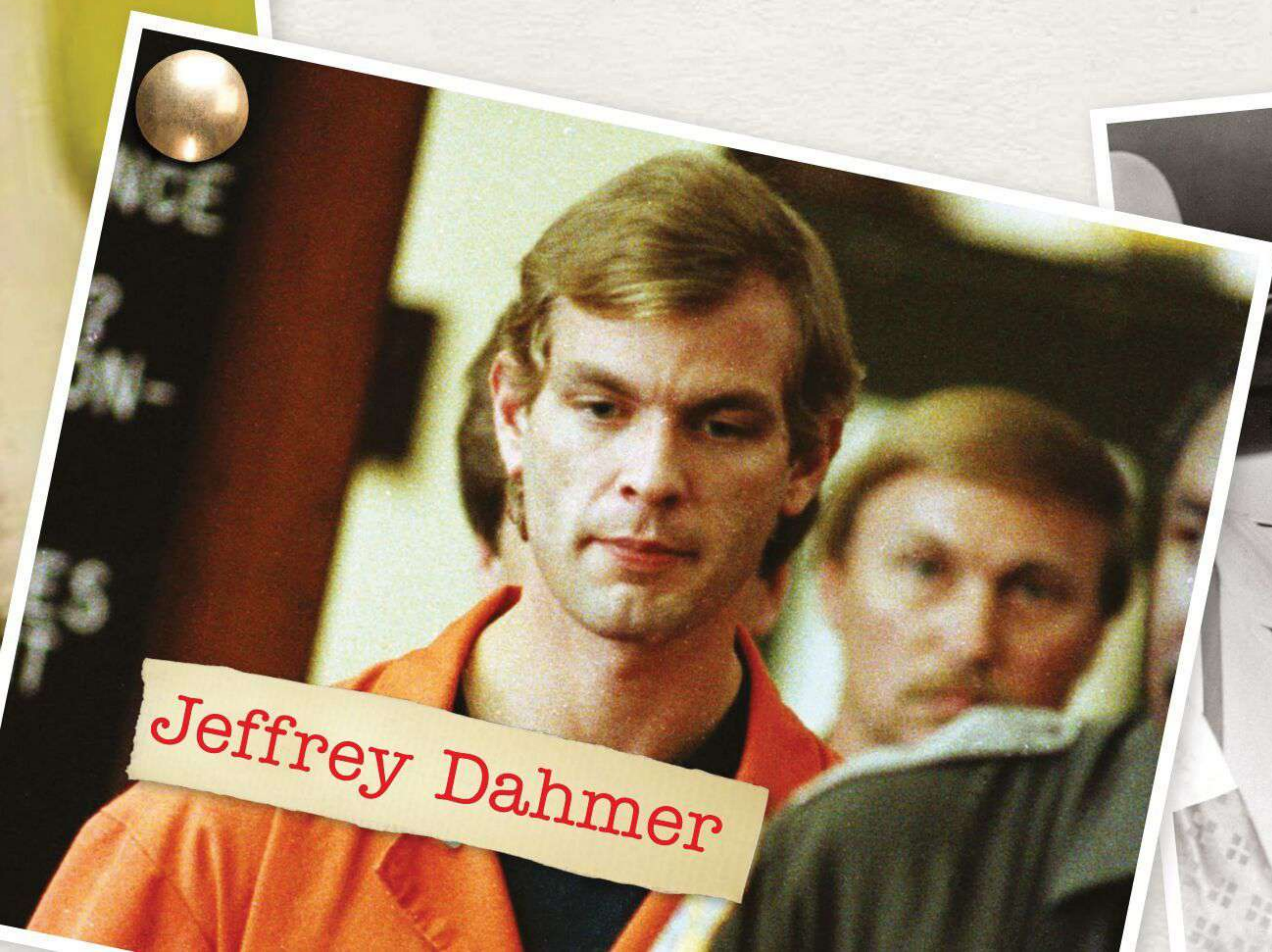


# LONELY HEARTS KILLERS

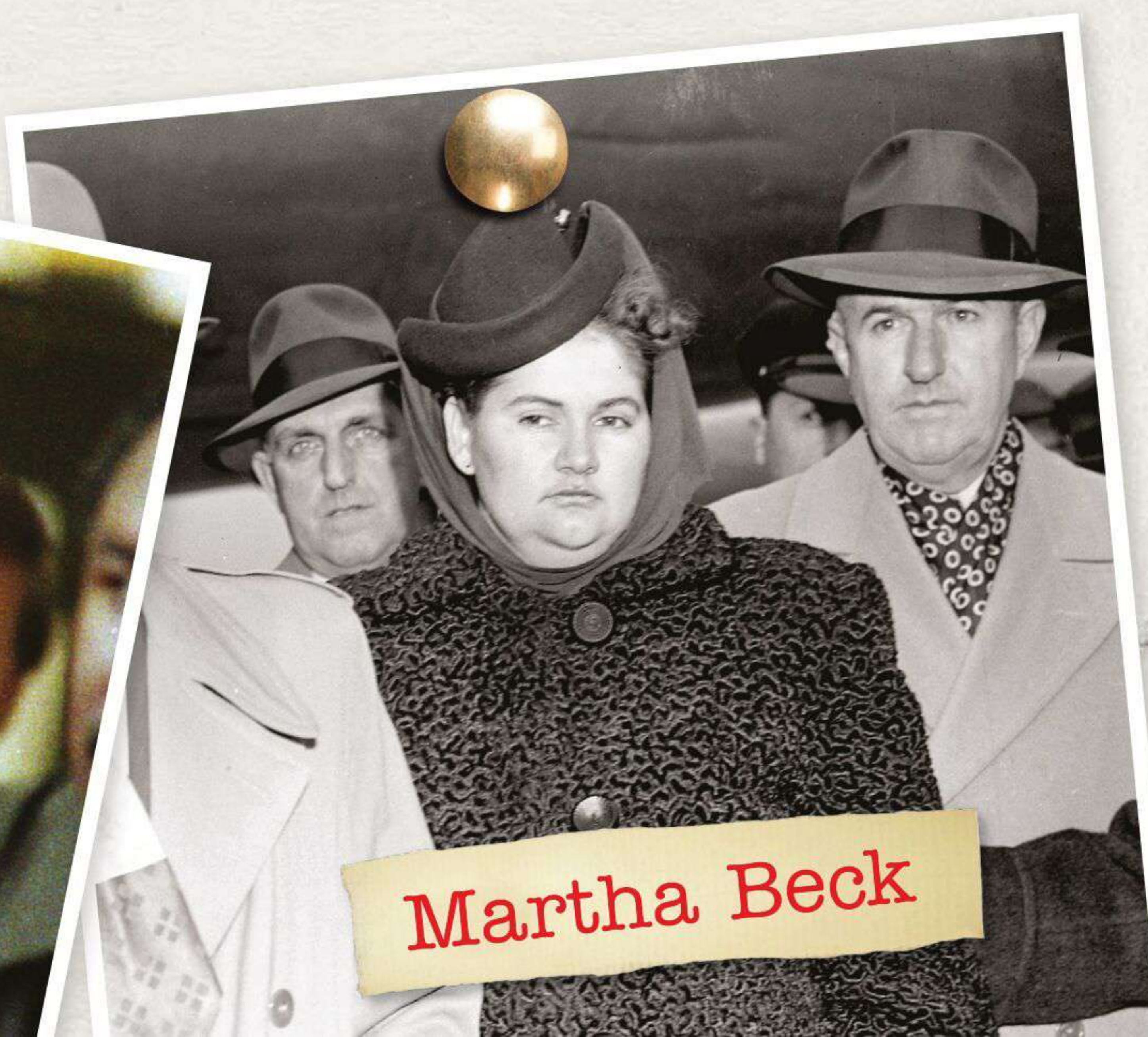
WHETHER IT WAS IN NEWSPAPER ADVERTS OR ONLINE APPS, THOSE SEARCHING FOR 'THE ONE' DIDN'T EXPECT TO MATCH WITH THESE COLD-HEARTED KILLERS

**C**upid may be a cute, mythical little cherub, but he's been responsible for a whole lot of carnage across the years. For many people, sweet whisperings result in warm embraces, peace and support lasting eternity, should they so wish it. But others looking for love are at risk. They face the unknown: the suitor whose stashed weapon provides a few seconds' thrill, the deadly devotee who loves too much to let go and lovers who think their desire conquers the law itself, to gain wealth or whatever they want through hot, sticky murder. Here we focus on how and why Cupid's little

messengers – from old-fashioned Lonely Hearts columns through to online apps – have been used by killers stalking sweethearts across the decades. As the love god's wings know no bounds, we will swoop across continents to look at the stories of those who lured with the promise of love, from the fraudulent fondness of Nannie Doss, Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez, and the photographic capturers Rodney Alcala (who appeared on TV's *The Dating Game*) to the cannibalistic Jeffrey Dahmer in the USA and the modern malevolence of the English dating app killer Stephen Port.



Jeffrey Dahmer



Martha Beck



# COLUMN KILLERS

## THESE LONELY HEARTS SOUGHT LOVELORN VICTIMS

Prevent a woman from playing her inner princess and you'll pay the price: Nancy 'Nannie' Doss immersed herself in true romance literature from her childhood to escape her upbringing with a strict 1900s father who refused to let her dress up, stating it would lure the wrong kind of men. He often withdrew her from school into forced drudgery on their farm in Alabama and, thus, fear and fantasy fused in her head. It wasn't the only thing that did, mind, as a childhood bump on the noggin resulted in blackouts, dizziness and depression, on which she blamed her later crimes. She poisoned her husbands and murdered her family members including, it is thought, her baby grandson.

Flying in the face of her desires was Charles Braggs, a man she'd known for a matter of months and on who she was forced by daddy dearest. Wilted all the more by an overbearing mother-in-law, her murders started when, having taken refuge in the arms of alcohol, affairs and cigarettes, her middle children mysteriously died of food poisoning. Already terrified of her temper, her horrified husband fled.

Doss then flung herself into the anonymity of Lonely Hearts columns. Two years after her divorce, Nannie married Frank Harrelson. He played to her heart with poetry and they were married for 16 years, but it was a love of a different sort she could not brook. The screams of brats are not coos of contentment and the family found her hovering over her dead baby grandson's head with a needle. The demise was recorded as asphyxia and Nannie got the insurance she'd taken out on the babe's life. Harrelson's own dispatch occurred via toxin-laced drink one night after he'd drunkenly tried to rape her. Stating later, "I put rat poison in his rotgut whiskey," she was entirely unrepentant.

Doss proceeded to use the Lonely Hearts columns as the hope for the heart, but if nothing else as succour for her bank balance. Back before the internet, the only word one got on a person's past or character was from their own mouth or (if local) rumours of peccadilloes that could be explained away. Husbands Arlie Lanning (an alcoholic womaniser) and Richard Morton (just a womaniser) met bitter ends, and Nannie settled with churchgoer Samuel Doss.

This was back when it was assumed that men were the masters of the house. Their miscreant behaviour was often tolerated by women used to sticking to chores when their childbearing days were done. Similarly, Samuel (who disapproved of Nannie's fixation with romantic slush) expected her to put the books down.

However, Doss was accidentally in keeping with second-wave feminism in demanding the right to her own interests. Unfortunately, she could see no way other than death to do it and her husband's demise came shortly after his supper of prunes. As she untangled herself from other relationships, morticians started to follow her around – relatives died when there was a house to inherit and Nannie's own sister, Dovie, departed this mortal coil when her sibling retired there to catch her breath. Doss was only arrested after an undertaker noted "enough arsenic to kill a horse" in Samuel's system – "He sure did like them prunes," Nannie was to comment. She'd helped him wash the fruit pie down with a spoonful of arsenic in his coffee.

Nannie confessed to killing her four dead husbands and was suspected of up to 14 deaths in total. She was tried

only for the murder of Samuel on strength of evidence and evaded execution on account of her gender. The image of the sweet heroine saved her neck as it was seen as unseemly to decree death to the fairer sex. She died of leukaemia, imprisoned, in 1969 at the age of 65.

Of course, the paradox of Lonely Hearts killers is that the couple to who the moniker was most famously attached stayed together not because of romance, but because they couldn't be apart. Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez banded together in the 1940s to swindle love-seeking ladies, leading to murder before they got trapped by the slings and arrows that flew between them.

Martha Seabrook was not your standard sweetheart. She'd been a larger girl since childhood. Her weight was attributed to a glandular issue, medicalised as such because of the shame of a plump frame back when body positivity wasn't yet a twinkle in fourth-wave feminism's eye. As a result of her size, Martha experienced puberty early, from the physical changes to the emotional upshift to womanhood. Girls were meant to be innocent but Martha was on fire, only to find the flame doused by mommie dearest, a woman who would chide her daughter for her looks. To add insult to injury, Mrs Seabrook beat Martha when the tearful child confided in her about the sexual assault she alleged had happened at the hands of her brother. Knowing that this meant Seabrook was a mother in nothing but name, Martha fled to look for affection, love and support elsewhere.

At that time, it was inconceivable that a woman should not want for a dashing husband to sweep her off her feet. After a succession of failed relationships as well as difficulty finding jobs owing to her girth, Martha, like Nannie Doss, found solace in romance novels before deciding to become her own heroine. She placed an advert in a Lonely Hearts column, hoping that someone, somewhere would hear her soul singing towards him.

At this point, it's important to consider some differences between dating in the Lonely Hearts columns in the late 1940s and in the digital age, where people have access to the internet via smart phone. The columns were typically found at the back of newspapers and magazines along with adverts for services – anything from mechanics to home renovations – and thus rendered human connection as something that could be bought with the printing fee. It could be a place for the desperate who could not find a partner owing to personal failing or the cruelty of chance, such as bereavement or simply overwork. Geography could add to the difficulty. The columns emphasised isolation for people who could not simply go online, free, to find billions of others who silently shared their quandary. The adverts developed a system of abbreviations such as WLTM (would like to meet) and GSOH (good sense of humour) to save space and cost. Not only did these abbreviations contain the excitement of a secret code, they also held the frisson of adventure – a sense of humour can have many styles – and the possibility of what if?

The BHM (big handsome man) who answered her call was one Raymond Fernandez. They got on like a house on fire and swore to marry, Martha depositing her children

**RIGHT** Mutually supportive, Martha reaches to rearrange Raymond's tie as he holds his head high for her to help, despite both of them being handcuffed to police officers

**“AS SHE UNTANGLED HERSELF FROM OTHER RELATIONSHIPS, MORTICIANS STARTED TO FOLLOW HER AROUND”**





Killer cook Nannie Doss enjoys herself enormously while sharing a smile being interviewed by Captain Harry Stege. She'd just confessed to murdering her husbands

## ARSENIC PIE

NANNIE DOSS KNEW THAT FOOD WAS THE WAY TO (STOP) A MAN'S HEART

Nannie realised that to be a multiple murderess, she would have to 'off' her husbands in a way that wouldn't raise suspicion. To do this, she sprinkled arsenic – easily available at a chemist – in to pies. Tasteless and with a consistency that is crystalline like sugar, a small amount can be fatal to an adult. After ingestion, the smell of garlic may seem to waft from your skin and slither into your mouth. Licking your lips to investigate the taste may draw attention to increased salivation, though your teeth bite down as abdominal pains and diarrhoea take hold – a distraction from the vomit beginning to battle with the garlic. Attempts to deal with the fluids coming from both ends of your body will certainly be hampered by the poison's attacks on your innards. As it eats you, you begin to feel weak, tired and weary. Far away, nerves send distress signals – pins and needles – as you descend into death.



with the Salvation Army and running pell mell to his side. He was good at giving game and lapped up her attention. It was a fairy tale come true. No, really, it was – one night he crumpled and poured forth his story.

In Raymond's life, the implement that changed his days was not an arrow, but a steel latch that caught his thigh on board a ship. His head injury saw him go from standard citizen to the stealing cell mate of a voodoo prison king. In doing so, he apparently learned how to be irresistible to sexy women. Not that irresistible, mind – when he set out for a career of post-prison fraud by checking the Lonely Hearts for women he might con out of a bob or two, he was careful to conceal his baldness beneath a wig. So much for total honesty in being TDH (tall, dark and handsome).

Only then he met Martha. Accidentally falling in love, he let her in on his plan to fleece women (previously including her) at the altar. He expected his sweetheart to flee – a hopeless romantic indeed.

Martha listened and thought it sounded like a recipe for fun, travel and adventure, perhaps with the added advantage of becoming financially secure. They placed more advertisements, posing – rather unromantically – as brother and sister to lure unsuspecting ladies into handing over those all important assets. There was one slight problem: nobody crosses Cupid without getting shot, and Martha got jealous. While Raymond was lining ladies up for the horizontal Tango to earn their trust, the furious Martha would enter. Raymond

## “UNABLE TO STAND HER SWEETHEART SAYING SOOTHING WORDS, HOWEVER FAKE, TO ANOTHER, MARTHA DECIDED TO KILL”

would give one Myrtle Young an overdose to ease his beloved's ire. Unable to stand her sweetheart's soothing words, however fake, to another, Martha killed Janet Fay, and gave Ray a lick of her fury.

The rampages led to marital strife until the cries of the infant of intended victim Delphine Downing led to the strangulation of the child and the murder of the mother. The pair then went to the pictures where they were caught, the alarm having been raised by Downing's neighbours.

The story has the heart of Valentine's passion at its core, and indeed, Raymond told the reporters: “I wanna shout it out; I love Martha! What do the public know about love?” Defiant as ever was Martha's reply: “My story is a love story. But only those tortured by love can know what I mean. I am a woman who had a great love and always will have it. Imprisonment in the Death House has only strengthened my feeling for Raymond.” She was 30 years old at the time.

Old Sparky called and they were extradited to New York where they were executed on 8 March 1951. Had their passions not been quite so piqued, they could have lived, and loved, another day.





# IMMORTALISED IN FILM

THE CAMERA DISGUISED THEIR TRUE INTENTIONS

With the disco era it became more common for people to travel to clubs to find new loves rather than hiding in newsprint. The scene is set in Milwaukee in the 1990s, and Jeffrey Dahmer, complete with cop-style 'tache and a toned physique from a stint in the army, looks very much the gunner-style stunner.

Decidedly awkward from a young age, Jeffrey had never got to grips with his homosexuality, or his attraction to dead bodies for that matter. After a cooling-off period following his first murder of hitchhiker Steven Hicks years earlier, he'd survey the floor for his type – young, muscular, any colour – and would move on in, drink in hand, prepped with a hefty dose of sleeping tablet for them. Well, that was the age of innocence when Jeffrey mainly operated in the saunas and would soothe his conquests in to their induced slumber before molesting them... until he got caught and was barred.

After that, things got trickier. He had to make sure it seemed as though the boys were staying alive after their time with him, so he changed tactic. He'd look for a dude with the moves, give them a drink and propose that they engage in a little home pornography with him – making a muscle for his camera in return for a fee. With the nascent porn industry, the evolution of home entertainment, easier access to photographic equipment and new waves of people creating content outside of Hollywood, the allure of sex must have seemed juxtaposed with opportunity to his victims. Maybe the men thought they could be the next Ron Jeremy?

Many of these Adonises did Dahmer's bidding and emerged, blinking, into the unsuspecting daylight the morning after. Sadly, those Dahmer had truly desired were doomed, their heads drilled and filled with acid as he tried

**BELOW LEFT** Dahmer gave his victims drinks laced with sedatives so he could enact his every sexual desire without interruption

**BELOW** Notably stiff yet with his hand snaked around his soon-to-be-date's waist, killer Rodney Alcala wins *The Dating Game*. She found him weird and they didn't go out

LONELY HEARTS KILLERS

## BE DATE SAFE

PORT AND DAHMER SPIKED THEIR VICTIMS' DRINKS. HERE'S WHAT TO DO IF YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN DRUGGED

Spiking is where alcohol, including additional units, or drugs are given to a person to consume without their knowledge. It is illegal whatever the reason behind it, and in England can result in up to ten years in prison for the person who provided the substance.

In some circumstances, people who have been spiked start to experience symptoms within 15-30 minutes of ingesting the substance. Their inhibitions may be lowered faster than usual and they may notice that their speech is slurred or that they can't think clearly. They may forget what they are talking about or lose concentration. This functional inability can extend into spatial confusion as they may struggle with their balance, become disorientated or have sensory disturbances such as hallucinations. They may suffer from fits of nausea, vomiting or become paranoid. At the extreme end of the symptom scale, they may have blocks of memory loss or become unconscious.

Spiking can lead to losing control of the situation completely, as well as later uncertainty about what has happened. This obviously impedes their ability to get any medical or legal assistance needed to resolve any events that happened as a result of their intoxication.



If you think you've been spiked, call the police – dial 999 in the UK and 911 in the US. It may save your life.



**“THOSE DAHMER  
HAD TRULY DESIRED  
WERE DOOMED, THEIR  
HEADS DRILLED AND  
FILLED WITH ACID AS  
HE TRIED TO TURN  
THEM INTO BRAIN-  
DEAD, COMPLIANT  
SEX PARTNERS”**





**ABOVE** Dahmer's first victim was Steven Hicks. According to Dahmer, after he strangled Hicks, he dissolved his flesh in acid and crushed his bones, scattering them in the woods. Authorities scoured the area to look for any trace of Hicks

to turn them into brain-dead, compliant sex partners. Each of these unfortunates died. Fascinated by their innards, Jeffrey took photographs of their corpses in various states of decomposition, one man pictured with glutinous, shining strings where his legs had once been. The images are so bizarre as to belie their truthful record – they look all the bad fantasy that they actually were.

Unable to contemplate life without these lost boys, Dahmer dined on their bodies, leaving the remains to mulchify in vats of acid. He himself was finally killed in prison in the same way he had (allegedly accidentally) felled his first victim – battered to death with a barbell to the head.

In contrast, Rodney Alcala appeared on TV's *The Dating Game*, a couple-matching game show. He was the dashing Bachelor Number One, complete with a Jim Morrison mane of magnificence, a *Saturday Night Fever* suit and gnashers so perfect the studio lights actually cast an approving star on them. As the giggling, pretty paramour stepped on stage in her floral frock to pick her hunk, all were oblivious to the fact Alcala had already raped an eight-year-old and beat her with an iron bar. This Mr Saturday Night had only evaded a longer stretch in Lady Justice's studio because the child's parents wouldn't let her testify, citing damage already done.

As it turned out, Alcala's appearance on *The Dating Game* became infamous because he was later found guilty of murdering girls and young women. Theirs, unlike his, was not a constructed glamour of performed friendliness and expensive tailoring, but happiness, ambition and hope for the future. Jill Barcombe was an adventurer, Georgia Wixtead a nurse, Charlotte Lamb a legal secretary, Jill Parentau a computer operator, Cornelia Crilley a flight attendant and

**LEFT** With his dimpled chin, blonde hair and athletic build, Jeffrey Dahmer looked like the typical boy next door at his court appearances for murder and cannibalism



Alcala was sentenced to death in 2010 for five murders he committed in the late 1970s. In 2013, he was given a further life sentence after admitting to two other murders

Ellen Hover an heiress. Robin Samsoe, the (known) youngest of Alcala's victims, was still a schoolgirl and an avid ballerina.

Their bodies were found in places varying from their beds through to wasteland. They had been sexually assaulted, several bludgeoned and others tortured. Alcala, as confused as his behaviour suggested, had even bitten one of the women's breasts – perhaps the actions of one whose appearance hid an innate immaturity where his basic understanding of aggression and love were irrevocably fused. He used this to gain victims' trust. A typesetter for *The New York Times*, he claimed to be a photographer and would compliment women on their looks. Maybe they could be models? Considering their vivaciousness and wish to befriend the seemingly well-meaning stranger, they obliged.

Like Dahmer, Alcala was partial to photographic mementos, and their radiance shone through the lens. While their lives were cut short, the images gave them a gift he truly wanted for himself – recognition. He even wrote a book called *You, The Jury* about his trials. For someone who had such a high opinion of himself, the book was reviewed as the ramblings of a madman. If he is remembered, it will not be as the date show hero.

The images of the girls, though, are different. Alcala's photographs were found in his safe and released to the public by Huntington Beach Police in 2010. The girls are luminous; transcendent. And this may, sadly, finally help justice. News sources published them. It was a way of encouraging those who survived to come forward so they can be removed from the files, but it also shows that those who may have died are not forgotten. As a result, 21 have been removed. Others may still be alive and shine on. To this day, Rodney rots in jail.



# MOBILE MURDERER

## DATING APP, TO DATE-RAPE AND DEATH

A life in prison may be even more of a shock to Stephen Port, who perhaps isn't used to the real world.

Port's perversity found its place in 2016 via the digital age's addiction to online apps. He lied about himself to meet his victims before drugging them and disposing of the bodies of those who died in what may be the stupidest way possible.

Stephen Port seemed like a normal guy. Having trained as a cook, he lived in Essex, England, and mixed his suburban existence with the thrills of fantasy that information technology can now provide. Telling slight porkies about your background or looks in dating is nothing new, but because the internet offers us the chance to construct our reality, it can take it to a whole new level.

Most obviously, the ubiquity and user-friendliness of camera phones and editing technology encourages the omnipresence of the selfie, an increased awareness of how you look and, potentially, vanity. On the world wide web, this may suggest that you could be desirable to others who may be outside of your social circle, and was reflected in Port's profile description on Grindr, where he stated that he was looking for contact from "younger, smooth, slim guys, 18-24". He was 40 years old at the time.

While everyone naturally wants to look their best, and cross-generational coupling can work, the extent of Port's alterations borders on deception. It becomes nauseating when one considers that it was his self-obsession that led to his crimes.

Stating he was a graduate of the University of Oxford who had become a special needs teacher (smart and presumably caring), Port asked for contact from 'twinks' – boyish-looking men associated with naivety and innocence as well as sexuality. In his words, he loved "their energy, the life [and their] youth." He would take advantage of that, and a key part of the prosecution's evidence saw CCTV footage of him going into a flat, eyes hidden behind rock star glasses, to buy gamma hydroxybutyrate, also known as GHB, a sedative that in its liquid form is odourless and therefore easy to spike his victims' drinks with. He used the money made from his actual career as a cook, together with side-earnings from his own sex work, as a means to procure his victims.

Anthony Walgate grew up in Hull. An ambitious young guy with a ready smile, he moved south to try for a career in fashion, working as an escort as a means of making spare cash. Fun loving and affable, he agreed to provide his services to Port. By the next morning, the police had been alerted to the body of a young man found on the street – Port himself had rung in, saying that the man had perhaps "collapsed or had a seizure or something."

The thing is, you don't need internet cookies to leave a crumb trail. By wandering off down different mental avenues, Port gave police alternating accounts of what had happened, such as telling them that the young man had accidentally overdosed after they had consensual sex while also stating that he had simply found Walgate. The evidence connecting Port directly to the death was missed and he was released from prison a mere eight months later, with an electronic



tag for perverting the course of justice by lying about his involvement in the incident.

When Barbara Denham's dog, Max, was nuzzling around in the undergrowth of the parochial grounds of Saint Margaret's Church, she thought the person sitting against the religious ground's wall had been stolen by the glamour of the night before and was a drunk sleeping off a stupor. It was, apparently, an area well known for so-called 'dossers' and she reached out to rouse him... noticing instead he was cold as ice. It was the body of Gabriel Kovari. Within a month, she found another, Daniel Whitworth.

Port honestly thought he'd get away with murder and had left the corpses a few hundred metres away from his own home. He was linked to his fourth victim, Jack Taylor, after the family followed the media reports and noticed similarities between their son's disappearance and those of the other men who Port had left at the church. The family did their own detective work, showed the police and even contacted the PinkNews website to raise the alarm.

Like restoring a file from a desktop recycle bin, Port's proclivities were there for all to see in court. What had started as an innocuous enough interest in pornography had placed him at the centre of the narrative. Taking himself as the star, police found 83 home videos of him filming himself having intercourse with young men he'd met via apps, and during the 18 minutes in which one of these videos was

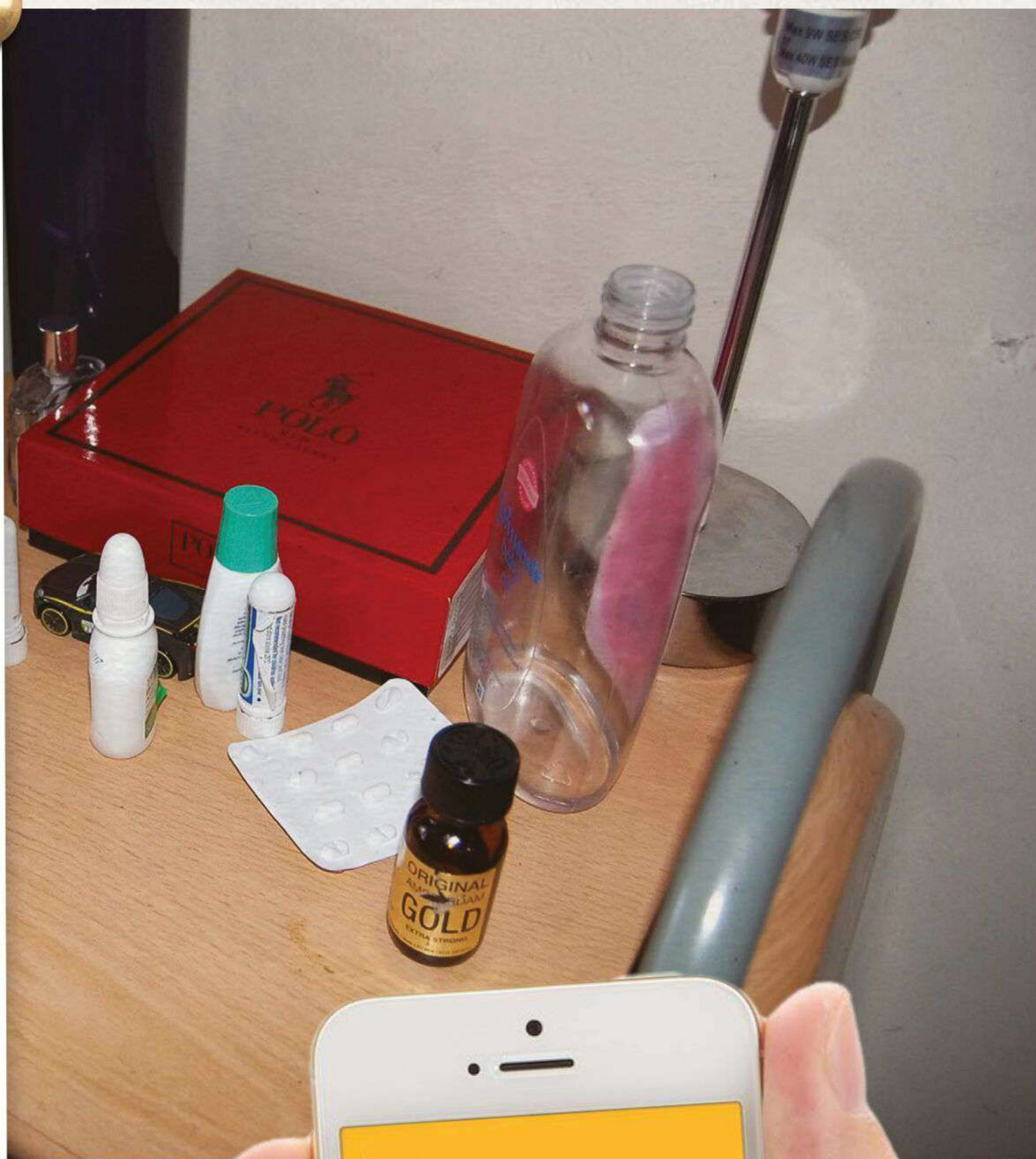
**ABOVE** Stephen Port (right) was seen on CCTV with his final victim, Jack Taylor, just hours before he killed him. The two had arranged to meet using gay dating app Grindr

**“ PORT DIDN'T CARE WHETHER THE DEATH SLUMBER INTO WHICH HIS VICTIMS FELL WAS REAL OR ILLUSORY ”**





Stephen Port's demeanour and hints of youthful hair contrast against his calculating crimes



**ABOVE** Upon searching Port's home, police found sex toys, pornography and 'Amsterdam Gold' poppers, which were conveniently placed on his bedside table

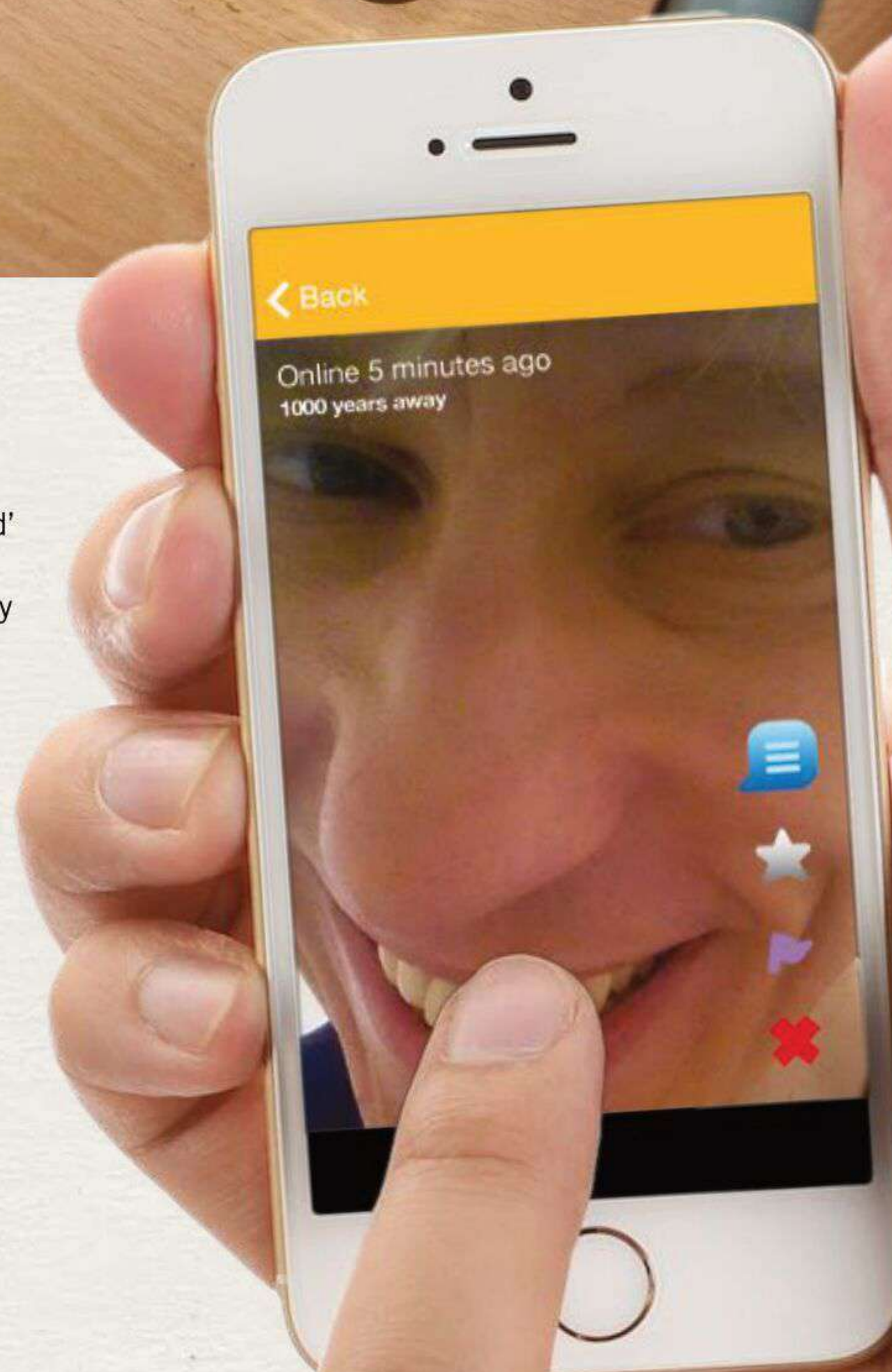
played in court, it became clear that Port was raping a man who was unresponsive.

It seems as though the line between fantasy and reality had rubbed away for Port. He had drugged the men, destroyed their phones and even left a fake suicide note on Whitworth's body in which 'Whitworth' stated he had killed himself out of remorse for accidentally killing Kovari during a sex game. The judge ruled that these subsequent murders had probably been less based on the intent to kill and more on Port knowing that the drug dosages he was administering could be enough to kill, yet doing it anyway. Like a photograph stripped of its context, Port didn't care whether the death slumber into which his victims fell was real or illusory. He was sentenced to a whole life term after being convicted of four murders, three rapes, seven counts of administering a poison and three sexual assaults.

Port's perception of fame has impacted on his time in prison. He has given newspaper interviews boasting about the celebrities and politicians he has supposedly slept with and has commented that other inmates have asked him for his autograph. Chris Rojek, a professor of media and cultural studies, has talked about crime as a way of gaining fame. Sure, criminality will generate column inches, but as Port will find out, the media moves on. Soon, like Rodney Alcala, he will be old news. He is simply one of many who have forfeited their own life for an existence behind bars, lost amid the myriad of others who did the same.

The saving grace in all these cases is that just as the media highlights these crimes and how they came to be, it also reminds us these culprits are now either incarcerated or dead; fantasy only functions if you live to delight in it another day.

**RIGHT** Port used a variety of dating apps and websites to meet his victims, lying about his age, his job and his intentions









**“YOU’RE ALL GOING  
TO DIE TODAY”**

**ANDERS**

**BREIVIK  
HIS EVIL MIND**

HOW THE NORWEGIAN NAZI’S WARPED IDEOLOGY DROVE HIM TO  
KILL DOZENS IN THE INFAMOUS 2011 UTØYA ISLAND MASSACRE



By the early summer of 2011, Anders Breivik had decided who he hated – Muslims topped the list; ‘cultural Marxists’ came a strong second. He had written up his random, scatological, hate-ridden thoughts in what he rather grandly described as a ‘manifesto’ named ‘2083: A European Declaration Of Independence’. Having decided who he hated, he next decided who he wanted to kill. Killing his perceived enemies would, Breivik believed, bring his manifesto to a mass public, rallying ordinary Norwegians and a wider Scandinavian public to his viewpoints. His hate list was long and random: Islamists, Knights Templar, Marxists, ‘multiculturalists’, ‘elites’ – it was all a bit tricky to pin down.

Anders Breivik was no sudden, coiled spring that finally exploded. His hatreds were long simmering. His history was spotty at best – having been rejected for military service in the Norwegian Army, he then may have spent time at a paramilitary training camp in Belarussia, met an internet bride from the same place and went to see her. It ended as a failed relationship. He lost a large amount of money on the stock market (something like 2 million kroner), he underwent plastic surgery... he was mercurial. Some former work colleagues remembered him as nice and friendly, others as a big ego who had a problem with immigrant workers.

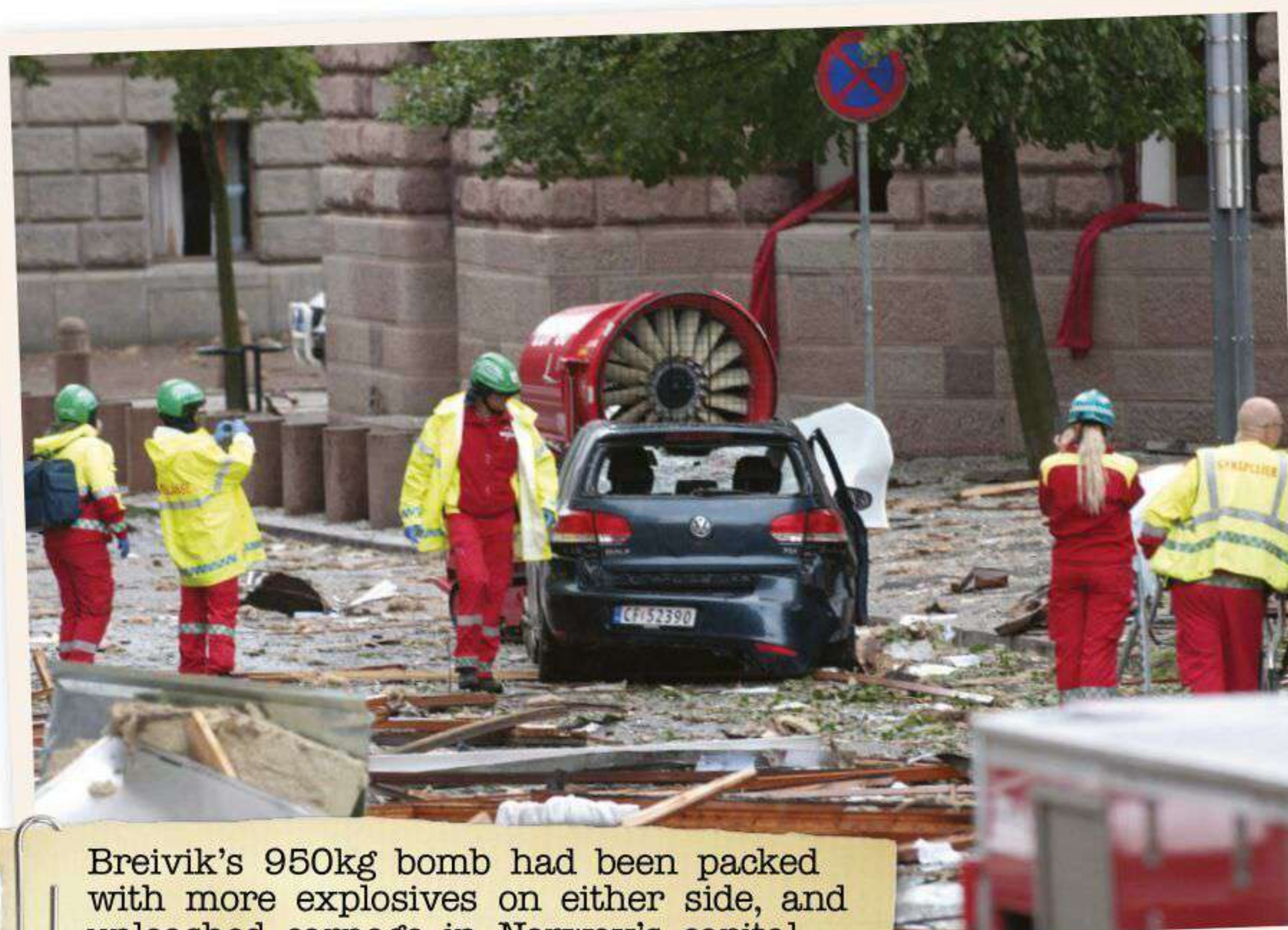
## TO PLAN A RAMPAGE

Breivik’s 2011 attacks in Norway were not suddenly decided-upon acts or spur of the moment decisions, but long thought-on, meticulously planned and methodically carried out. The psychiatrists have never reached a unanimous decision on Breivik’s mental health, even after years of study. There was a lot to study. Breivik certainly had a troubled childhood, followed by fractious personal relationships, an unhealthy interest in paramilitary activities, a failed marriage attempt, bankruptcy several times over – and all by his early 20s.

Was he a paranoid schizophrenic or the possessor of a narcissistic personality disorder? Either way, despite his extreme and warped view of the world, he was, on 22 July 2011, clear headed enough to wreak deadly havoc and murder across Norway, the likes of which had never been seen before. For all his confused and hysterical ramblings on paper, his murderous rampage was calm and deliberate. Anders Breivik knew what he was doing. He had chosen his targets, planned out his methods of attack, stored up the weapons and explosives required, and let his hatreds simmer.

Later, Breivik himself claimed he’d been planning his July 2011 outrages since 2002. Maybe. Certainly he’d been working on the details since 2009 when he’d visited Prague in the Czech Republic, in a failed attempt to buy automatic weapons. In the end he needn’t have gone so far. In Oslo, all he needed to do was join a gun club, which allowed him to apply for an official gun licence. He did, the Norwegian Police unquestioningly approved his application and he immediately bought himself a semi-automatic 9mm Glock 17 pistol.

After setting up a farm company and buying some land, he then applied for a hunting licence. Once again the local police approved his application and he went out and legally bought himself a semi-automatic Ruger Mini-14 rifle. Supposedly being the working owner of a farm, which was located about 160 kilometres north east of Oslo, Breivik was then able to steadily buy large amounts of artificial fertiliser and other chemicals to manufacture a bomb. He bought explosive primers from an internet store based in Poland. While this attracted police attention, it wasn’t technically illegal activity for a farmer.



Breivik’s 950kg bomb had been packed with more explosives on either side, and unleashed carnage in Norway’s capital when it went off



32-year-old Breivik continued to buy and store fertiliser and ammunition legally. He acquired more guns, mostly semi-automatic weapons. He stayed in alone at night playing the video game *Call Of Duty: Modern Warfare 2*, claiming this helped him improve his “target acquisition” later on. So far he had done nothing illegal and was effectively off the radar of both the regular police and the Police Security Service (PST – effectively Norway’s equivalent of Britain’s MI5 specialising in internal intelligence and monitoring). He was that most feared of beasts in the modern intelligence world – the ‘lone wolf’. Anders Breivik didn’t belong to any organisations, he wasn’t particularly active on social media or far-right web sites, he didn’t subscribe to any far-right or neo-Nazi publications, he didn’t go on marches, he didn’t have any friends to share his views with, he was estranged from his family and he didn’t socialise much beyond attending a



**ABOVE** For nearly an hour, Anders Breivik was able to roam the southern shoreline of Utøya Island. Many of his victims had gathered there hoping to get boats to the mainland. However, many young people were killed before they could be rescued

**LEFT MIDDLE** The bomb Breivik planted, made of fertiliser and agricultural chemicals, left this huge crater in central Oslo

**LEFT BOTTOM** This tweet by Anders Breivik betrays just a little of the warped ideology that drove him to mass murder

**“ BUILDINGS HAD BEEN GUTTED AND PEOPLE KILLED; THE POLICE HAD NO LEADS AND THE CITY’S POPULATION WAS TERRIFIED ”**





couple of meetings of a Masonic Lodge. He was non-descript and perhaps a little odd, but not enough to set any serious alarm bells ringing at the PST's headquarters in the Nydalen quarter of northern Oslo. There was no way for anyone to know what was coming next.

## THE FIRST ATTACK

Central Oslo's Regjeringskvartalet quarter is a cluster of government buildings – Regjeringskvartalet, rather unimaginatively, literally translates as 'government quarter'. The district is spacious and somewhat deserted much of the time compared to Oslo's older districts. It was mostly built in the 1950s and 1960s at the height of Norway's fad for somewhat bleak modernist concrete architecture. It's home to five Picasso murals. Still, many ordinary Osloites dislike the area – think the architecture too forbidding, symbolic of an overbearing bureaucracy and even 'communistic'.

Just after 3pm in the afternoon of 22 July 2011, Anders Breivik parked a nondescript white VW van outside one of Regjeringskvartalet's tower blocks, known as the H-block, and walked away. The block housed the offices of the then

prime minister of Norway, Jens Stoltenberg. In the back of the van, Breivik left a bomb made of chemical fertiliser and fuel oil. It exploded at 3.25pm, killing eight in the immediate vicinity and injuring another 209, most due to shock waves, shrapnel and falling debris. One of the dead was the receptionist who was calling security about the illegally parked van when the explosion occurred. Survivors reported a man in what appeared to be police uniform leaving the van shortly before the explosion, with a gun in his hand.

The fact is that the blast could have been far more deadly had it occurred during the lunch hour, when many more office and government workers would have been on the streets of Regjeringskvartalet. Still it was a large enough explosion, approximately the same size as the terrible Bali Island blast in Indonesia in 2002, heard up to seven kilometres away, and ferocious enough to start a number of fires in the H-block building and the adjacent tower block, known as R4. Glass windows had been blown out of most of the blocks of Regjeringskvartalet, and surgeons at Oslo University Hospital reported that most injuries were head, chest and abdominal wounds resulting from slicing shards of falling plate glass from the tower blocks.

**ABOVE** Breivik branded himself a 'Marxist hunter', fashioning his own 'Multicultural traitor-hunting permit'



# ISLAND OF DEATH

BREIVIK ARRIVED ON UTØYA ISLAND DETERMINED TO KILL AS MANY OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE HOLIDAYING THERE AS POSSIBLE. MOST OF THESE VICTIMS WERE KILLED OR INJURED ON THE ROUTE SHOWN HERE

**1 17.07**

Breivik arrives at the ferry pier dressed in a fake police uniform. He has driven straight to the Utøya ferry from Oslo after detonating a massive car bomb outside a government building killing eight people and injuring many more.

**2 17.08**

He meets camp organiser Monica Bøsei on the ferry. She is wary of him and calls camp security guard Trond Berntsen. Within seconds of landing, Breivik shoots them both dead and walks on, shooting others.

**6 DEAD  
0 WOUNDED**

THE FERRY PIER

**8 18.27**

The police arrive on the island. They are fully prepared for Breivik to shoot it out with them or to attempt to commit suicide. He is certainly well enough armed to attempt either, or both, of these scenarios. In the end, he walks back towards the ferry pier and surrenders to police.

**3 17.09**

Breivik moves into the island and reaches the communal area and the cafeteria. Here he gathers as many of the young people together as he can, posing as a policeman. When they are gathered around him, he reaches into a sack, pulls out an automatic weapon and begins shooting indiscriminately, killing at least 13 young campers.

**13 DEAD  
8 WOUNDED**

THE CAFETERIA

**7 17.35**

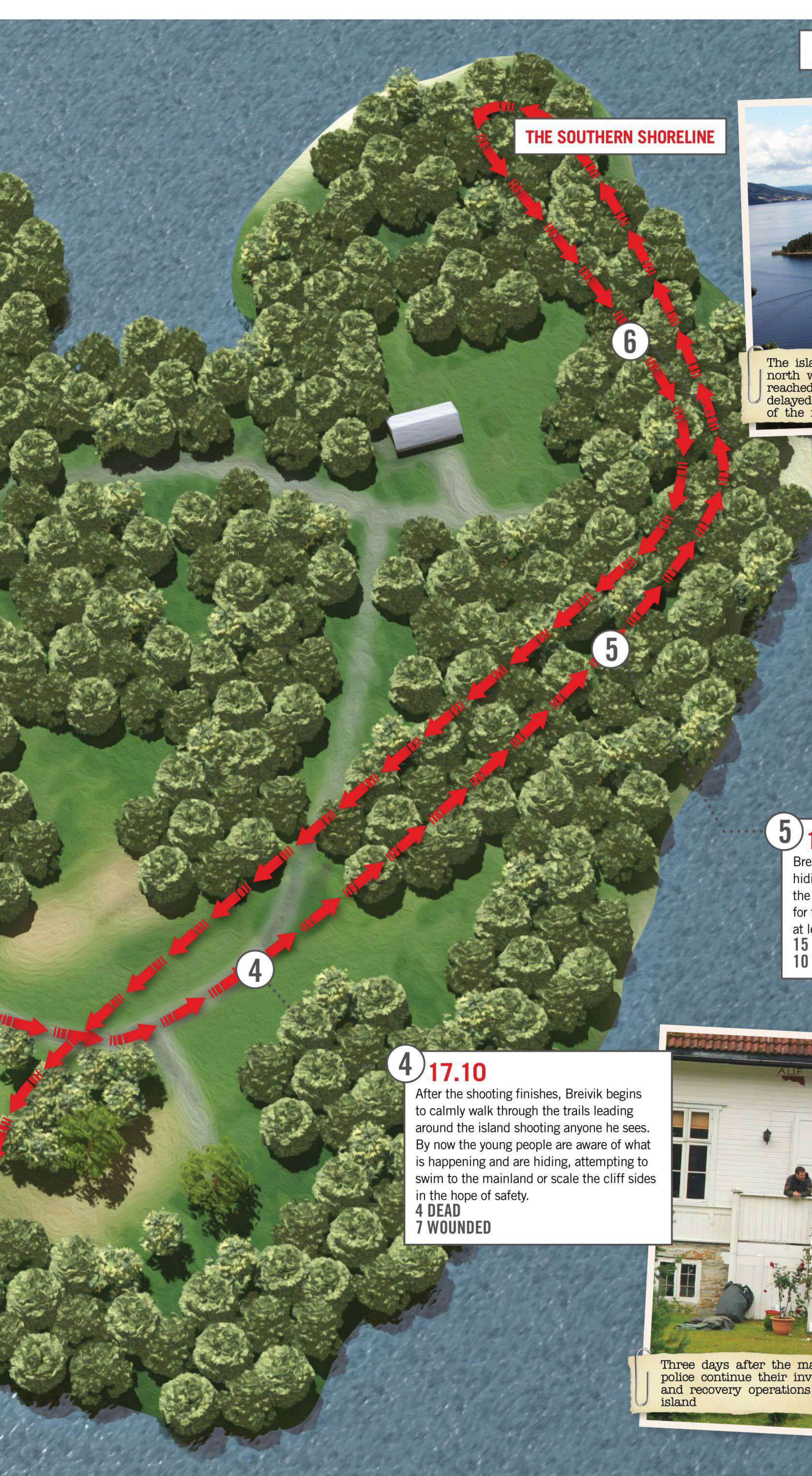
Breivik reaches the northern shore of the island. Many young people have tried to swim to the mainland from here in panic. Local holidaymakers have also tried to pick up the fleeing young people in their boats. Some reports say Breivik is noticeably high on drugs at this point and listening to rock music.

**14 DEAD  
3 WOUNDED**

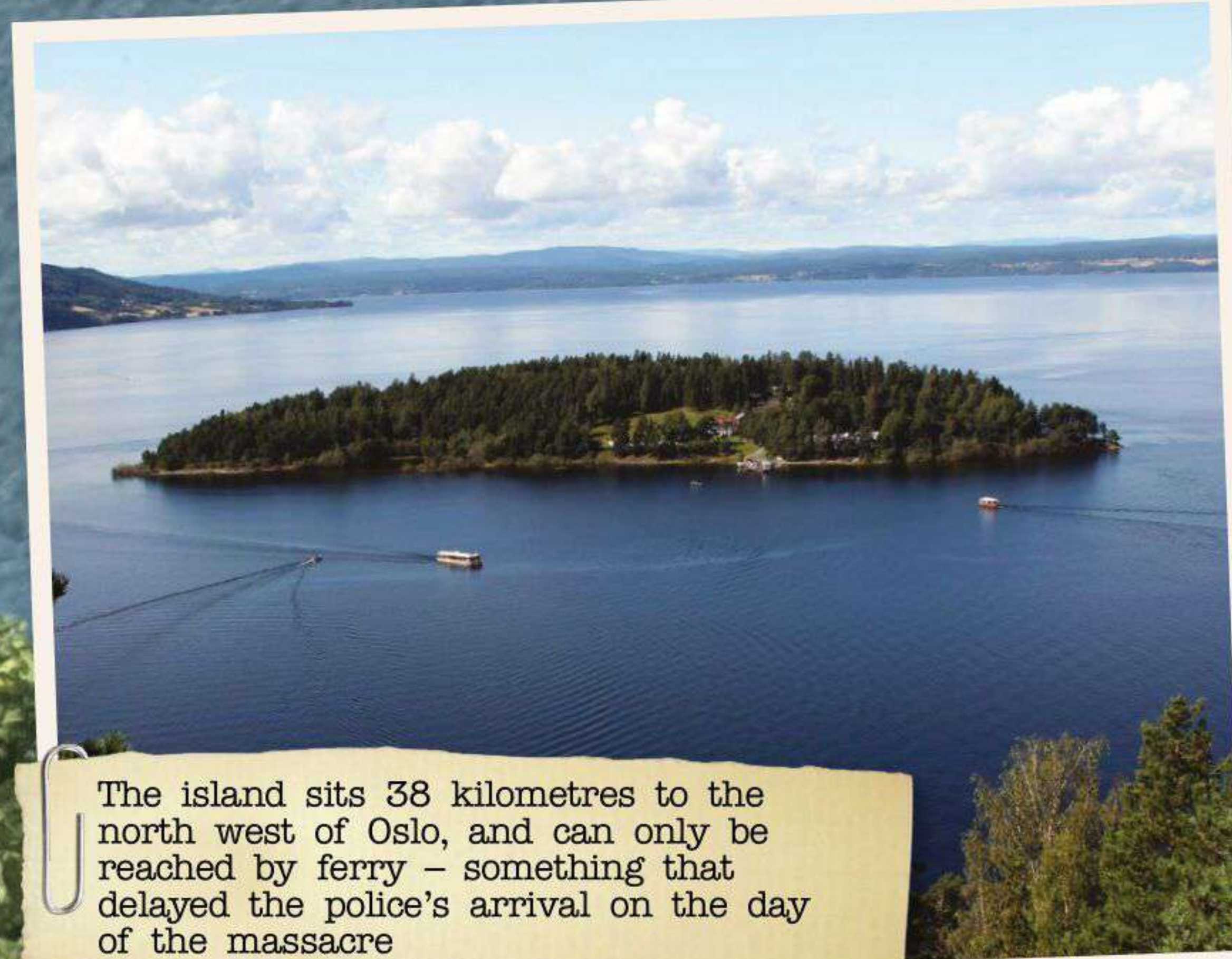
One of the first photographers to reach the island after the massacre captured this heartbreaking image of three bodies on Utøya island







## THE SOUTHERN SHORELINE



The island sits 38 kilometres to the north west of Oslo, and can only be reached by ferry – something that delayed the police's arrival on the day of the massacre

## 6 17.32

After methodically searching and clearing the western wooded areas of the island, Breivik heads north for more victims. He is calm and collected knowing that nobody else on the island is armed and that the police are still a long time from arriving.

**9 DEAD  
8 WOUNDED**

## 5 17.30

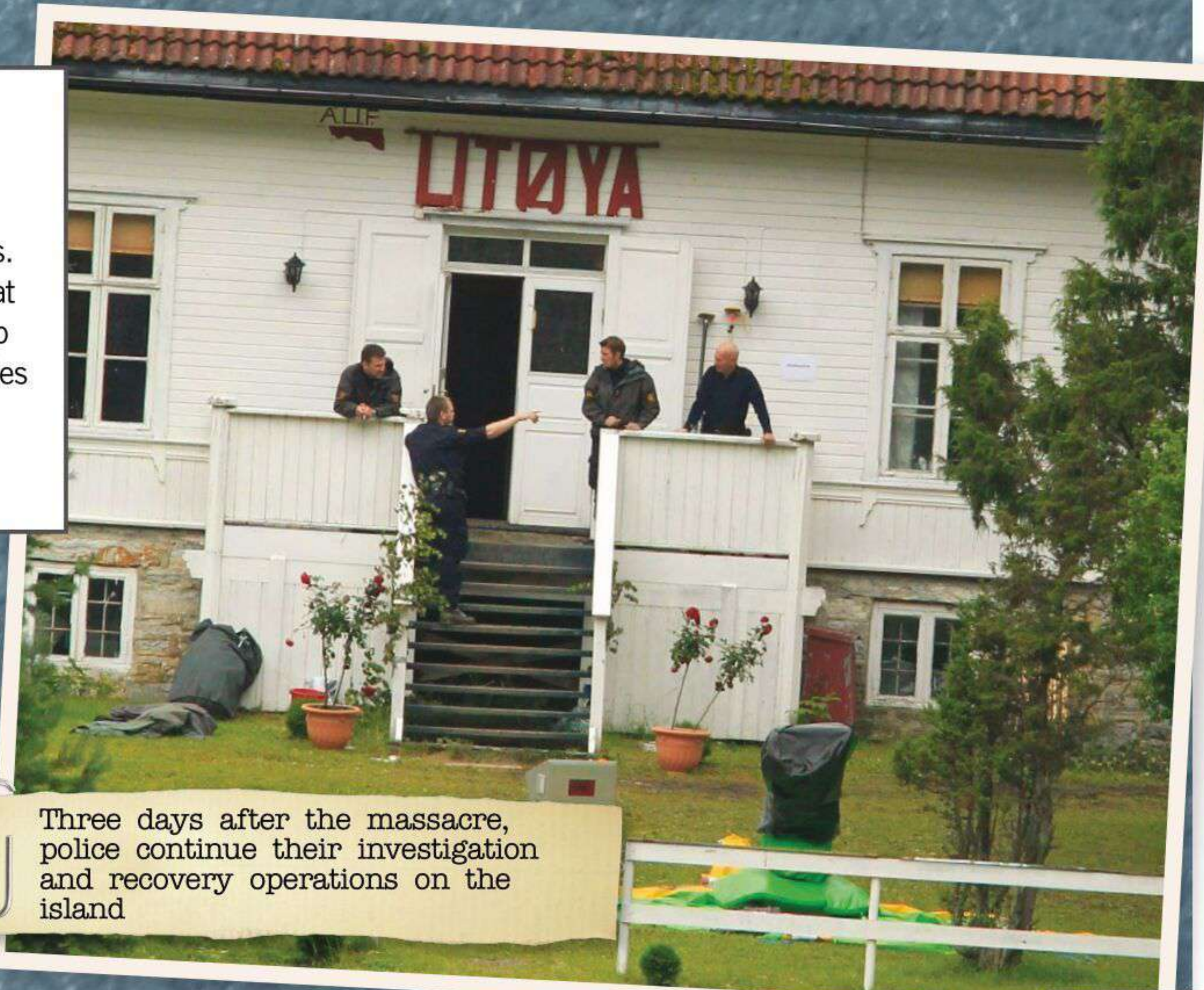
Breivik realises that the young people are hiding from him. He enters the woods to the west of the island and begins hunting for those trying to hide. He finds and kills at least another 15 young people this way.

**15 DEAD  
10 WOUNDED**

## 4 17.10

After the shooting finishes, Breivik begins to calmly walk through the trails leading around the island shooting anyone he sees. By now the young people are aware of what is happening and are hiding, attempting to swim to the mainland or scale the cliff sides in the hope of safety.

**4 DEAD  
7 WOUNDED**



Three days after the massacre, police continue their investigation and recovery operations on the island



City police shut down the quarter and advised civilians to evacuate central Oslo. Anders Breivik had calmly walked round the corner from the H-block, got into another car that he had previously parked on a nearby street called Hammersborg torg, and drove casually away before the first police sirens were heard.

If Breivik's main intention had been to murder the prime minister, then his research had been inadequate. At the time the bomb exploded, Stoltenberg was at his official residence near the Royal Palace, some distance from Regjeringskvartalet. The area around the Royal Palace became the main focus of police attention.

July is the main holiday month for Norwegian government workers and so the Regjeringskvartalet quarter had been decidedly quieter than usual. It was also a Friday afternoon and many of those at work had left the city already for a long weekend. Still, it was a successful bomb attack on the heart of Norway's government and bureaucratic infrastructure. Stoltenberg led a centre-left government that had questioned Norway's role in the Afghanistan coalition as well as championed immigrant and LGBT rights. Breivik had many reasons to dislike the man and his government. But he had missed him. Buildings had been gutted and people killed; the police had no leads and the city's population was terrified of what might be about to happen next.

## “ AS THE CAMPERS GATHERED AROUND, BREIVIK REACHED INTO A BAG, PULLED OUT AN AUTOMATIC WEAPON AND STARTED FIRING ”

### OUTERMOST ISLAND

The police moved to lock down the Norwegian capital. They calculated that if another attack would come then it would be in the more crowded city centre – a bomb at Oslo Central Station perhaps, or an attack on the popular Marina area, perhaps the prime minister's official residence, Inkognitogata 18. They didn't immediately think of looking to Utøya – in English, the 'outermost island'. Before Anders Breivik, not many outside of Norway had heard of Utøya. There's no real reason to: it's only 11 hectares, just 500 metres offshore and about 39 kilometres north west of Oslo. The island is largely forested with a few open spaces and a single small ferry between the island and the mainland. It's basically campsites with a few permanent structures for a canteen, some meeting rooms, toilets and shower blocks. The whole island is owned by the Norwegian Workers' Youth League, part of the country's then ruling Labour Party. The Norwegian trade union movement gave the island to the youth league in 1950

**BELOW** Throughout his trial, Anders Breivik showed no remorse or regret. Rather he asserted that he had taken a stand against the “Islamisation” of Norway. His theories and ideas were a mixed bag of right-wing hate literature culled from fringe American far-right and neo-Nazi websites



**ABOVE** It took six days for emergency services to recover and identify all of the bodies from Utøya

**RIGHT** Anders Behring Breivik pictured in handcuffs shortly after his arrest. He was wearing a police officer's uniform that he had bought off the internet when he arrived on Utøya, allowing him to gain the trust of some of the young people there before opening fire on them

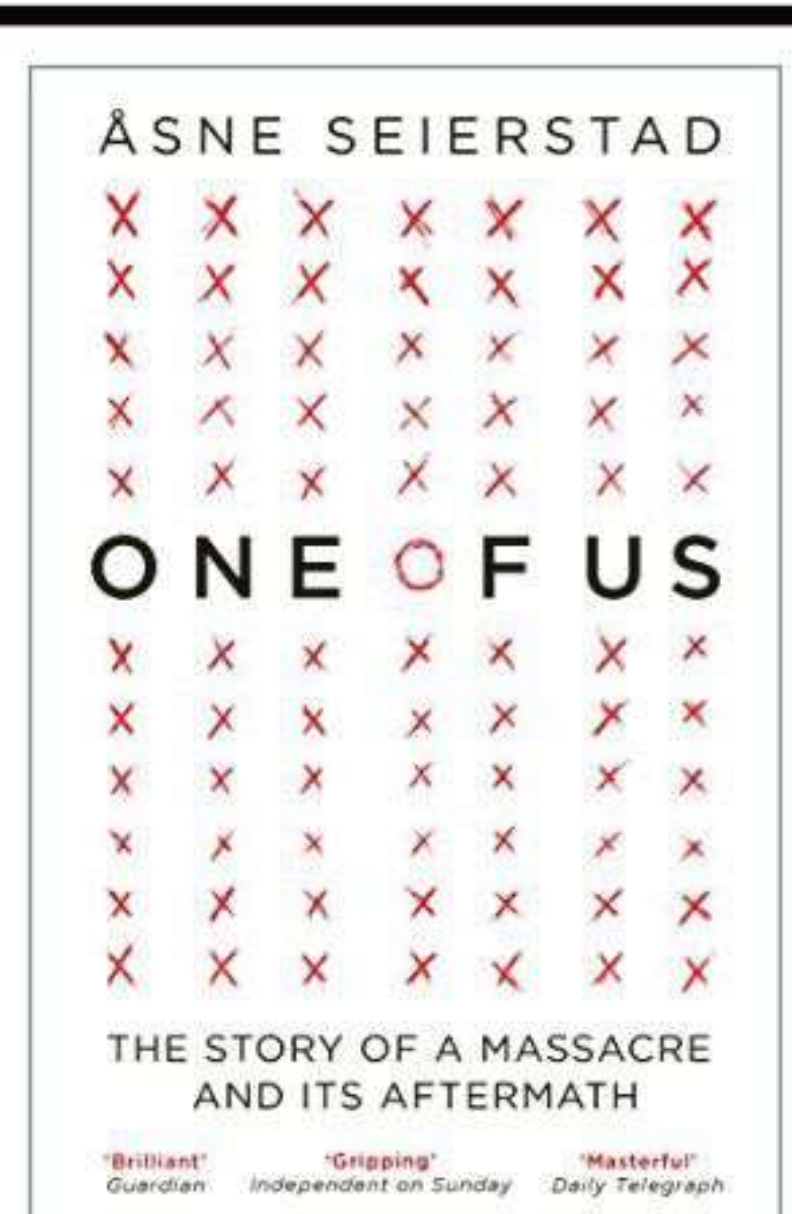




and the young socialists had held camps every summer since. Stoltenberg was scheduled to visit the island the following day to talk to the Youth League campers.

Breivik clearly had issues with the Labour Party. Though originally, in the 1920s it was a hard left party, it had become a mainstream parliamentary social-democratic party as long ago as the 1930s. None of this mattered to Breivik – he identified the Labour Party with what he considered an uncontrolled influx of Muslims into Norway. Knowing that the young members of the party were on the island at their annual summer camp, he clearly identified them as traitors, Marxists and ‘multiculturalists’. They had invited several refugee Chechen teenagers to talk about the problems in their homeland. The 650 young people on Utøya spent their time camping, cooking, discussing politics, attending lectures, hiking and swimming. They never had any reason to expect Anders Breivik and his hatred would join them.

Breivik had driven the short distance from central Oslo to the Utøya ferry watching police cars with blaring sirens heading in the other direction, back towards smouldering Regjeringskvartalet. Still dressed as a policeman, he showed his fake police identification card, which claimed he was the fictitious ‘Martin Nilsen of the Oslo Police Department’ and boarded the ferry. Once again Breivik was calm, controlled and methodical. It was just under an hour and a half since



In her bestselling book *One Of Us*, Seierstad asks how a massacre such as that on Utøya could happen in her own seemingly peaceful country, and how supposedly liberal and tolerant Norway could have produced Anders Breivik.

## THE BREIVIK “WAKE UP CALL”

WHO WAS BREIVIK, HOW DID NORWAY PRODUCE THIS MADMAN AND ARE THERE LESSONS TO BE LEARNED FROM HIS MASSACRE?

### BIO



### ASNE SEIERSTAD

After covering wars in Afghanistan, Iraq and Chechnya, Seierstad returned to her native Norway. Following the Breivik outrage, she decided that she needed to better understand what had happened in her own country and set out to trace the roots of Breivik's crimes.

Breivik had psychiatric problems, but his hatreds and targets were fed and encouraged by a range of international hate literature. How far do you think these far-right ideas turned a ‘sad loser’ (if that’s what he was?) into a mass killer?

I think the killings would not have been possible without the far-right ideas that he read on the internet. He went from playing *World Of Warcraft* 16 hours a day to spending the same amount of time on a range of hate literature sites, mainly about white supremacy and anti-immigration. These influences probably led to

the massacre. He came to believe that he would have a lot of supporters [after the massacre].

**I think most of us in Britain still think of Norway and Scandinavia as bastions of fairness, liberalism and social equality. However, there does appear to be a dark side we’re less aware of. Does Breivik graphically reveal a major problem with the move to multiculturalism in Norway and does he represent anything approximating a widely held opinion about Muslims?**

Not at all. I believe Breivik could have appeared in any European country. He was so extreme that he represents very few people and, I would say, in Norway, almost nobody. The milieu from which he has received most support have been among Russian neo-Nazis, and some extremist gangs in Eastern Europe. Norway has the same discussions about multiculturalism that most European countries have in one degree or another, but I would say the current refugee crisis has had a bigger impact on the debate than Breivik ever had.

**Was Breivik what is often termed a “wake up call” for Norway? Is there now more attention paid to multiculturalism and integration and, likewise, into monitoring those people who might seek to violently oppose that process?**

Breivik called it a “wake up call”, no one else. He said he did it to force Norway to focus on the damage Muslims were doing. His outrage was a shock to Norway, definitely, and is still a deep wound but, honestly, I don’t believe he changed anything. Breivik is never mentioned in the immigration debate. He was too extreme. Neither the political right nor the left wants to even discuss him when these themes of immigration or Islam are discussed. However, the security agencies have more funding now, both to monitor right-wing extremism and militant jihadism.



This CCTV image captured by cameras outside government offices in Oslo shows Breivik in a full-face helmet and carrying a pistol as he walks away from the bomb he has just planted



the Regjeringskvartalet car bomb. All eyes in Norway – police, intelligence and media – were centred on Regjeringskvartalet.

Aboard the ferry, Breivik met Monica Bøsei, the camp's leader. Breivik told her he had come as a routine security check after the explosions in Oslo. For reasons we'll never know, Bøsei was suspicious of Breivik – maybe his ID, his uniform, his manner. Perhaps she wondered what was in the large sack he had with him. On her mobile phone, she summoned Trond Berntsen, an off-duty policeman and the island's security officer, to meet them at the arrivals pier. Berntsen, the stepbrother of Crown Princess Mette-Marit of the Norwegian royal family, was unarmed. It was a summer camp for politically engaged young people – he saw no reason to carry a gun. As a puzzled Berntsen arrived at the pier to meet the supposed Oslo policeman and Bøsei, Breivik pulled a gun and shot both him and Bøsei dead. It seems that Berntsen, anticipating Breivik's actions, was able to push his own son, attending the camp, into some bushes to protect him before being hit and instantly killed. It was 5.22pm.

That was just the start of what, over the next one and a half hours, would be the worst massacre in Norway's history.

### “I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE”

What goes through a man's mind when he starts killing? What are the apparently random reasons why some are spared and others executed? Split-second judgement calls mean some lie dead and others are allowed to live. We can never know. Breivik had no coherent ideology except that he hated all the young people of the Labour Party's Workers' Youth League on the tiny island of Utøya that day. What we do know is that he started to kill... and continued to kill for a horrific, seemingly never ending, 90 minutes.

Naturally there was a confused scene on the island in the wake of the initial murders of Bøsei and Berntsen. Many of the young campers had no idea what had happened, but had heard of the Oslo bomb on the radio and via texts on their mobiles. They were concerned to see a uniformed policeman calling them to gather close to him. They assumed he was going to address them. As the campers gathered around, Breivik reached into a bag, pulled out an automatic weapon and started firing into the young people. Inside the bag were more guns and more ammunition, built up over years as he had prepared for this one horrific moment.

At first Breivik roamed the small island shooting anyone he could find. He had nothing to fear in terms of his victims fighting back – nobody had brought weapons to the summer camp. He is reported to have shouted, “You're going to die today, Marxists!” He then went to the shoreline and started strafing the terrified young people who had decided to try to swim the 500 metres to the mainland. Many others lay down, alongside corpses of their fellow campers, and pretended to be dead. Breivik moved among the victims firing shots into all the bodies – dead or alive. His bullets were mostly hollow point, or frangible – specifically chosen to expand and open up upon entry to the target rather than pass through. At close range they are especially deadly, causing massive internal damage. Some young people, realising now what was happening, fled to hide in the latrines, others into the bushes and forests, up the steep cliffs near the waterfront. From there they texted the police to try to raise the alarm.

Breivik did spare a few – though it's impossible to tell why. Security guard Trond Berntsen's 11-year-old son found himself face to face with Breivik. He pleaded with him that he was too young to die. Breivik impassively moved on, saying

nothing, firing at others less fortunate in his path. A bit later, a 22-year-old man begged for his life and Breivik spared him. He gave no reason for his rare act of clemency. Somehow, by hiding, the family of the murdered Monica Bøsei survived. Nearly one hour after Anders Breivik began roaming Utøya firing indiscriminately, he finally shot and killed 16-year-old Andrine Bakken Espeland, the last victim to be shot and killed on Utøya.

### THE RESPONSE

Bøsei and Berntsen were shot at 5.22pm. Oslo's anti-terror police, the so-called Emergency Response Unit, were notified of the shooting spree several minutes later. They raced to the island but had no available helicopter and were forced to drive. In the interim, nearby holidaymakers, alerted by the firing, rushed to the island. One German vacationer bravely made several trips to the island in his speed boat, throwing out life belts, and rescuing as many of the young people as he could over four or five trips. Other local boat owners ferried more survivors while campers on the mainland helped many more ashore. Dozens escaped death this way.

The anti-terror police arrived at 6.10pm. They boarded a small boat to Utøya Island arriving ten minutes later. Breivik knew they were coming – he had called them himself on Norway's 112 emergency code just after 6pm and then, again, 15 minutes later. He hung up on them both times. Quite what he thought those calls would achieve remains unclear.

Landing at Utøya's arrivals pier, the anti-terror police encountered a mass of terrified youngsters, understandably not convinced that these were genuine police rather than accomplices of Breivik's come to finish them off. Eventually they identified Breivik. For an instant, he looked like he might decide to go down in a blaze of gunfire or turn his rifle on himself. In the end, he simply surrendered.

An hour after Anders Breivik had stepped ashore onto Utøya Island, 69 young people were dead; of the 517 survivors, 66 were seriously injured. The youngest was just 14 years of age. Most were killed by gun shots, but one died falling from a steep cliff face trying to frantically climb to escape, while another young man drowned trying to swim to safety. One person shot by Breivik died two days later in hospital. Amazingly, especially given that Breivik used hollow-point bullets, 33 young people who were shot with one or more bullets, at pretty close range, managed to survive. It's thought that, across the tight knit country of just over 5 million people, approximately a quarter of Norway's population knew a victim affected by the Breivik rampage.

Norway was stunned; Prime Minister Stoltenberg addressed the nation and called the attack a “national tragedy”. It was by far the worst civilian death toll in the country since World War II; the worst in Europe since the 2004 Madrid train bombings (which killed 191 people). It would only be exceeded by the November 2015 attacks on Paris (which left 130 civilians dead and a further seven terrorists). The following evening, more than 200,000 people marched through central Oslo in commemoration of the murdered. Combined with the bomb at Regjeringskvartalet, Anders Breivik had killed a total of 77 people in one day.

“AN HOUR AFTER ANDERS BREIVIK HAD STEPPED ASHORE ONTO UTØYA ISLAND, 69 YOUNG PEOPLE WERE DEAD”



**RIGHT** Breivik took a range of lethal weapons to Utøya to commit his outrage. This is his Glock 19. That Breivik was able to legally procure so many automatic and semi-automatic weapons has led to a tightening of Norway's gun laws

**FAR RIGHT** Anders Breivik's fake police ID badge. When he arrived on Utøya Island, he used this badge to convince the young people that he was there to protect them. When they gathered around him, he casually opened fire and killed many of them at close range

**RIGHT** On 24 August 2012, Breivik was found guilty of 'acts of terror' and sentenced to 21 years in prison for his crimes. However, a “preventive detention” clause was added that means his time in jail can be extended as long as he is deemed a threat to society





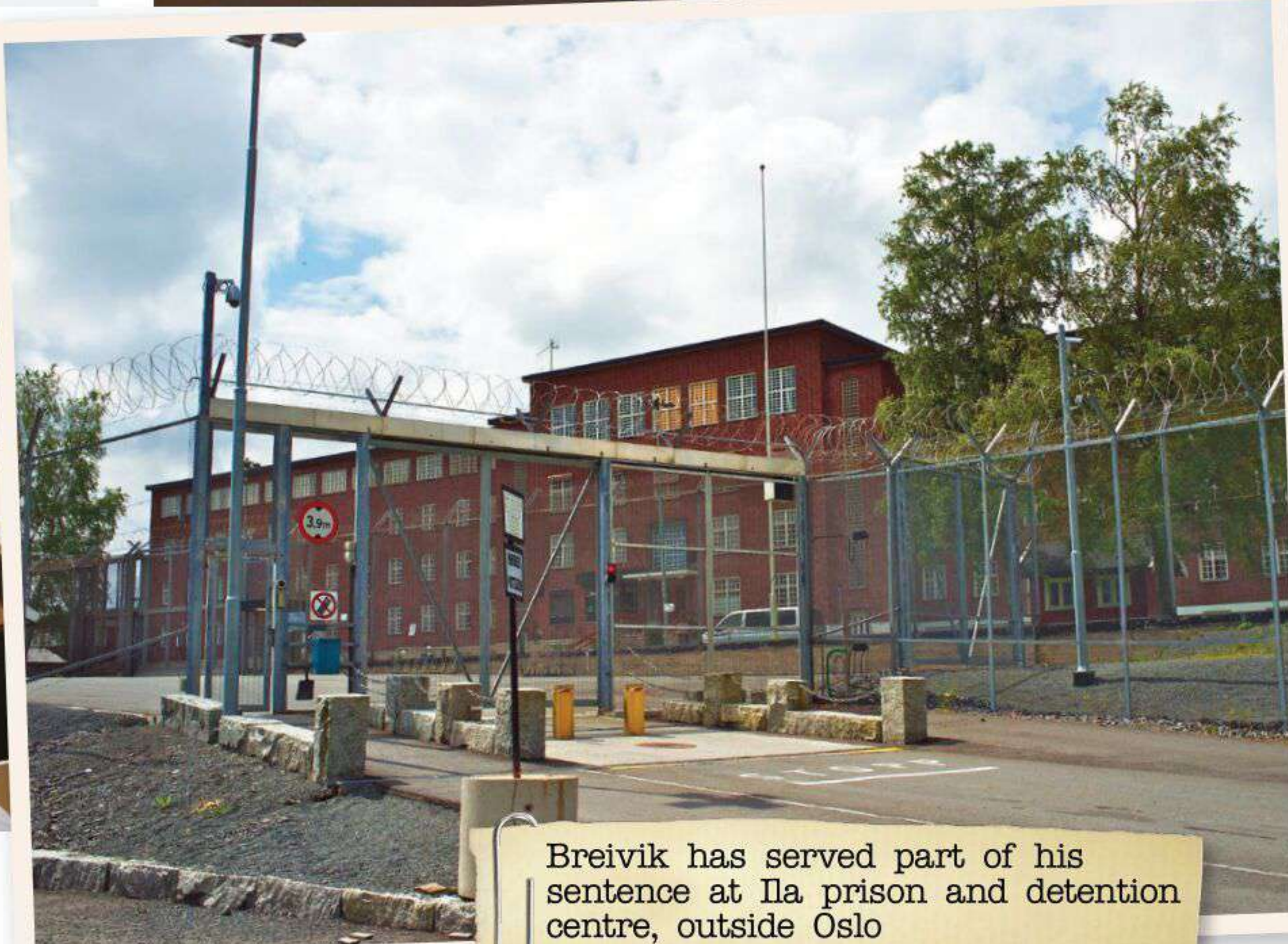


## “THEY ARE THE ETHNIC CLEANSERS”

BREIVIK SHOWED ZERO REMORSE AS HE PRESENTED HIS DERANGED JUSTIFICATION TO THE NORWEGIAN COURT

The criminal trial of Anders Breivik began on 16 April 2012 in Oslo. In pre-trial hearings, Breivik had maintained that he was justified in his killing, that it was for the good of Norway, a “pre-emptive attack against traitors” who wanted to “ethnic cleanse” the Norwegian race. He told the court they should regard him as a hero.

The court found him sane and sentenced him to “containment”, a minimum of ten years and a maximum of 21 years – the toughest sentence that can be imposed for any crime in Norway. The court ominously noted that while many ordinary Norwegians perhaps sympathised with Breivik’s anti-Muslim theories, few, if any, would support his response of terror.



Breivik has served part of his sentence at Hå prison and detention centre, outside Oslo

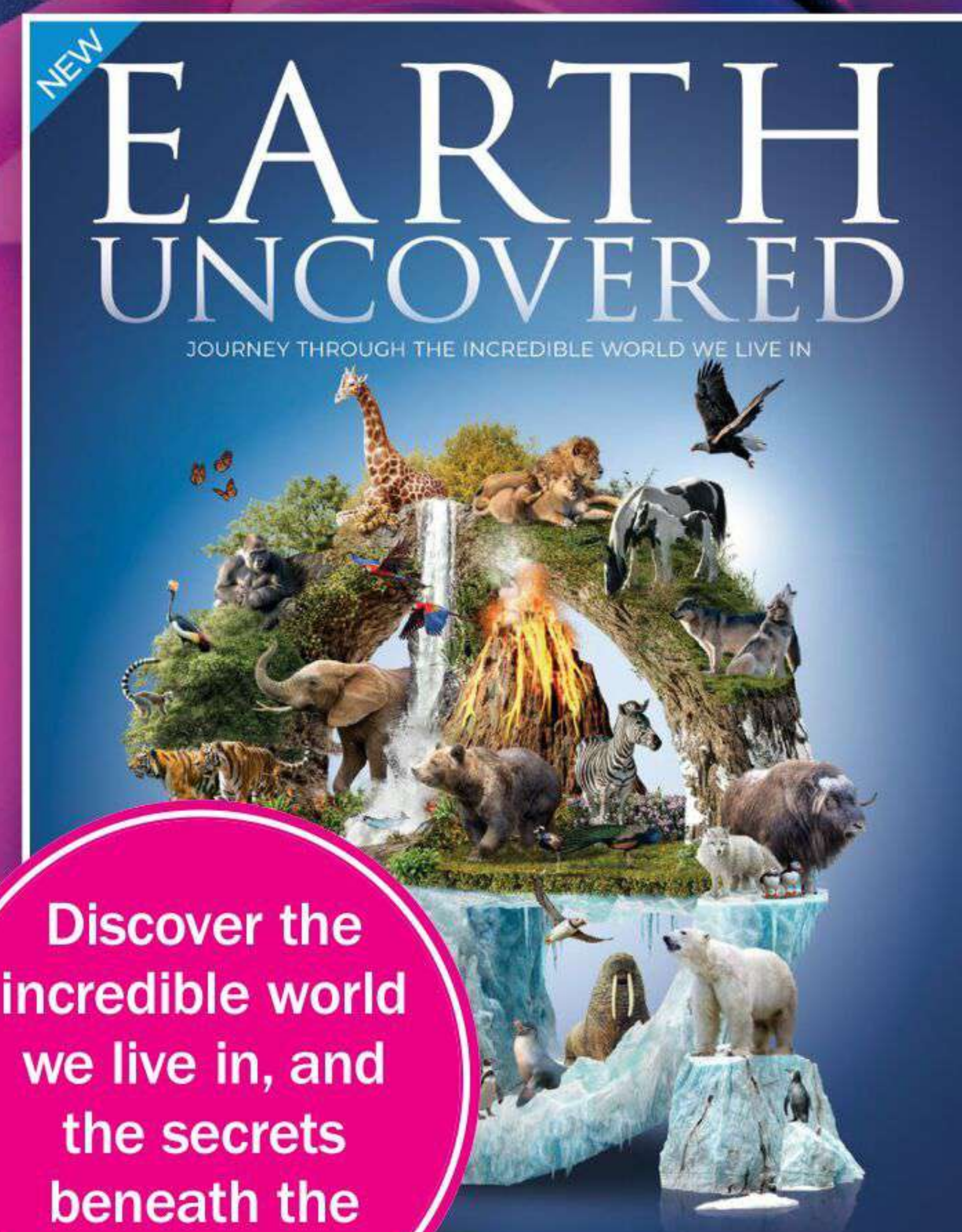
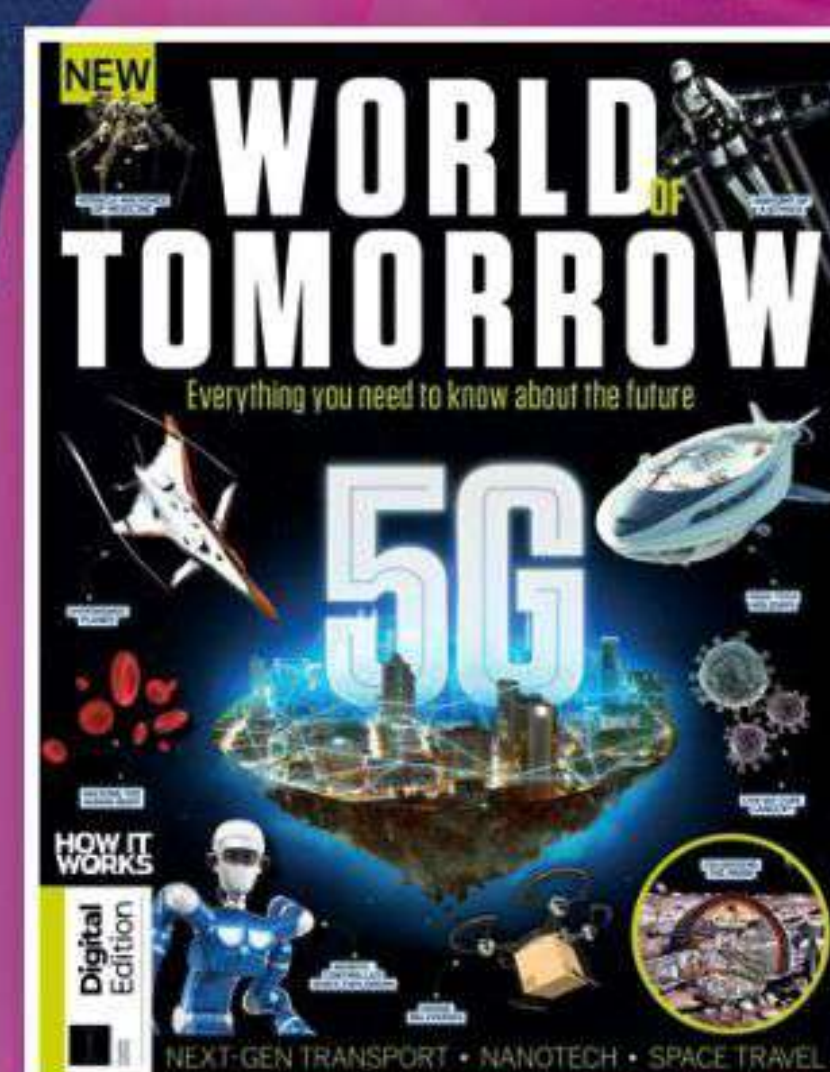
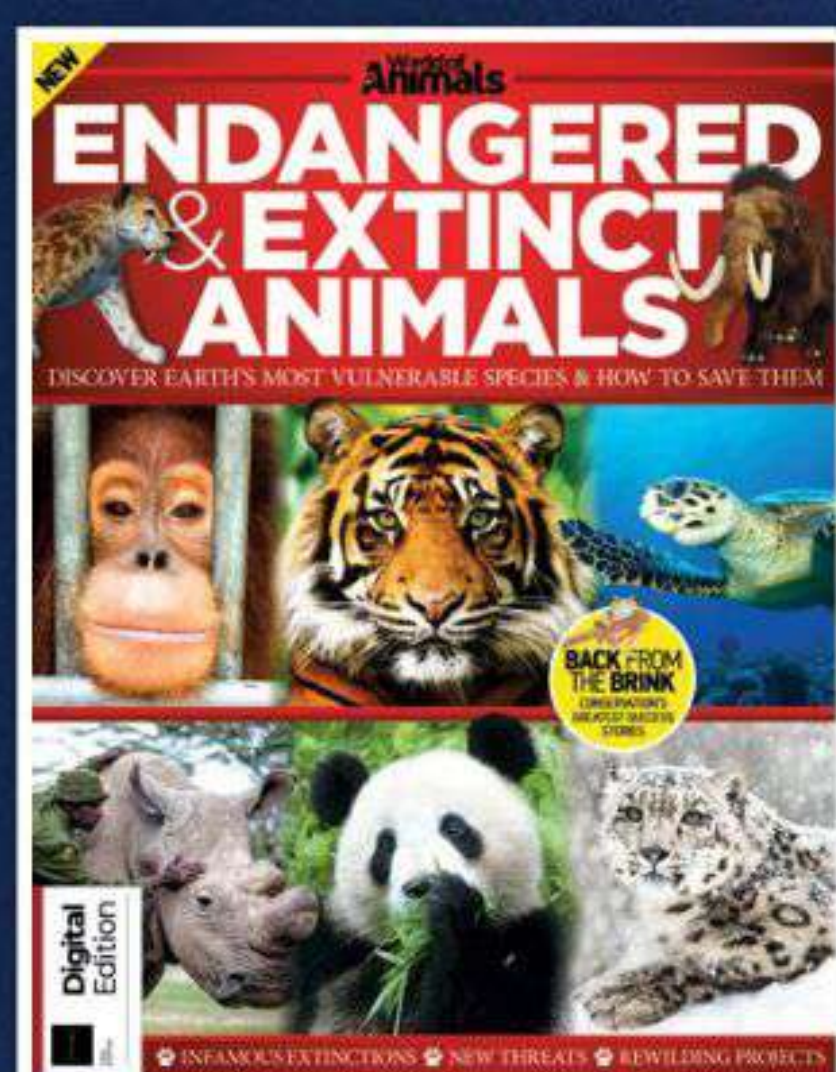
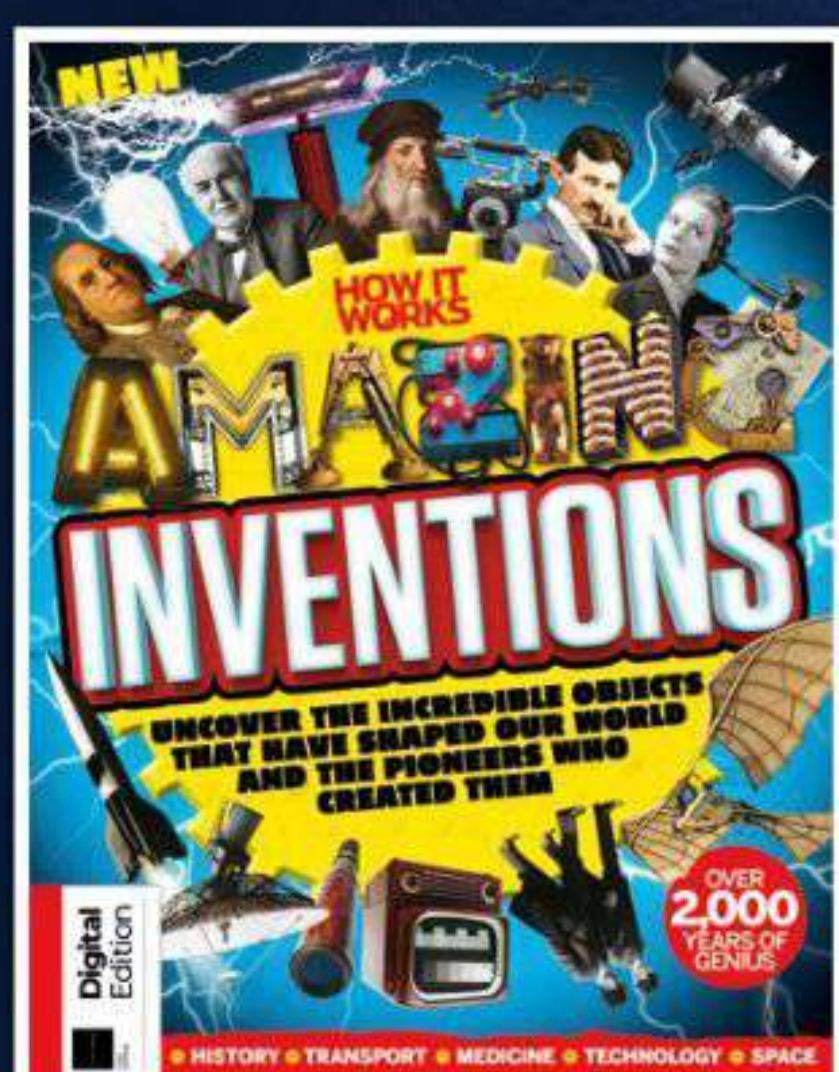
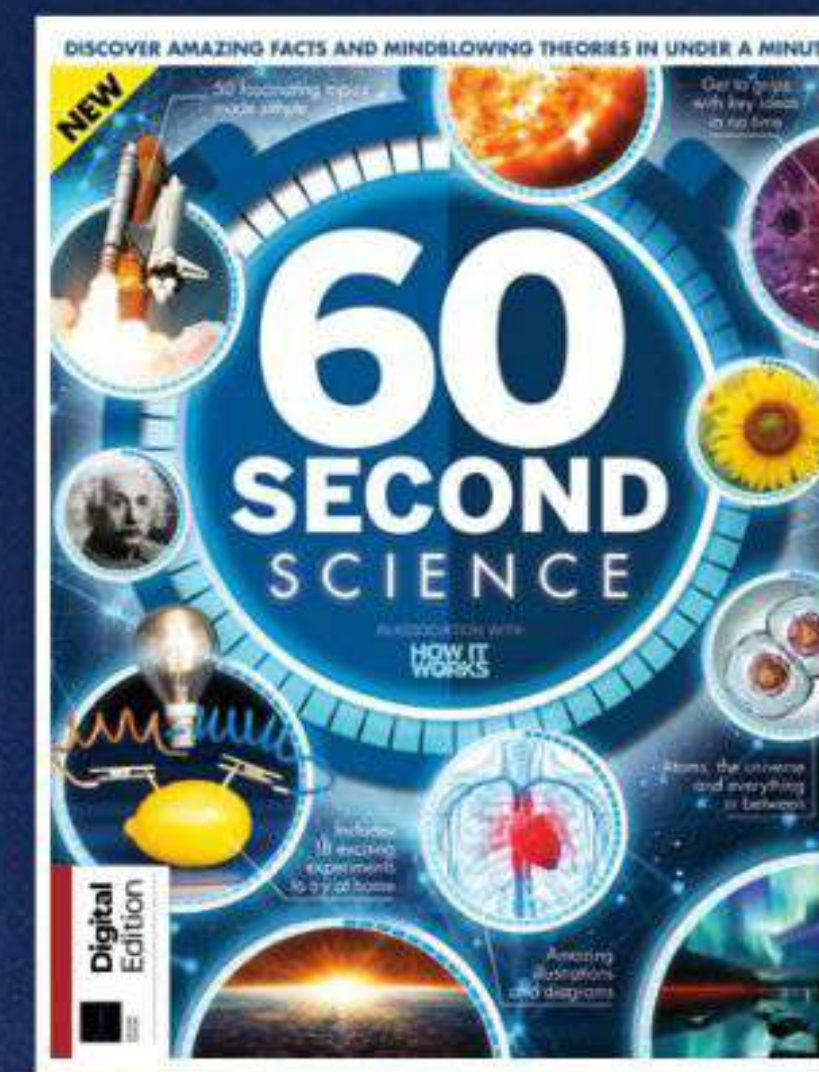
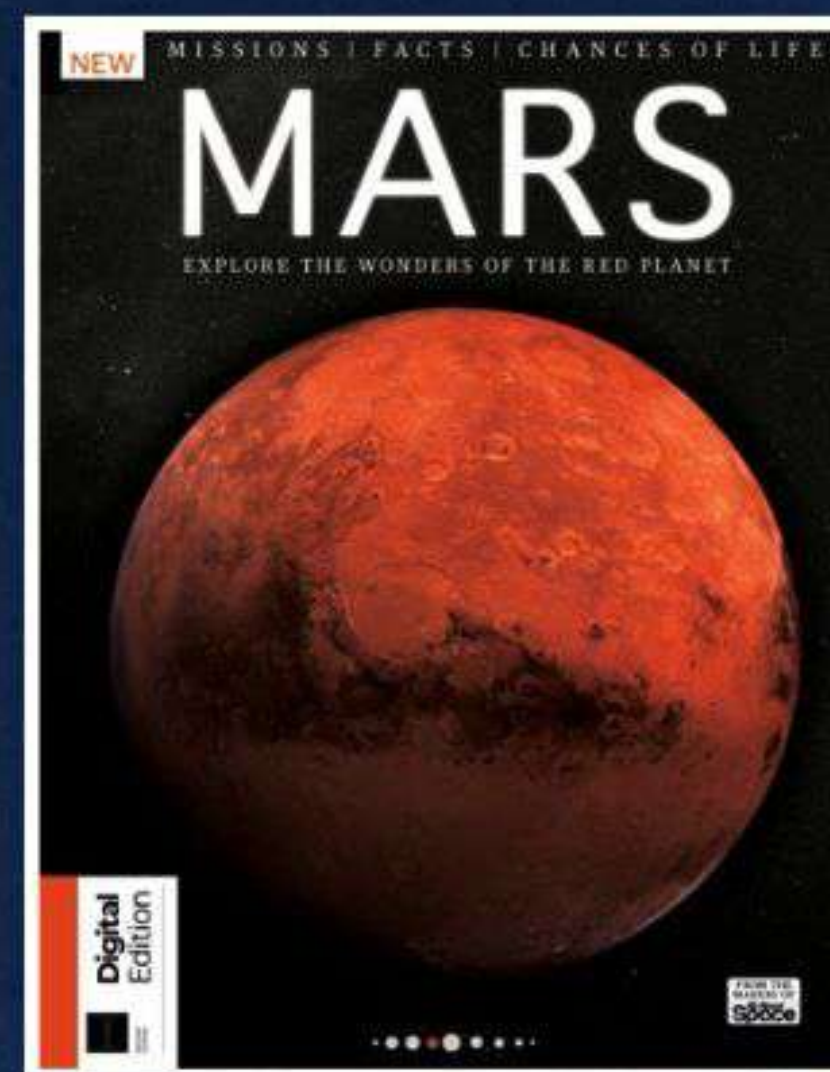
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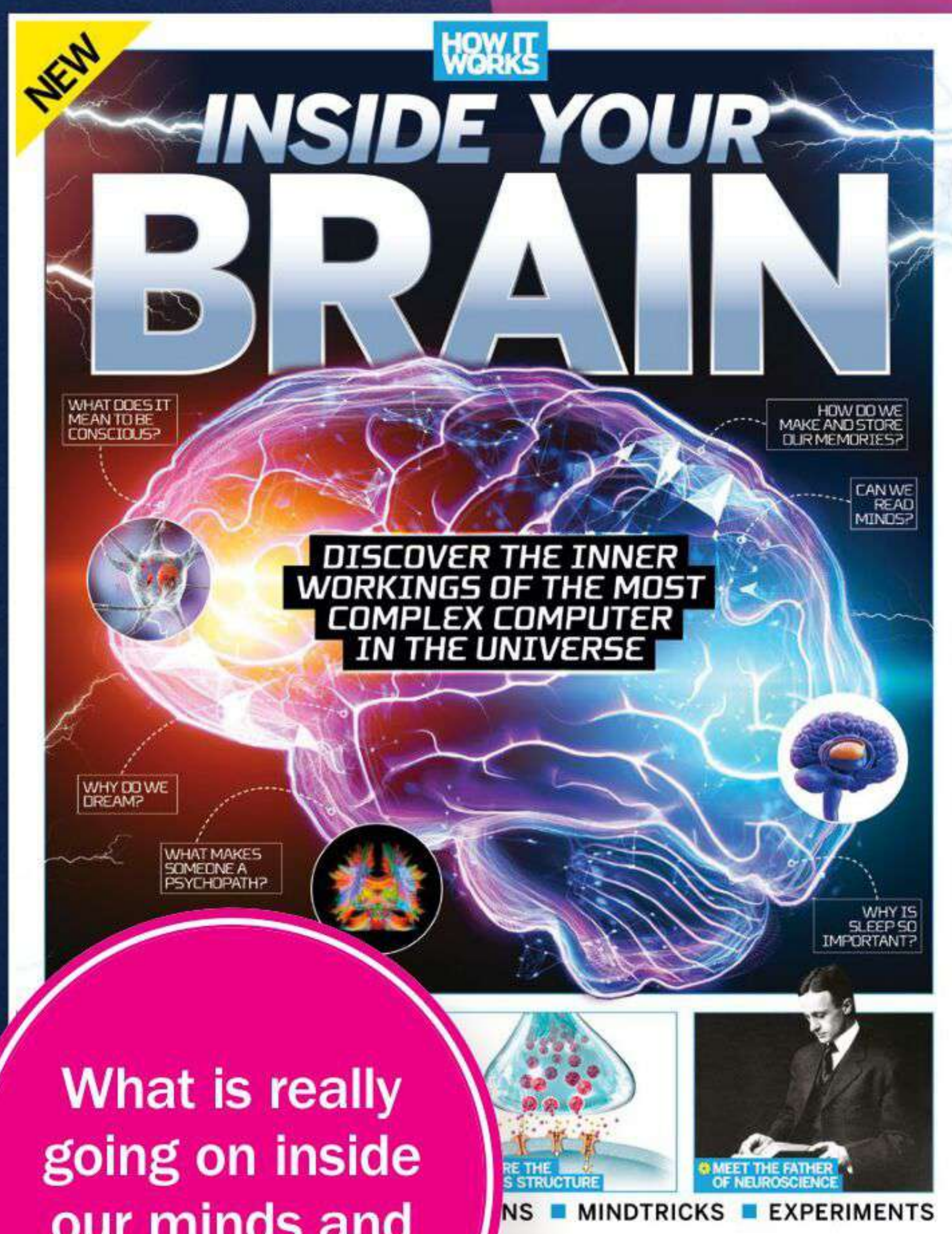
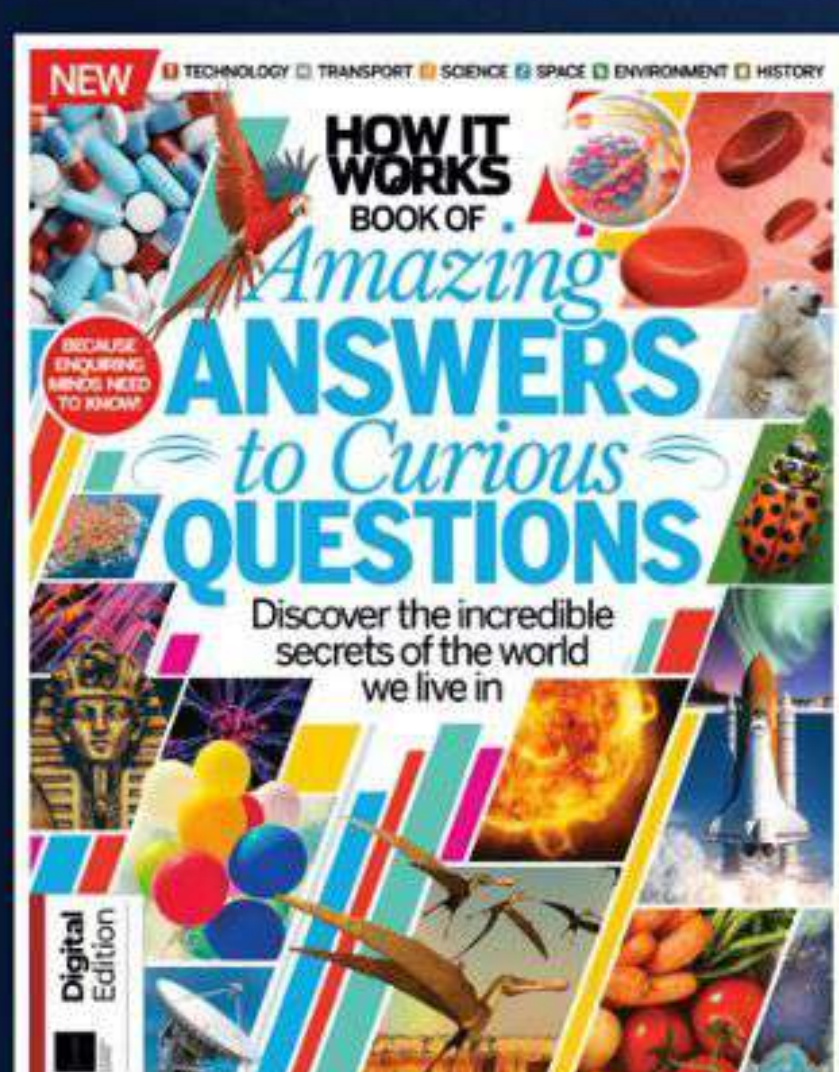




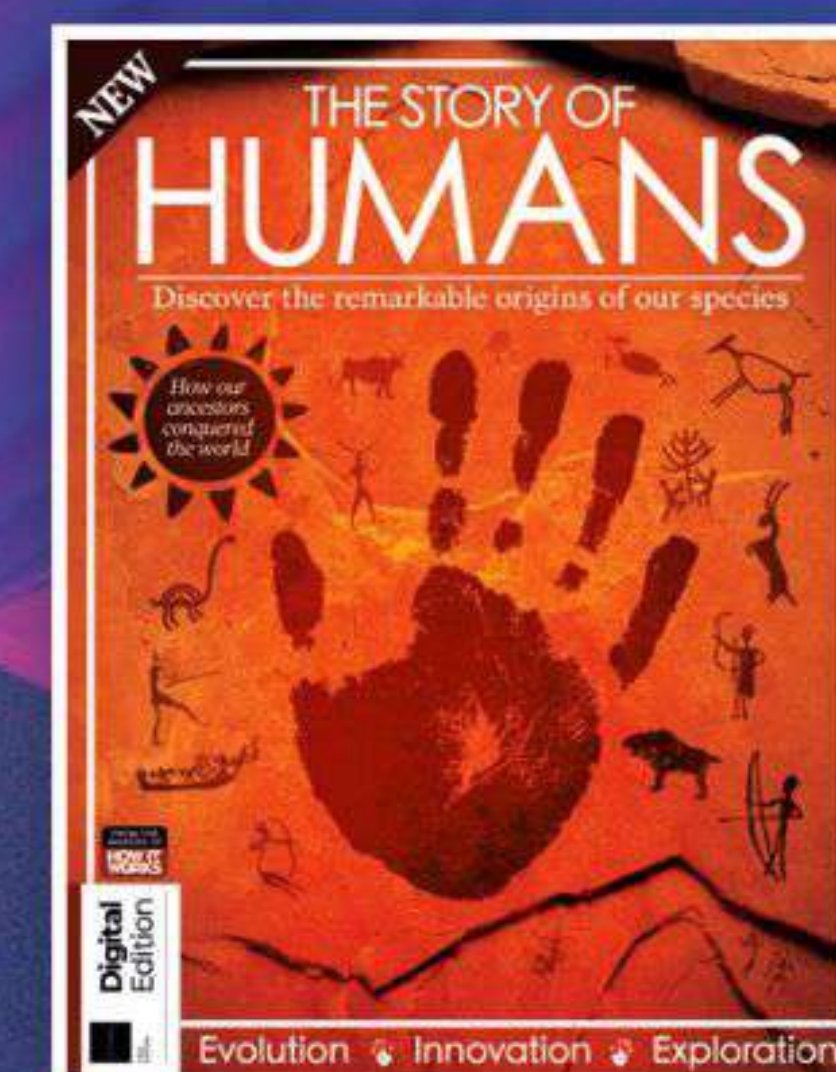
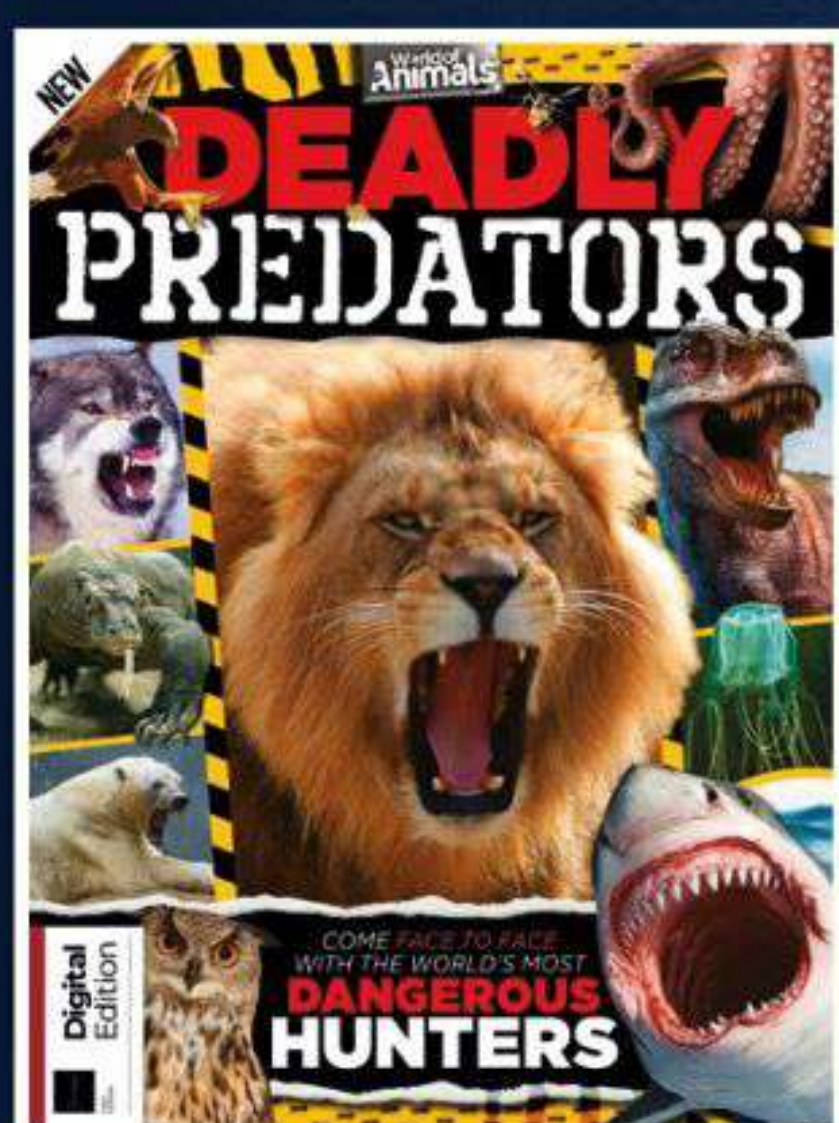
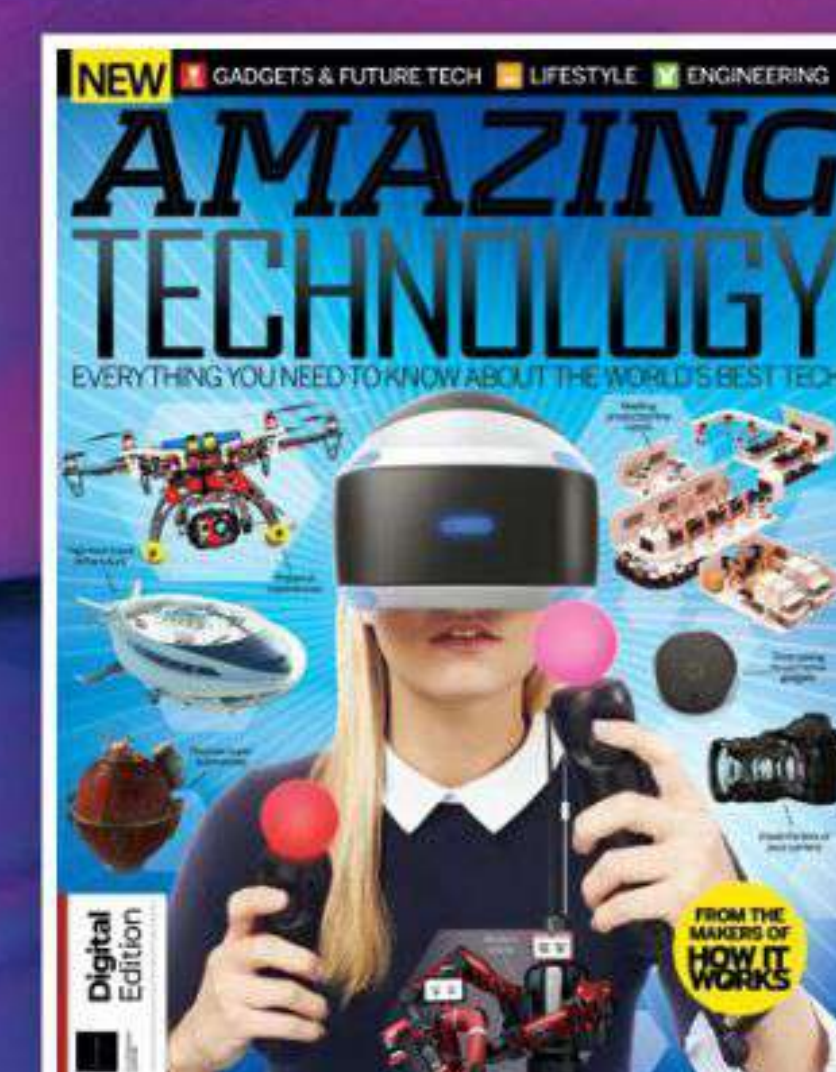
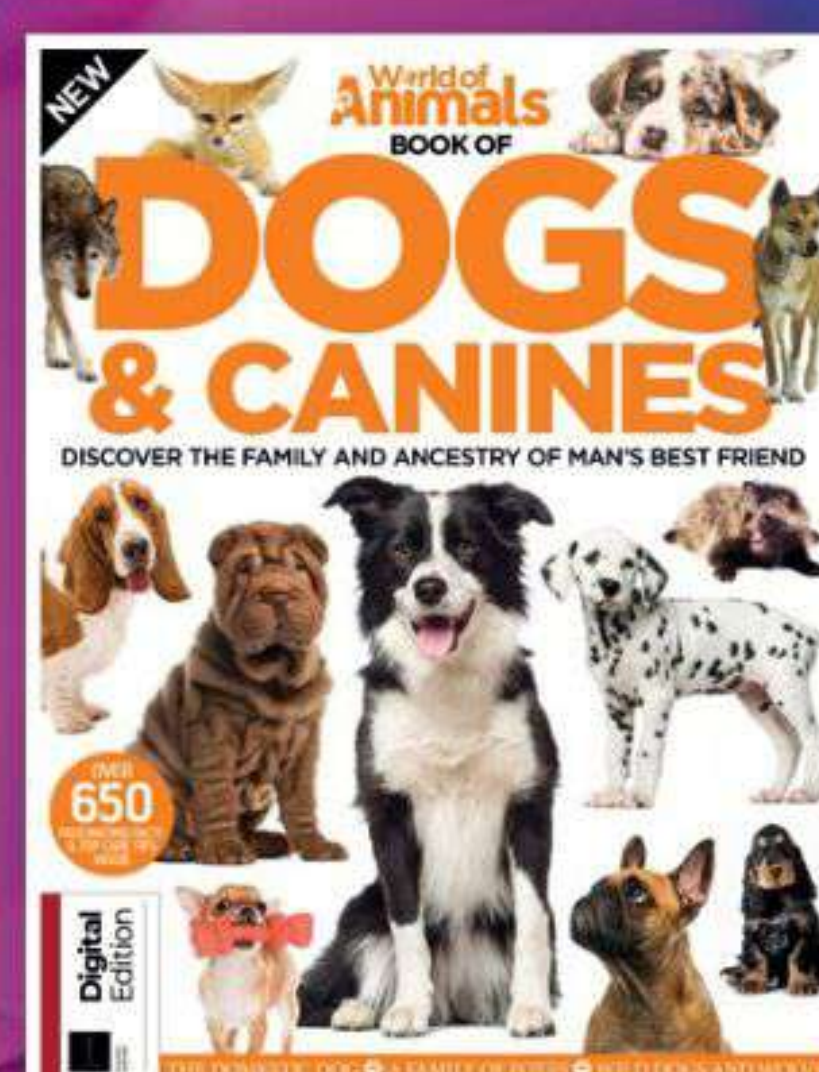
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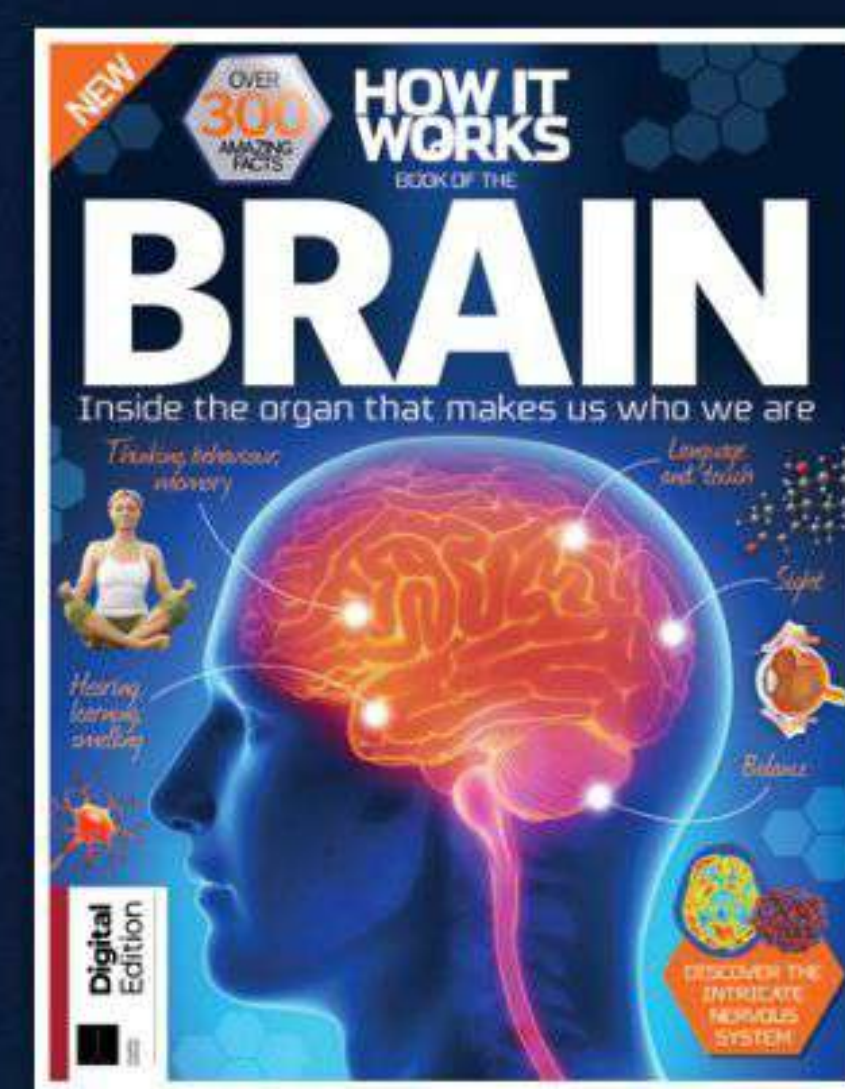
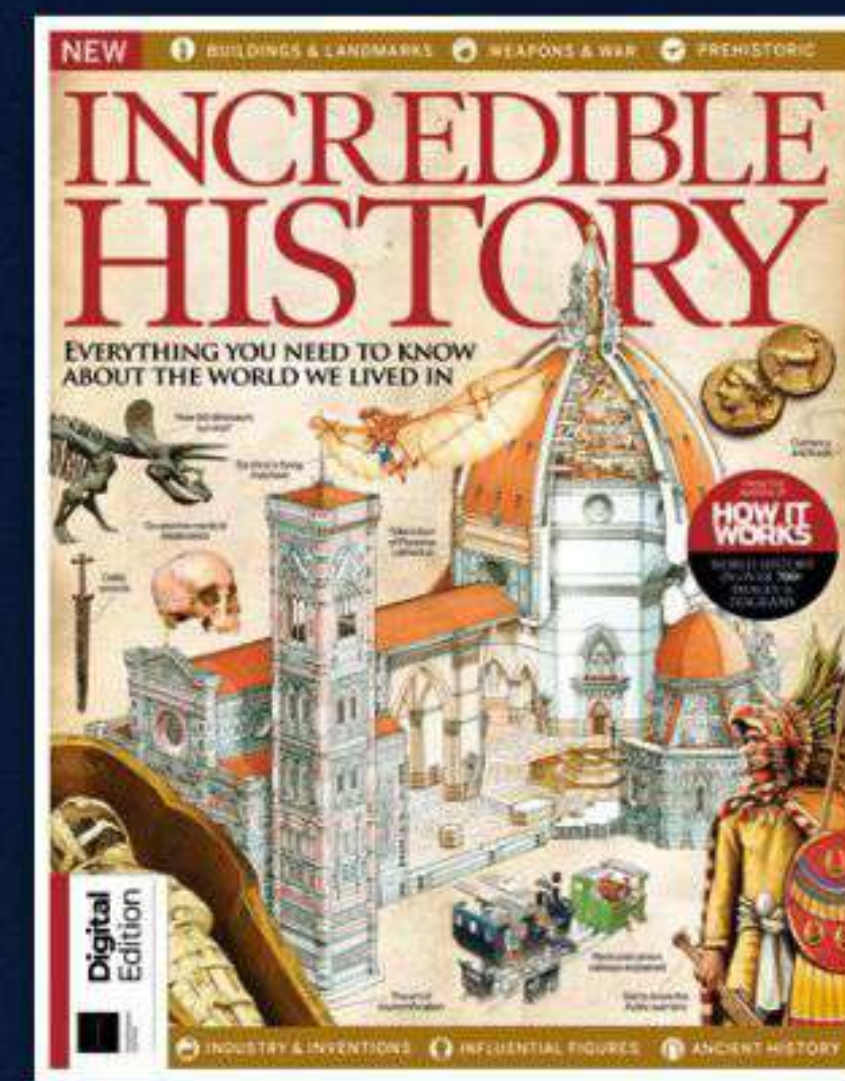
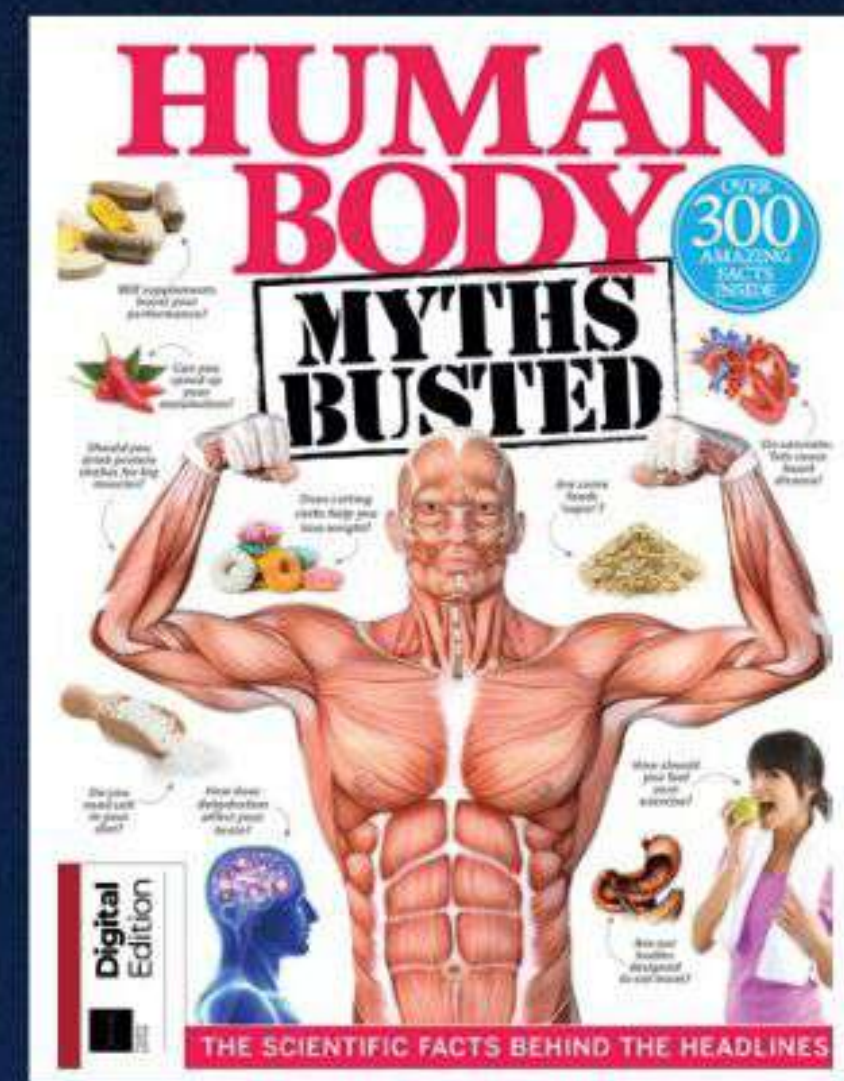
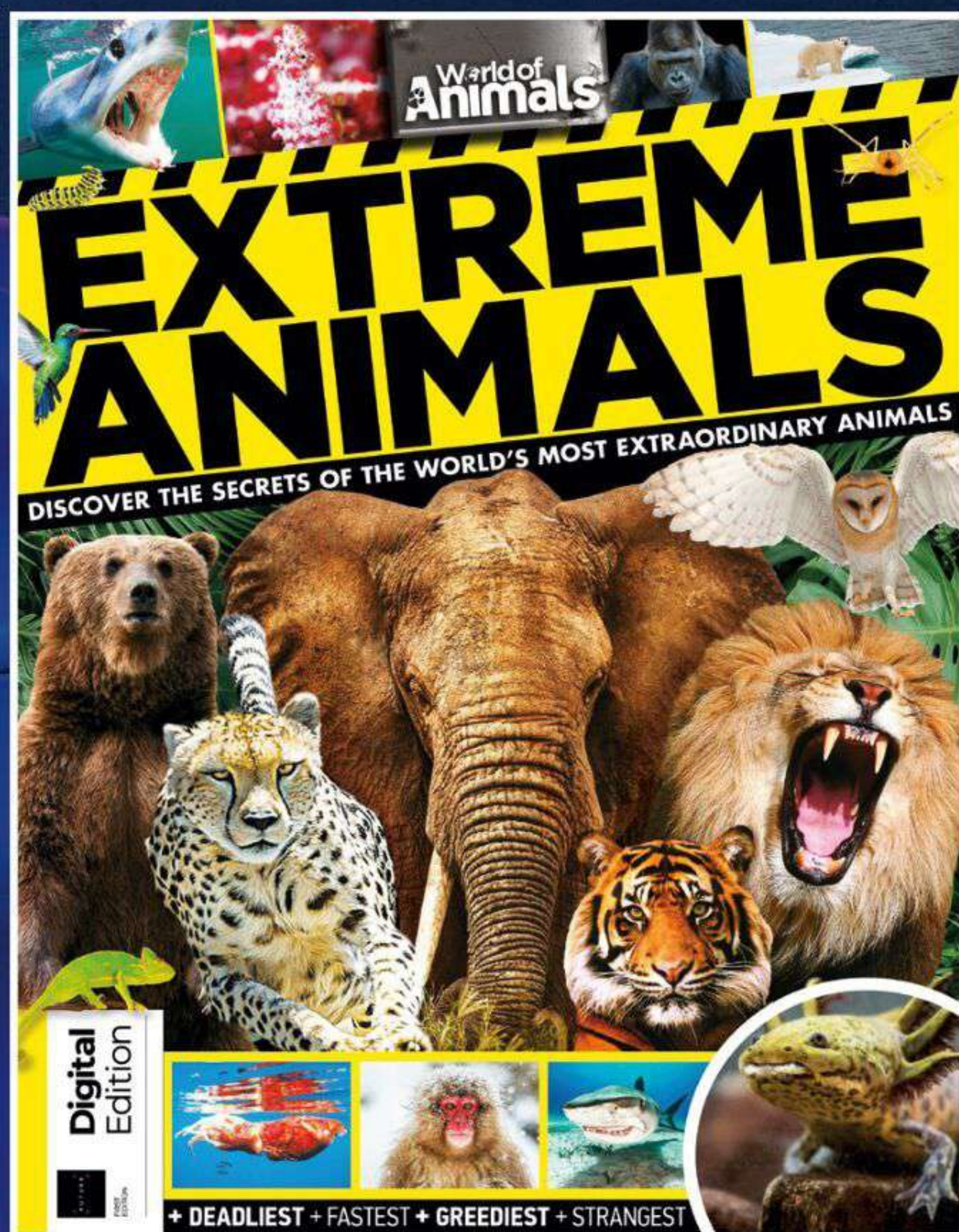
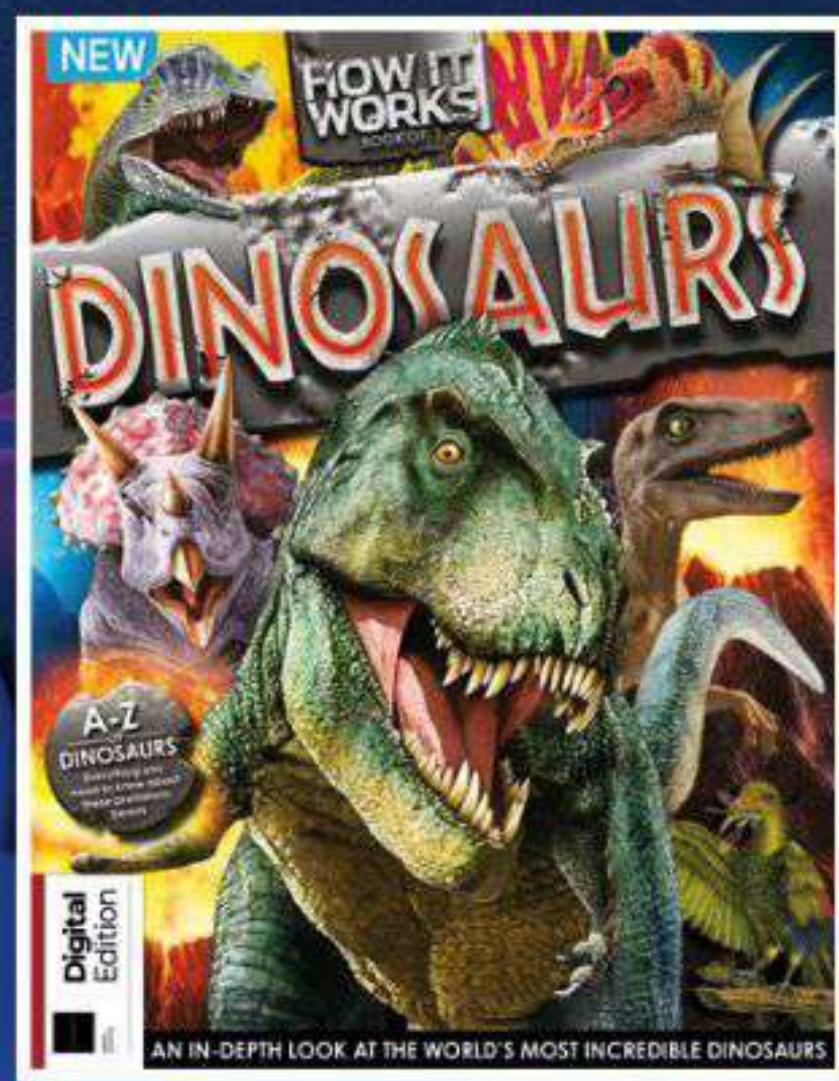


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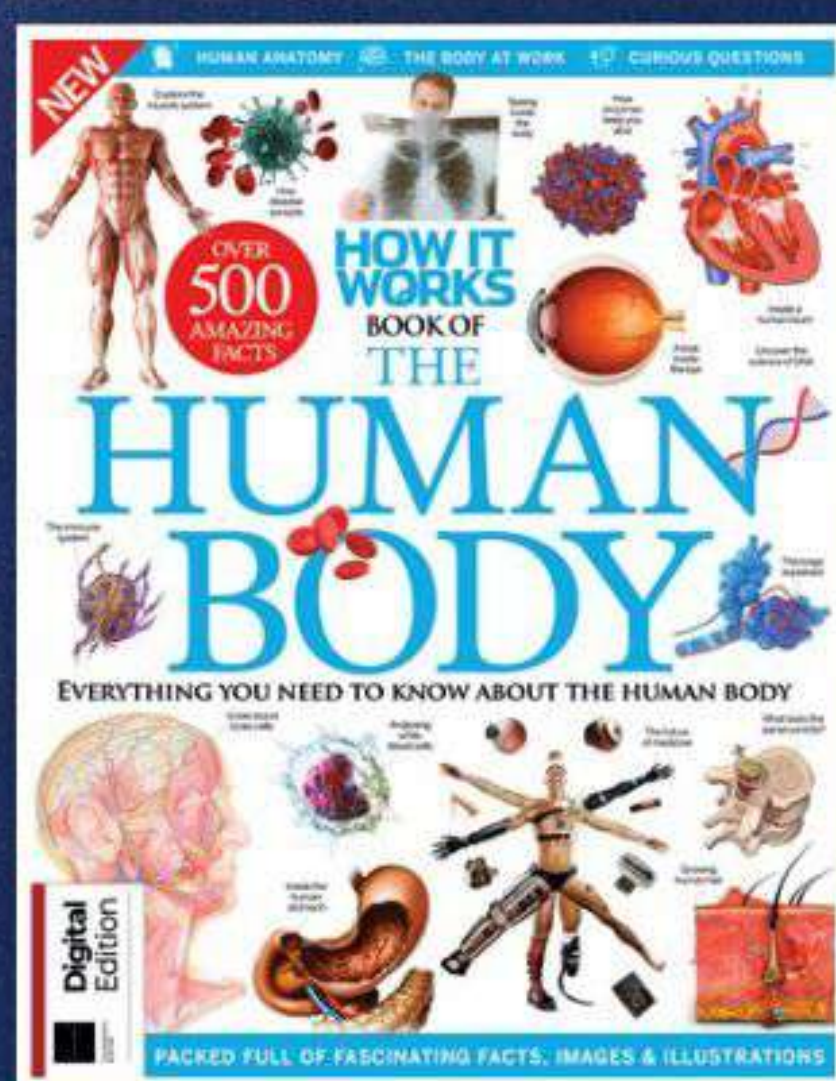
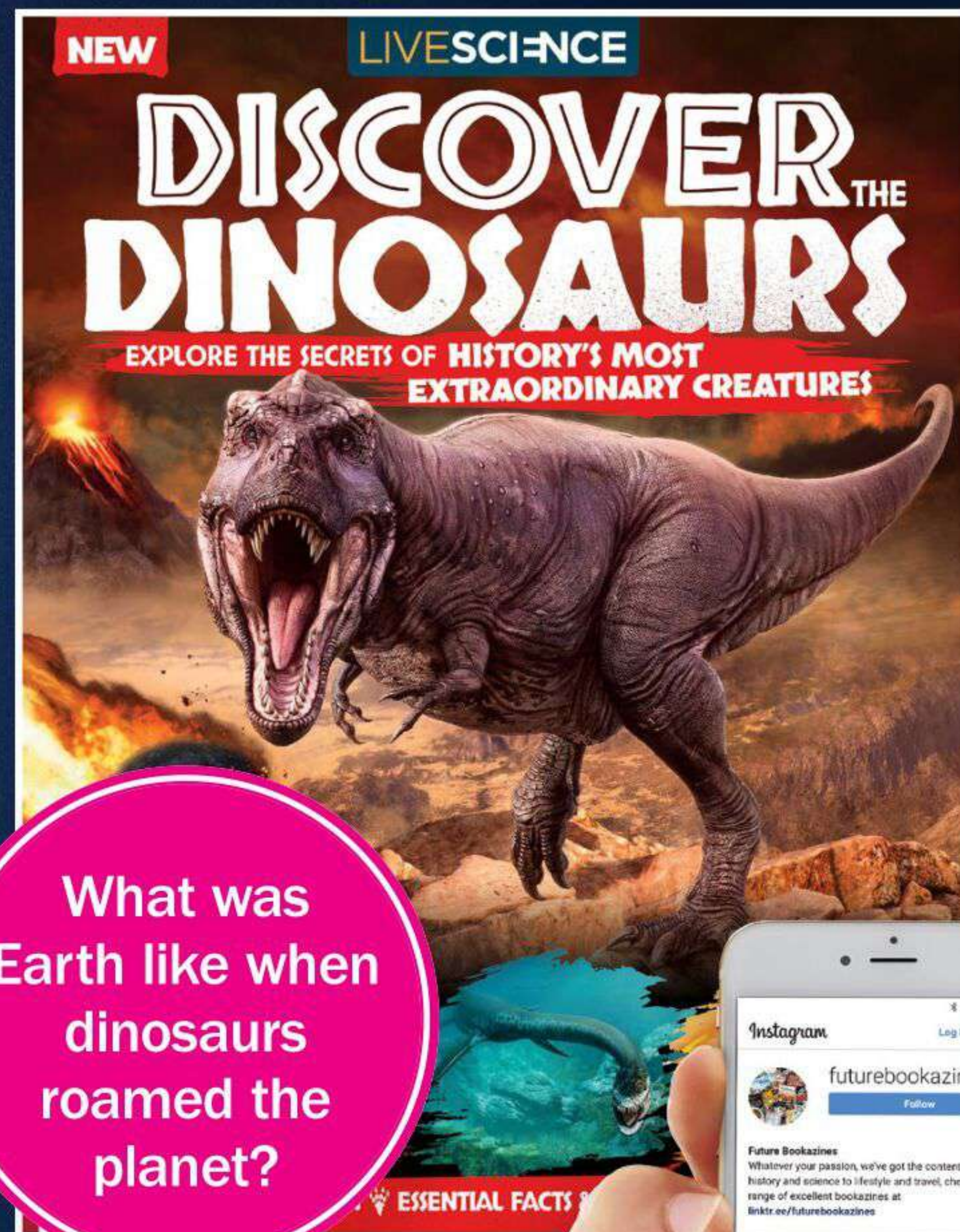
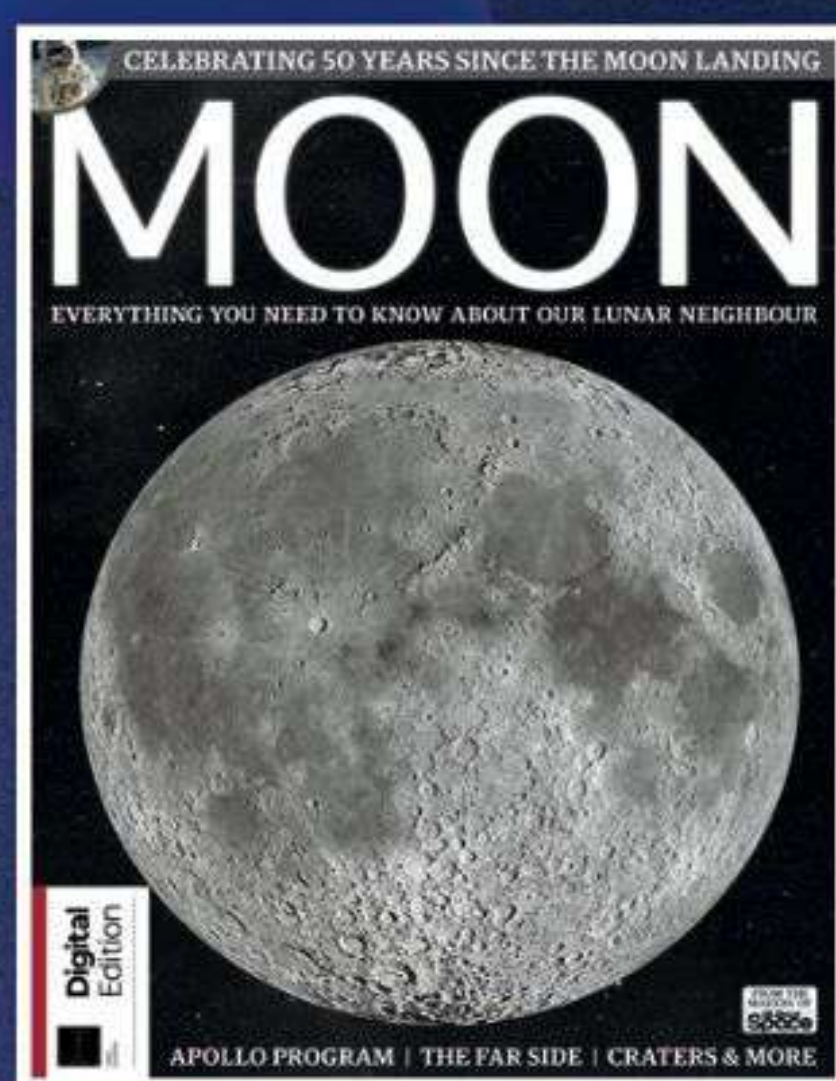
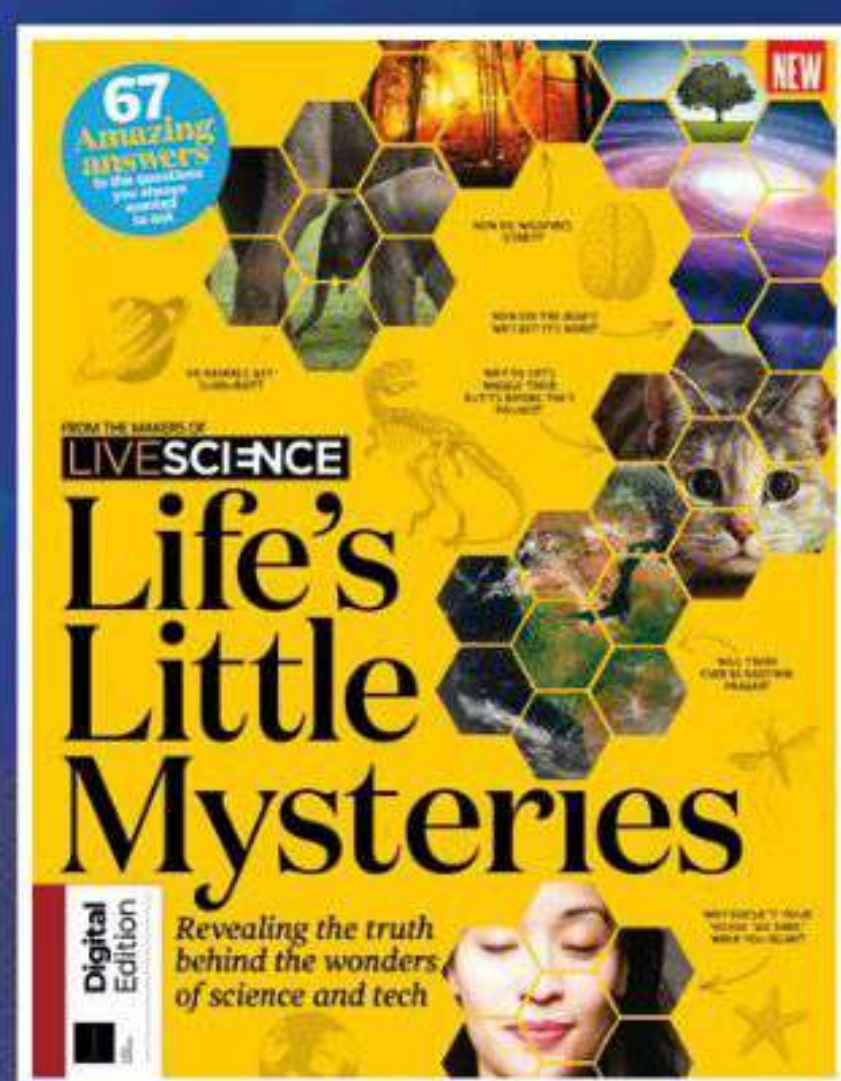
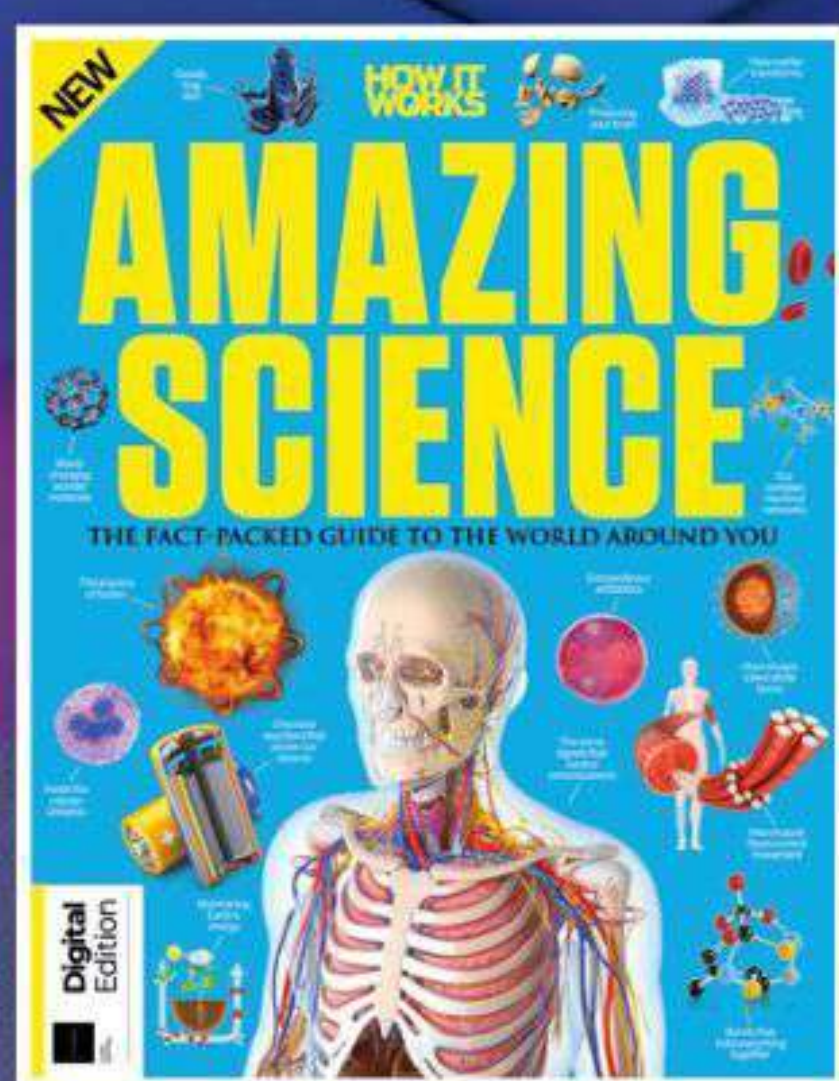
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TH CCR 43322 + Others  
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姓名: 林國信, LAM Kwan-lun  
CC: 2651-0948-0251  
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